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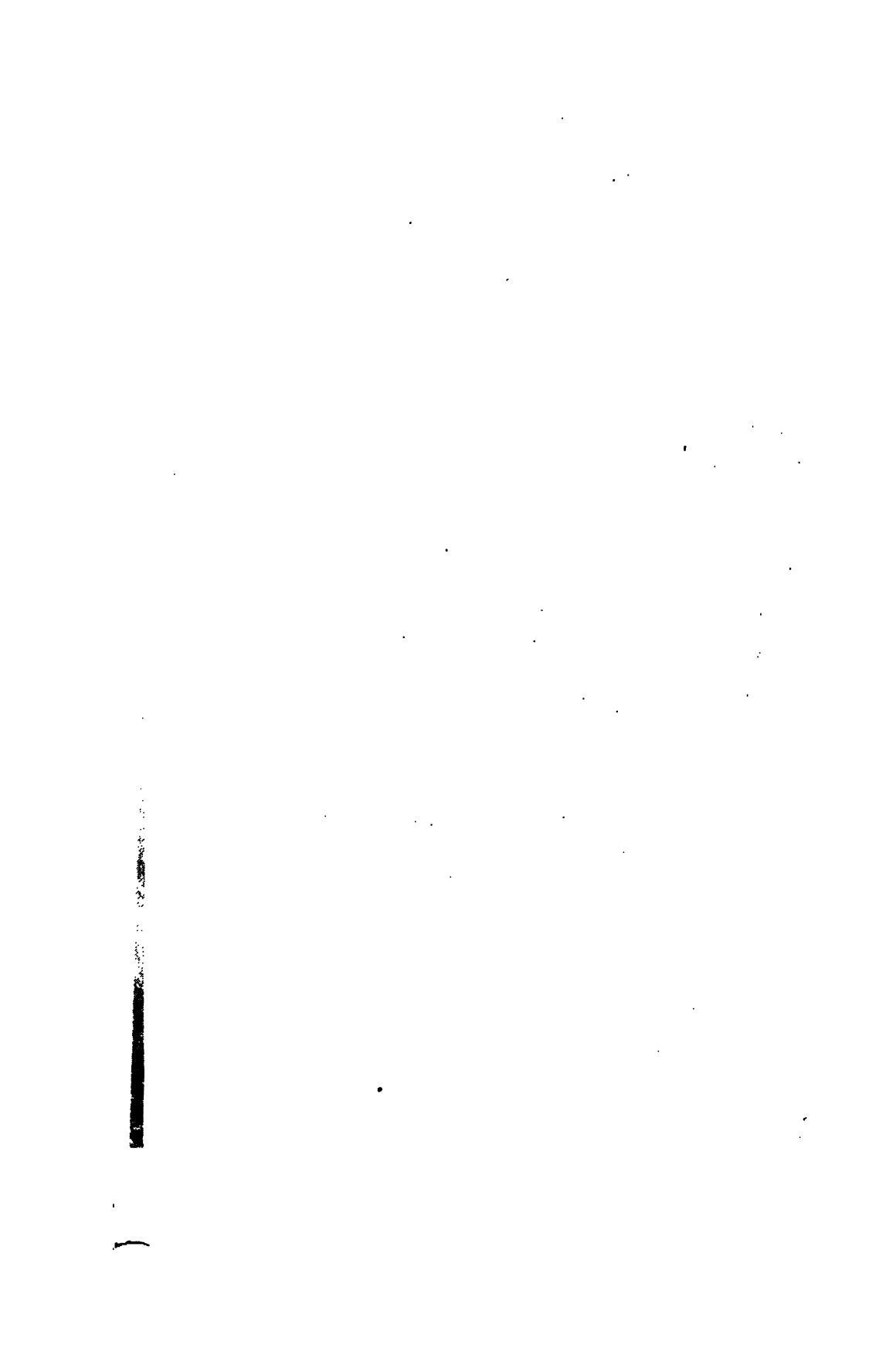
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Pen-Pictures of the War.

LYRICS, INCIDENTS,

AND

Sketches of the Rebellion;

COMPRISING

A CHOICE SELECTION OF PIECES BY OUR BEST POETS, ALSO, CURRENT
AND WELL AUTHENTICATED ANECDOTES AND
INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

TOGETHER WITH

A FULL ACCOUNT OF MANY OF THE

GREAT BATTLES,

ALSO, A COMPLETE HISTORICAL RECORD OF ALL EVENTS, BOTH CIVIL AND MILITARY,
FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION.

~~~~~  
COMPILED BY

LEDYARD BILL.  
~~~~~

SECOND EDITION.

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1864.

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P R E F A C E .

THE appearance at this time of such a volume as this now in the hands of the reader, needs no excuse or apology. It comes of the natural outgrowth of the struggle in which our country is engaged.

There is no merit claimed for it further than the fact of having collected and preserved here a few of the thousand fragments which may be found associated with every field of battle, and which only need be gathered up to be ever treasured as mementoes of the terrible conflict in which Liberty and Anarchy have now so long and so stoutly grappled for the mastery on this continent.

In the early history of the rebellion the loyal people were everywhere stirred with deepest indignation, and their patriotism found from poet-hearts full and deep expression. The best of the poetic compositions have been selected and placed here, and among the list of authors, whose productions give grace and beauty to these pages, will be found the well known names of Mrs. Howe, Bryant, Stoddard, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Sigourney, Whittier, and others who have by their loyalty lent lustre to our cause.

War gives rise to anecdotes and incidents without number, and when peace shall spread her wings over our shattered

land, and the surviving heroes shall be home again, then will be told the gallant deeds which shall become the treasured history of town and country. These, gathered by the future historian, will form the great curiosity-shop and store-house of our literature; in, and from which, the coming generations shall learn of the sufferings, privations, and heroic action of their gallant and brave forefathers, who not only suffered all the calamities of war, but who by tens of thousands, aye! tens and hundreds of thousands, bravely and willingly went down to death that *they* might have preserved to them that same Liberty our early ancestors planted on these western shores and watered with their blood.

The concluding part of this volume is given to the great battles of the war, together with a complete record of the chief events since the commencement of the conflict. These battle-pieces were, at the time of their earliest publication, of absorbing interest to the people everywhere, and they must always continue to possess a power to charm the general reader.

It is hoped that some portions of this volume, at least, may be found of interest to all; if so, I shall feel that the labor spent in the compilation has not been wholly thrown away.

L. B.

BROOKLYN, *May 14th*, 1864.

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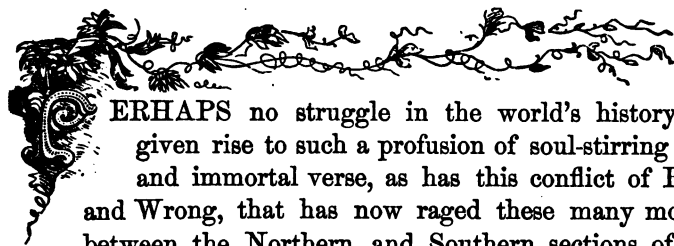
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LYRICS OF THE WAR.

PART FIRST.



ERHAPS no struggle in the world's history has given rise to such a profusion of soul-stirring song and immortal verse, as has this conflict of Right and Wrong, that has now raged these many months between the Northern and Southern sections of our unfortunate country. No history that shall be written of this terrible struggle will be quite complete that does not give appropriate space to the part the poets of our land have taken in stirring the popular heart. The press—the great educator of the people—has teemed with loyal song and invocation, calculated to create enthusiasm and excite the latent energies of a loyal people in behalf of the country's just and popular cause. Out of the throng of fine compositions, there have been selected with great care, the best, and such in the main as are worthy of permanent preservation in the literature of the country. The reader surely must find something in this collection of gems, from the perusal of which he may not rise, without having been made stronger and better in the cause of his country and of humanity.

HARVARD STUDENT'S SONG.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

(Denkst du daran.)

REMEMBER ye the fateful gun that sounded
 To Sumter's walls from Charleston's treacherous shore ?
 Remember ye how hearts indignant bounded
 When our first dead came back from Baltimore ?
 The banner fell that every breeze had flattered,
 The hum of thrift was hushed with sudden woe ?
 We raised anew the emblems shamed and shattered,
 And turned a front resolved to meet the foe.

Remember ye, how forth to battle faring
 Our valiant ranks the fierce attack withstood.
 In all the terrors of the tumult bearing
 The people's heart of dauntless lionhood ?
 How many a hand forsook its wonted labor,
 Forsook its gains, as prizes fall'n in worth,
 To wield with pain the warlike lance and sabre,
 To conquer Peace with God, for all on earth ?

Remember ye, how, out of boyhood leaping,
 Our gallant mates stood ready for the fray ;
 As new-fledged eaglets rise, with sudden sweeping,
 And meet unscared the dazzling front of day ?
 Our classic toil became inglorious leisure,
 We praised the calm Horatian ode no more,
 But answered back with song the martial measure,
 That held its throb above the cannon's roar.

Remember ye the pageants dim and solemn,
 Where Love and Grief have borne the funeral pall ?
 The joyless marching of the mustered column,
 With arms reversed to Him who conquers all ?

Oh! give them back, thou bloody breast of Treason,
 They were our own, the darlings of our hearts!
 They come benumbed and frosted out of season,
 With whom the summer of our youth departs.

Look back no more! our time has come, my Brothers!
 In Fate's high roll our names are written too;
 We fill the mournful gaps left bare by others,
 The ranks where Fear has never broken through!
 Look, ancient walls, upon our stern election!
 Keep, Echoes dear, remembrance of our breath!
 And, gentle eyes and hearts of pure affection,
 Light us, resolved to Victory or Death!

THE PRAYER OF A NATION.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

God of our fathers, hear our earnest cry!
 Our hope, our strength, our refuge is with Thee!
 Confound our foes and make their legions fly!
 Strengthen our hosts and give them victory!
 Victory—victory—
 Oh, God of Armies! give us victory!

Not for exemption from the toil and loss,
 The pains, the woes, the horrors of the strife,
 But that with strong hearts we may bear the cross,
 And welcome death to save our nation's life:
 Victory—victory—
 Oh, God of Battles! give us victory!

For this no costliest gift would we withhold ;
 For this we count not dear our loved repose,
 Our teeming harvests, and our gathered gold,
 Our commerce fanned by every wind that blows.
 Victory—victory—
 God of our fathers ! give us victory !

Sons, brothers, sires, our bravest and our best,—
 The dearest treasure love has sanctified,
 These have gone forth at Liberty's behest,
 And on her altars have augustly died !
 Victory—victory—
 God of our martyrs ! give us victory !

God ! have they poured their priceless blood in vain ?
 Shall treason triumph in our nation's fall ?
 Shall Slavery weld once more her broken chain,
 And o'er a prostrate land hold carnival ?
 Victory—victory—
 Oh, God of Freedom ! give us victory !

Nerve with new strength the patriot soldier's arm !
 Fill with new zeal the hero-souls that stand,
 Pillars of fire, to save from deadliest harm
 Their children's birthright in this goodly land !
 Victory—victory—
 God of our heroes ! give us victory !

For the sad millions of the groaning earth,
 Helpless and crushed beneath oppression's rod,—
 For every hope that hallows home and hearth,—
 For heaven-born Liberty, the Child of God,—
 Victory—victory—
 God of the nations ! give us victory !

From war's red hell, involved in smoke and flame,
 From up-piled altars of our noblest dead,
 We cry to Thee! Oh, for Thy glorious name,
 Make bare Thine arm and smite our foes with dread!
 Victory—victory—
 Oh, God of Battles! give us victory!

THE WORD.

BY FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

ARM!

This is the trumpet-peal!

ARM!

Arm for the Commonweal

ARM! ARM!

ARM!

Arm without any words!

ARM!

This is the time for swords!

ARM! ARM!

Arm to confront the foe

ARM!

Arm to return the blow!

ARM!

Arm ere it is too late!

ARM!

Arm or be desolate!

ARM!

Arm for your country and fly to defend her,—

Arm!

Arm now or never! Arm! or surrender!

Arm! Arm!

Arm for the Commonwealth,—Arm for your Mother,—

Your children, your firesides, and for each other!

Arm! Arm!

Arm for your Fatherhood!

Arm for your Motherhood!

Arm for your Sisterhood!

Arm for your Brotherhood!

Arm for Life,—Liberty,—and for all other good!

Arm! Arm!

Arm, arm, to do and dare!

Arm for the Love you bear!

Arm for the Debonnair!

Arm for the Heart that you live but to cherish!

Arm for the Free and Fair—

Arm for the Light and Air!

This is the last Appeal,—this your Country's cry,—

This is your mother's prayer!

—“ Arm, My Beloved ones!

Arm, My Beloved Sons!

Arm, I implore you, and strike till you perish!”

In this we are touched with a rare pathos—such as only the sweet poet WHITTIER is capable of. It is a gem indeed:—

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep.
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“ Fire ! ”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“ Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, and a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word ;

“ Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.

All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town!

GENTLY! GENTLY!

Among the wounded was a young soldier whose limbs were fearfully shattered. Though evidently in intense pain, he uttered no cry; but, as the carriers raised the "stretcher" he was on, he whispered, "Gently! gently!"

Though he neither sighs nor groans,
Death is busy with his bones:
Bear him o'er the jutting stones
Gently! gently!

Sisters, faithful to your vow,
Swathe his limbs and cool his brow:
Peace! his soul is passing now
Gently! gently!

He has fallen in the strife!
Tell it to his widowed wife,
And to her who gave him life,
Gently! gently!

Loudly praise the brave who gem
With their blood our diadem:
And their faults—oh, speak of *them*
Gently! gently!

L A N D E R .

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

CLOSE his bleak eyes—they shall no more
 Flash victory where the cannon roar ;
 And lay the battered sabre at his side,
 (His to the last, for so he would have died !)
 Though he no more may pluck from out its sheath
 The sinewy lightning that dealt traitors death.
 Lead the worn war-horse by the plumed bier—
 Even his horse, now he is dead, is dear !

Take him, New England, now his work is done.
 He fought the good fight valiantly—and won.
 Speak of his daring. This man held his blood
 Cheaper than water for the nation's good.
 Rich Mountain, Fairfax, Romney,—he was there.
 Speak of him gently, of his mein, his air ;
 How true he was, how his strong heart could bend
 With sorrow, like a woman's, for a friend :
 Intolerant of every mean desire :
 Ice where he liked not ; where he loved, all fire.

Take him, New England, gently. Other days,
 Peaceful and prosperous, shall give him praise.
 How will our children's children breathe his name,
 Bright on the shadowy muster-roll of fame !
 Take him, New England, gently ; you can fold
 No purer patriot in your soft brown mould.

So, on New England's bosom, let him lie,
 Sleeping awhile—as if the Good could die !

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O COUNTRY, marvel to the earth!
 O realm of sudden greatness grown!
 The age that gloried in thy birth,
 Shall it behold thee overthrown?
 Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
 No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
 Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
 When those whom thou hast trusted aim
 The death-blow at thy generous heart?
 Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
 Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
 The power that rules from sea to sea,
 Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
 To leave their country great and free?
 Their sleeping ashes, from below,
 Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
 These sister States were proud to wear,
 And forged the kindly links so strong
 For idle hands in sport to tear,—
 For scornful hands aside to throw?
 No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
 Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
 The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
 The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
 And Mississippi's torrent flow,
 And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
 Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
 Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
 "Proud country, welcome to the pit!
 So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"
 No, sullen groups of shadows, No!

For now, behold the arm that gave
 The victory in our fathers' day,
 Strong, as of old, to guard and save,—
 That mighty arm which none can stay,—
 On clouds above and fields below,
 Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

In the entire range of loyal song—born to us from the patriotism in the poet heart—there is scarce one so soul-stirring, or one that will arrest the attention of the general reader, so much as this by DURIVAGE.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With bray of the trumpet
 And roll of the drum,
 And keen ring of bugles,
 The cavalry come.
 Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
 The bridle-chains ring,
 And foam from red nostrils
 The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons,
The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain,
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrents flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.

Cut right ! and cut left !
 For the parry who needs ?
 The bayonets shiver
 Like wind-shattered reeds ?

Vain—vain the red volley
 That bursts from the square—
 The random-shot bullets
 Are wasted in air.
 Triumphant, remorseless,
 Unerring as death,—
 No sabre that's stainless
 Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
 By that murderous steel
 Will never yield ease
 For the surgeons to heal.
 Hurrah ! they are broken—
 Hurrah ! boys, they fly—
 None linger save those
 Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
 And call in your men ;
 The trumpet sounds " Rally
 To color " again.
 Some saddles are empty,
 Some comrades are slain,
 And some noble horses
 Lie stark on the plain,
 But war's a chance game, boys,
 And weeping is vain.

ON GUARD.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

In the black terror-night,
 On yon mist-shrouded hill,
 Slowly, with footstep light,
 Stealthy and grim and still,
 Like ghost in winding sheet
 Risen at midnight bell,
 Over his lonely beat
 Marches the sentinel!

In storm-defying cloak—
 Hand on his trusty gun—
 Heart, like a heart of oak—
 Eye, never-setting sun ;
 Speaks but the challenge-shout,
 All foes without the line,
 Heeds but, to solve the doubt,
 Watchword and countersign.

Camp-ward, the watchfires gleam
 Beacon-like in the gloom ;
 Round them his comrades dream
 Pictures of youth and home.
 While in his heart the bright
 Hope-fires shine everywhere,
 In love's enchanting light
 Memory lies dreaming there.

Faint, through the silence come
 From the foes' grim array,
 Growl of impatient drum
 Eager for morrow's fray

Echo of song and shout,
 Curse and carousal glee,
 As in a fiendish rout
 Demons at revelry.

Close, in the gloomy shade—
 Danger lurks ever nigh—
 Grasping his dagger-blade
 Crouches th' assassin spy ;
 Shrinks at the guardsman's tread,
 Quails 'fore his gleaming eyes,
 Creeps back with baffled hate,
 Cursing his cowardice.

Naught can beguile his bold,
 Unsleeping vigilance ;
 E'en in the fireflame, old
 Visions unheeded dance.
 Fearless of lurking spy,
 Scornful of wassail-swell,
 With an undaunted eye
 Marches the sentinel.

Low, to his trusty gun
 Eagerly whispers he,
 " Wait, with the morning sun
 March we to victory,
 Fools, into Satan's clutch
 Leaping ere dawn of day :
 He who would fight must watch,
 He who would win must pray."

Pray ! for the night hath wings ;
 Watch ! for the foe is near ;
 March ! till the morning brings
 Fame-wreath or soldier's bier.

So shall the poet write,
 When all hath ended well,
 "Thus through the nation's night
 Marched Freedom's sentinel."

ARE there not many hearts that will feel the pangs of keenest pain on reading this? Alas! That so many brave soldiers', noble companions', affectionate brothers', and dearest friends' history, death and memory, are all told in this sad, yet heroic verse.

COMPANY K.

THERE is a cap in the closet,
 Old, tattered, and blue—
 Of very slight value,
 It may be, to you :
 But a crown, jewel studded,
 Could not buy it to-day,
 With its letters of honor,
 Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered
 Needs shelter no more :
 Dead heroes make holy
 The trifles they wore ;
 So, like chaplet of honor,
 Of laurel and bay,
 Seems the cap of the soldier,
 Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
 Its visor beneath,
 O'er the work of the Reaper,
 Grim Harvester Death!

Let the muster-roll, meagre,
So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
Went "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threat'ningly down!
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till guns, downward pointed,
Faced "Co. K."

Who faltered, or shivered?
Who shunned battle stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
Whose battle line broke?
Go, ask it of History,
Years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you,
Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away—
That battle-worn cap,
Lettered "Co. K."

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

J. N. M.

HIGH on the mountains
A new day is dawning ;
Over the eastern hills
Breaks the glad morning.

Up from the valleys
Glad eyes are turning
Full of the holy fires
In the heart burning.

Long was the night-watch,
Bitter with woe ;
Dim burned the altar-fires,—
Faintly and low.

Now, from the orient,
Leaps the new day,
Chasing the shadows
Of midnight away.

Freedom has risen,
And men shall once more
Gird on the armor
Their forefathers wore.

And dare to do battle
For Justice and Right ;
Die as their fathers died,—
Facing the fight.

LYRICS OF THE WAR.

Like some old organ-peal,
Solemn and grand,
The anthem of Freedom
Sweeps through the land.

The hand of a master
Touches the keys,
And the soul-stirring symphony
Swells on the breeze.

Out of the clouded sky
A new light is breaking;
From the deep sleep of guilt
The nation is waking.

High on the mountains
The new day is dawning;
Soon in the valleys
Shall break the glad morning.

TWILIGHT ON SUMTER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

STILL and dark along the sea
Sumter lay;
A light was overhead,
As from burning cities shed,
And the clouds were battle-red
Far away!

Not a solitary gun
 Left to tell the fort had won
 Or lost the day!
 Nothing but the tattered rag
 Of the drooping rebel flag.
And the sea-birds screaming round it in their play!

How it woke one April morn
 Fame shall tell ;
 As from Moultrie, close at hand,
 And the batteries on the land,
 Round its faint but fearless band
 Shot and shell
 Raining hid the doubtful light :
 But they fought the hopeless fight
 Long and well.
 (Theirs the glory, ours the shame !)
 Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
Then our flag was proudly struck, and Sumter fell !

Now—O look at Sumter now,
 In the gloom :
 Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
 (Hark! the ruined rampart falls !)
 There is a justice that appalls
 In its doom :
 For this blasted spot of earth
 Where rebellion had its birth,
 Is its tomb :
 And when Sumter sinks at last
 From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
Hell will rise in grim derision, and make room.

Is there not something grand and soul-stirring in these stately and noble lines, from the inspired pen of MRS. DR. HOWE?

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
 camps ;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps ;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps :
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :
 " As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal ;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat ;
 Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

M A R C H .

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

WITH rushing winds and gloomy skies
 The dark and stubborn Winter dies ;
 Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
 Bidding her earliest child arise :

March !

By streams still held in icy snare,
 On Southern hill-sides, melting bare,
 O'er fields that motley colors wear,
 That summons fills the changeful air :

March !

What though conflicting seasons make
 Thy days their field, they woo or shake
 The sleeping lids of Life awake,
 And Hope is stronger for thy sake :

March !

Then from thy mountains, ribbed with snow,
 Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
 And East and West, and to and fro,
 Proclaim thy coming to the foe :

March !

Say to the picket, chilled and numb,
 Say to the camp's impatient hum,
 Say to the trumpet and the drum :
 Lift up your hearts, I come, I come !

March !

Cry to the waiting hosts that stray
 On sandy sea-sides far away,

By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
 Where Southern March is Northern May :
 March!

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
 Where Glory's victor-eagles poise
 Above the proud heroic boys
 Of Iowa and Illinois :
 March!

Then down the long Potomac's line
 Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
 Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine,—
 "Advance! the Chieftain's call is mine :
 "MARCH!"

ACROSS THE LINES.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

LEFT for dead? I—Charlie Coleman,
 On the field we won—and lost,
 Like a dog; the ditch my death-bed,
 My pillow but a log across.
 Helpless hangs my arm beside me,
 Drooping lies my aching head;
 How strange it sounded when that soldier,
 Passing, spoke of me as "dead."

Dead? and here—where yonder banner
 Flaunts its scanty group of stars,
 And that rebel emblem binds me
 Close within those bloody bars.

Dead? without a stone to tell it,
 Nor a flower above my breast!
 Dead? where none will whisper softly,
 "Here a brave man lies at rest!"

Help me, Thou, my mother's Helper,—
 Jesus, Thou who bidding here,
 Loved like me an earthly mother,
 Be thou still to aid me near.
 Give me strength to totter yonder,
 Hold me up till o'er me shines
 The flag of Union,—there she promised
 To meet me, just beyond the lines.

Well I know how she will wander,
 Where a woman's foot may stray,
 Looking with those eyes so tender
 Where the poor boys wounded lay.
 How her hand will bring them water,
 For her own boy Charlie's sake,
 And when dying bid them whisper,
 "I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Ah! I stand on foot but feebly,
 And the blood runs very fast,
 Yet by fence and bush I'll stagger
 Till the rebel lines be passed.
 "Courage, Charlie! twist it tighter,—
 The tourniquet about your arm;
 Be a man—don't faint and shiver
 When the life-tide trickles warm."

Faint and weak,—still coming, mother,
 Walking some, but creeping more,
 Fearing lest the watchful sentry
 Stops the heart-beat,—slow before.

Stay—with fingers ruddy dabbled
 Loose the belt your waist confines;
 Write upon it “Charlie Coleman—
 Carry him across the lines.”

Trembling letters,—but some stranger
 Chance may read them when I’m gone,
 And for the sake of love and pity
 Bear my lifeless body on.
 Coming! ah—what means this darkness—
 Night too soon is coming on.
 Mother, are you waiting?—“Jesus,
 Tell her that with You I’ve gone.”

Then the head her heart had pillowed,
 Drooping laid it down to rest,
 As calm as when in baby slumber
 Its locks were cradled on her breast.

Glowed the sunset o’er the meadow,
 Lighting up the gloomy pines,
 Where a body only lingered—
 Charlie’s soul had crossed the lines.

A passing soldier—foe, yet human—
 Stooped to read the words of blood;
 So pitiful, so sadly earnest;
 And bore him onward through the wood.
 Beneath the white flag bore him safely.
 Now, while Indian Summer shines,
 A mother’s tears dew springing myrtle,
 O’er Charlie’s grave across the lines.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

WE gathered roses, Blanche and I, for little Madge one morning ;

“Like every soldier's wife,” said Blanche, “I dread a soldier's fate.”

Her voice a little trembled then, as under some forewarning. A soldier galloped up the lane, and halted at the gate.

“Which house is Malcolm Blake's ?” he cried ; “a letter for his sister !”

And when I thanked him, Blanche inquired, “But none for me, his wife ?”

The soldier played with Madge's curls, and, stooping over, kissed her :

“Your father was my captain, child !—I loved him as my life !”

Then suddenly he galloped off and left the rest unspoken.

I burst the seal, and Blanche exclaimed,—“What makes you tremble so ?”

What answer did I dare to speak ? How ought the news be broken ?

I could not shield her from the stroke, yet tried to ease the blow.

“A battle in the swamps,” I said ; “our men were brave, but lost it.”

And, pausing there,—“The note,” I said, “is not in Malcolm's hand.”

And first a flush flamed through her face, and then a shadow crossed it.

“Read quick, dear May !—read all, I pray—and let me understand !”

I did not read it as it stood,—but tempered so the phrases
 As not at first to hint the worst,—held back the fatal word,
 And half retold his gallant charge, his shout, his comrades'
 praises—
 Till like a statue carved in stone, she neither spoke nor stirred!

Oh, never yet a woman's heart was frozen so completely!
 So unbaptized with helping tears!—so passionless and dumb!
 Spellbound she stood, and motionless,—till little Madge spoke
 sweetly:
 “Dear mother, is the battle done? and will my father come?”

I laid my finger on her lips, and set the child to playing.
 Poor Blanche! the winter in her cheek was snowy like her
 name!
 What could she do but kneel and pray,—and linger at her
 praying?
 O Christ! when other heroes die, moan other wives the same?
 Must other women's heart yet break, to keep the Cause from
 failing?
 God pity our brave lovers then, who face the battle's blaze!
 And pity wives in widowhood!—But is it unavailing?
 O Lord! give Freedom first, then Peace!—and unto Thee be
 praise!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

You have put the children to bed, Alice,—
 Maud and Willie and Rose;—
 They have lisped their sweet “Our Father,”
 And sunk to their night's repose.

Did they think of me, dear Alice?
Did they think of me, and say,
"God bless him, and God bless him!
Dear father, far away?"

Oh, my very heart grows sick, Alice,
I long so to behold
Rose, with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold;
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee;
Oh, my heart *yearns* to enfold ye,
My "smiling group of three!"

I can bear the noisy day, Alice;
The camp life, gay and wild,
Shuts from my yearning bosom
The thoughts of wife and child:
But when the night is round me,
And under its strong beams
I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams!

I think of the pale young wife; Alice,
Who looked up in my face
When the drum beat at evening,
And called me to my place.
I think of the three sweet birdlings
Left in the dear home-nest,
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.

Oh, when will the war be over, Alice!
Oh, when shall I behold
Rose, with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold;

And Will, so gay and sprightly,
 So merry and full of glee,
 And, more than all, the dear wife
 Who bore my babes to me?

God guard and keep you all, Alice;
 God guard and keep me, too;
 For if only one were missing,
 What would the other do?
 Oh, when will the war be over,
 And when shall I behold
 Those whom I love so dearly,
 Safe in the dear home-fold?

THE RESPONSE.

I HAVE put the children to bed, Harry,—
 Rose and Willie and Maud;—
 They have sung their hymns together,
 And whispered their prayer to God.
 Then Rose said, gently smiling,
 "Come, Willie and Maud, now say,
 God bless the dear, sweet father,—
 Father so far away!"

And such a glad trust arose, Harry,
 In this sad heart of mine,
 For I felt that God would keep you
 Safe in His hand divine.

And I kissed their pure young foreheads,
And said, "He is over all!
He counteth the hairs of your heads, darlings,
And noteth the sparrow's fall."

Then I sung them to their sleep, Harry,
With hymns all trust and love,
And I knew that God was listening
From His gracious throne above.
And since that calm, sweet evening,
I have felt so happy, dear!
And so have the children, Harry,
They seem to know no fear.

They talk of your coming home, Harry,
As something sure to be;
I list to their childish pratings,
Nor care to check their glee.
For oh, 'tis a cause so noble,
And you so brave and true;
And God protects His own, Harry,
And surely will watch o'er you.

So keep a brave good heart, Harry!
God willing—and He knows best—
We'll welcome you, safe and happy,
Back to the dear home-nest.
And Maud and Rose and Willie
Shall yet, with a moistened eye,
Give thanks to the dear, good Father,
While you stand tearful by.

ALL will remember the heroic fate of the noble ship Cumberland, and her gallant crew, in Hampton Roads. What an example to Americans, and what a spectacle to the world! The names of commander and sailor should ever be green in the memory of their countrymen.

THE CUMBERLAND.

ANONYMOUS.

MAGNIFICENT thy fate!
 Once mistress of the seas;
 No braver vessel ever flung
 A pennon to the breeze;
 No bark e'er died a death so grand;
 Such heroes never vessel manned;
 Your parting broadside broke the wave
 That surged above your patriot grave;
 Your flag, the gamest of the game,
 Sank proudly with you—not in shame
 But in its ancient glory;
 The memory of its parting gleam
 Will never fade while poets dream;
 The echo of your dying gun
 Will last till man his race has run,
 Then live in angel story.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

“ALL quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
 “Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle ;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.”

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping ;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack,—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary ;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle—"Ha! MARY, good-by!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and 'plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
 The picket's off duty forever.

"THE LAST BROADSIDE."

BY ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH.

The following lines were written upon hearing of the heroism of the crew of the "Frigate Cumberland," in the engagement at "Hampton Roads," who bravely fired a last "Broadside" while their ship was sinking, in compliance with the order of their Commanding Officer, the gallant hero, Lieutenant Morris.

"Shall we give them a Broadside as she goes?"

SHALL we give them a Broadside, my boys, as she goes?
 Shall we send yet another to TELL,
 In iron-tongued words, to Columbia's foes,
 How bravely her sons say Farewell?

Ay! what though we sink 'neath the turbulent wave,
 'Tis with DUTY and RIGHT at the helm;
 And over the form should the fierce waters rave,
 No tide can the spirit o'erwhelm!

For swift o'er the billows of Charon's dark stream
 We'll pass to the Immortal shore,
 Where the "waters of life" in brilliancy beam,
 And the pure float in peace evermore!

Shall we give them a Broadside once more, my brave men ?

“Ay! Ay!” rose the full, earnest cry;
 “A Broadside! A Broadside! we’ll give them again!
 Then for God and the Right nobly die.”

“Haste! Haste!”—for mid all that battling din
 Comes a gurgling sound fraught with fear,
 As swift flowing waters pour rushing in;
 Up! Up! till her portholes they near.

No blenching!—no faltering!—still fearless all seem;
 Each man firm to duty doth bide;
 A flash! and a “Broadside!” a shout! a careen!
 And the Cumberland sinks ’neath the tide!

The “Star Spangled Banner” still floating above!
 As a beacon upon the dark wave;
 Our Ensign of Glory, proud streaming in love,
 O’er the tomb of the “Loyal and Brave!”

Bold hearts! mighty spirits! “tried gold” of our land!
 A halo of glory your meed!
 All honored, the noble-souled Cumberland band!
 So true in Columbia’s need!

ROLL CALL.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

“CORPORAL GREEN!” the orderly cries;
 “Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,
 From the lips of a soldier who stood near,
 And “Here!” was the word the next replied.

“Cyrus Drew!”—then a silence fell,—
This time no answer followed the call:
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books;
While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The fern on the hill-sides were splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Wore redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed is the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

“Herbert Cline!”—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

“Ezra Kerr!”—and a voice answered “Here!”
“Hiram Kerr!” but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

“Ephraim Deane!”—then a soldier spoke:
“Deane carried our regiment's colors,” he said,
“When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

“Close to the roadside his body lies ;
 I paused a moment and gave him to drink ;
 He murmured his mother’s name, I think ;
 And Death came with it and closed his eyes.”

’Twas a victory—yes : but it cost us dear ;
 For that company’s roll, when called at night,
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
 Numbered but twenty that answered “ *Here !*”

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle
 The foeman’s fires are twinkling there ;
 He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !

HALT !

Each carbine sent its whizzing ball :
 Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,
 Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer !
 One look to Heaven ! No thoughts of home :
 The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE !

Cling ! clang ! forward all !
 Heaven help those whose horses fall :
 Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !
 They fall ! they spread in broken surges.
 Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL !

The bugles sound the swift recall :
 Cling ! clang ! backward all !
 Home, and good-night !

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

ANONYMOUS.

THEY have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore
 On the field of his young renown,—
 On the last red field, where his faith was sealed.
 And the sun of his days went down.
 Away with the tears
 That are blinding me so ;
 There is joy in his years,
 Though his young head be low ;
 And I'll gaze with a solemn delight, evermore,
 On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for Freedom and Home that I gave him away,
 Like the sons of his race of old ;
 And though, aged and gray, I am childless this day,
 He is dearer a thousandfold.
 There's a glory above him
 To hallow his name ;
 A land that will love him
 Who died for its fame ;

And a solace will shine when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true,—how they stood, how they fell
In the battle, the plague, and the cold ;
Oh, as bravely and well as e'er story could tell
Of the flower of the heroes of old.
Like a sword through the foe
Was that fearful attack,
That so bright ere the blow
Comes so bloodily back ;
And foremost among them his colors he bore,—
And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind ;
It is more than the Indies to me ;
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier to sorrow can be.
They know well how lonely,
How grievously wrung,
Is the heart that its only
Love loses so young
And they closed his dark eyes when the battle was o'er,
And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

ARE ye all there ? Are ye all there,
Stars of my country's sky ?
Are ye *all* there ? Are ye *all* there,
In your shining homes on high ?

“Count us! Count us,” was their answer,
 As they dazzled on my view,
 In glorious perihelion,
 Amid their field of blue.

I cannot count ye rightly ;
 There's a cloud with sable rim ;
 I cannot make your number out,
 For my eyes with tears are dim.
 Oh! bright and blessed Angel,
 On white wing floating by,
 Help me to count and not to miss
 One star in my country's sky!

Then the Angel touched mine eyelids,
 And touched the frowning cloud ;
 And its sable rim departed,
 And it fled with murky shroud.
 There was no missing Pleiad,
 'Mid all that sister race ;
 The Southern Cross gleamed radiant forth,
 And the Pole star kept its place.

Then I knew it was the Angel
 Who woke the hymning strain,
 That at our dear Redeemer's birth
 Peeled out o'er Bethlehem's plain ;
 And still its heavenly key-tone
 My listening country held,
 For all her constellated stars
 The diapason swelled.

CARTE DE VISITE.

ANONYMOUS.

“TWAS a terrible fight,” the soldier said!
 “Our Colonel was one of the first to fall,
 Shot dead on the field by a rifle ball,—
 A braver heart than his never bled.”

A group for the painter’s art were they :
 The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face,
 A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace,
 And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in porch, where the sunlight came
 Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine-vine,
 Spilling itself like a golden wine,
 And flecking the doorway with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
 For the air was sultry with summer-heat ;
 The road was like ashes under the feet,
 And a weary distance before him lay.

“Yes, a terrible fight: our Ensign was shot
 As the order to charge was given the men,
 When one from the ranks seized our colors, and then
 He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot.

“A handsome boy was this last! his hair
 Clustered in curls round his noble brow ;
 I can almost fancy I see him now,
 With the scarlet stain on his face so fair.”

“What was his name?—have you never heard?—
 Where was he from, this youth who fell?
 And your regiment, stranger, which was it? tell!”
 “Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third.”

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
 Leaving it as white as the face of the dead;
 The mother lifted her eyes, and said:
 "Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
 The soldier answered; "not even his name,
 Or from what part of our State he came:—
 As God is above, I speak the truth!"

"But when we buried our dead that night,
 I took from his breast this picture,—see!
 It is as like him as like can be:
 Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half-sad, half-wild,
 Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
 Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
 And the mother bent low o'er the prostrate child.

LYON.

H. P. *is* *o* *o* *k*

SING, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
 The saddest song of sorrow;
 Drop tears, O clouds, in gentlest rain
 Ye from the winds can borrow;
 Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
 Weep flowers, in dewy splendor,
 For him who knew well how to die,
 But never to surrender.

Up rose serene the August sun,
 Upon that day of glory;
 Up curled from musket and from gun
 The war-cloud gray and hoary;
 It gathered like a funeral pall,
 Now broken and now blended,
 Where rang the buffalo's angry call,
 And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
 As e'er went forth in daring,
 Upon the foe that morning threw
 The strength of their despairing.
 They feared not death,—men bless the field
 That patriot soldiers die on;
 Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,—
 And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
 From eyes of troubled brightness;
 Sad soul! the burden of the North
 Had pressed out all its lightness.
 He gazed upon the unequal fight,
 His ranks all rent and gory,
 And felt the shadows close like night
 Round his career of glory.

“General, come, lead us!” loud the cry
 From a brave band was ringing,—
 “Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
 That battery's awful singing.”
 He spurred to where his heroes stood,
 Twice wounded,—no wound knowing,—
 The fire of battle in his blood
 And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
 And cursed that aim so deadly
 Which smote the bravest of the land,
 And dyed his bosom redly!
 Serene he lay while past him pressed
 The battle's furious billow,
 As calmly as a babe may rest
 Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
 His place of burial cover,
 For never had this land of ours
 A more devoted lover.
 Living, his country was his bride,
 His life he gave her dying,—
 Life, fortune, love,—he naught denied
 To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
 Beside her form who bore thee!
 Long may the land thou died'st to save
 Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
 Upon her history's brightest page,
 And on Fame's glowing portal,
 She'll write thy grand, heroic page,
 And grave thy name immortal!

“OUT IN THE COLD.”

WHAT is the threat? “Leave her out in the cold!”
 Loyal New England, too loyally bold:
 Hater of treason,—ah! that is her crime!
 Lover of Freedom,—too true for her time!

Out in the cold? Oh, she chooses the place,
 Rather than share in a sheltered disgrace;
 Rather than sit at a cannibal feast;
 Rather than mate with the blood-reeking beast!

Leave out New England? And what will she do,
 Stormy-browed sisters, forsaken by you?
 Sit on her Rock, her desertion to weep?
 Or, like a Sappho, plunge thence in the deep?

No; our New England can put on no airs,—
 Nothing will change the calm look that she wears:
 Life's a rough lesson she learned from the first,
 Up into wisdom through poverty nursed.

Not more distinct on his tables of stone
 Was the grand writing to Moses made known,
 Than is engraven, in letters of light,
 On her foundations the One Law of Right.

She is a Christian: she smothers her ire,
 Trims up the candle, and stirs the home fire;
 Thinking and working and waiting the day
 When her wild sisters shall leave their mad play.

Out in the cold, where the free winds are blowing;
 Out in the cold, where the strong oaks are growing;
 Guards she all growths that are living and great,—
 Growths to rebuild every tottering State.

"Notions" worth heeding to shape she has wrought,
 Lifted and fixed on the granite of thought:
 What she has done may the wide world behold!
 What she is doing, too, out in the cold!

Out in the cold! she is glad to be there,
 Breathing the north wind, the clear healthful air;

Saved from the hurricane passions that rend
Hearts that once named her a sister and friend.

There she will stay, while they bluster and foam,
Planning their comfort when they shall come home;
Building the Union an adamant wall,
Freedom-cemented, that never can fall.

Freedom,—dear-bought with the blood of her sons,—
See the red current! right nobly it runs!
Life of her life is not too much to give
For the dear Nation she taught how to live.

Vainly they shout to you, sturdy Northwest!
'Tis her own heart that beats warm in your breast;
Sisters in nature as well as in name;
Sisters in loyalty, true to that claim.

Freedom your breath is, O broad-shouldered North!
Turn from the subtle miasma gone forth
Out of the South land, from Slavery's fen,
Battening demons, but poisoning men!

Still on your Rock, my New England, sit sure,
Keeping the air for the great country pure!
There you the "wayward" ones yet shall enfold:
There they will come to you, out in the cold!

THE WOODS OF TENNESSEE.

ANONYMOUS.

THE whip-poor-will is calling
From its perch on the splintered limb,
And the plaintive notes are echoing
Through the aisles of the forest dim:

The slanting threads of starlight
Are silvering shrub and tree,
And the spot where the loved are sleeping,
In the woods of Tennessee.

The leaves are gently rustling,
But they're stained with a tinge of red—
For they proved to many a soldier
Their last and lonely bed.
As they prayed in mortal agony
To God to set them free,
Death touched them with his finger,
In the woods of Tennessee.

In the list of the killed and wounded,
Ah, me! alas! we saw
The name of our noble brother,
Who went to the Southern war.
He fell in the tide of battle,
On the banks of the old "Hatchie,"
And rests 'neath the wild grape arbors
In the woods of Tennessee.

There's many still forms lying
In their forgotten graves,
On the green slope of the hill-sides
Along Potomac's waves;
But the memory will be ever sweet
Of him so dear to me,
On his country's altar offered,
In the woods of Tennessee.

A N A P P E A L .

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LISTEN, young heroes! your country is calling!
 Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
 Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
 Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
 Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
 You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
 Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
 Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
 Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping,—
 "Off for the wars!" is enough for them all.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you?
 Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn!
 Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
 Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
 Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
 Now is the day and the hour of salvation,—
 Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
 Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
 Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
 O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
 Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,—
 From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying
 Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,—

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
 Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
 Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,
 Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

As died the "Cumberland" so died the Varuna!—Noble
 ships and noble crews!

THE VARUNA.

SUNK APRIL TWENTY-FIETH, 1862.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Who has not heard of the dauntless Varuna?
 Who has not heard of the deeds she has done?
 Who shall not hear, while the brown Mississippi
 Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
 Sinking and burning she fought through the fray,
 Crushed were her sides and the waves ran across her,
 Ere, like a death-wounded lion at bay,
 Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
 Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites, round her,
 Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear:
 One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
 Shot, terror-stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
 Though we should offer the wealth of our store,
 Load the Varuna from deck down to kelson,
 Still would be niggard, such tribute to pour
 On courage so boundless. It beggars possession,
 It knocks for just payment at heaven's bright door!

Cherish the heroes who fought the Varuna ;
 Treat them as kings if they honor your way ;
 Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded ;
 Oh ! for the dead. let us all kneel to pray.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
 Its hues from heaven so freshly born ?
 With burning star and flaming band
 It kindles all the sunset land ;—
 O, tell us what its name may be !
 Is this the Flower of Liberty ?

It is the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode
 Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;
 The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
 Till, lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see
 The full blown Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite
 One mingling flood of braided light,—
 The red that fires the Southern rose,
 With spotless white from Northern snows,
 And spangled o'er its azure, see
 The sister stars of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,
 Where'er it springs is holy ground ;
 From tower and dome its glories spread ;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread ;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 And plants an empire on the sea !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,
 To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
 And God love us as we love thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done !
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? he cannot know.
 Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death bemoeking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

THE REFUGEE.

BY SAMUEL ECKEL, OF EAST TENNESSEE.

LONE upon the mountain summit,
 Watching through the weary night,
 For the cheering heart-glow glimmer
 Of the Union camp-fire's light;

Starting at the slightest rustle
In the leaves above my head ;
Seeing foes in every shadow,
While the morning light I dread .

In the distance, far below me,
Tented foes I dimly trace ;
The oppressors of my children,
And the tyrants of my race.

I am black,—I sadly know it,—
And for that I am a slave ;
But I have a soul within me
That will live beyond the grave.

Oft at noon, when I've been sitting
'Neath some shady orange tree,
Every breeze would whisper to me
That I must, I would be free.

Sadly I have mourned for freedom,
But its breath I never drew ;
Sadly mourn I for my children,
They, alas ! are chattels too.

Look ! the morning dawns upon me ;
In the distant vale afar,
I behold a banner floating,
I can see each stripe and star.

There I'll go and seek protection ;
And I ask, O God, of Thee,
That my cherished prayer be granted :
Make oppressed bondmen free !

TO MY CHILDREN.

BY A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY.

DARLINGS—I am weary pining :
 Shadows fall across my way ;
 I can hardly see the lining
 Of the clouds—the silver lining,
 Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing ;
 Moaning—wailing through the air ;
 Breaking hearts, in anguish crying
 For the lost ones—for the dying,
 Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting :
 Brothers, red with brother's gore.
 Only, that the wrong we're righting,—
 Truth and Honor's battle fighting,—
 I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining,
 For your kisses on my cheek ;
 For your dear arms round me twining ;
 For your soft eyes on me shining ;
 For your lov'd words ; darlings—speak !

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
 Of the olive branch and dove ;
 Call me from the cannon's rattle ;
 Take my thoughts away from battle ;
 Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings—I am weary pining :
 Shadows fall across my way ;
 I can hardly see the lining
 Of the clouds—the silver lining ;
 Turning darkness into day.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
 In the sunshine bright and strong,
 For this world is fading, Pompey,—
 Massa won't be with you long ;
 And I fain would hear the south wind
 Bring once more the sound to me,
 Of the wavelets softly breaking
 On the shores of Tennessee.

“Mournful though the ripples murmur,
 As they still the story tell,
 How no vessels float the banner
 That I've loved so long and well ;
 I shall listen to their music,
 Dreaming that again I see
 Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
 Sailing up the Tennessee.

“And Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
 For Death's last dispatch to come,
 If that exiled, starry banner
 Should come proudly sailing home,
 You shall greet it, slave no longer ;—
 Voice and hand shall both be free
 That shout and point to Union colors
 On the waves of Tennessee.”

“Massa's berry kind to Pompey ;
 But ole darkey's happy here,
 Where he's tended corn and cotton
 For 'ese many a long gone year.

Over yonder Missis' sleeping,—
 No one tends her grave like me;
 Mebbie she would miss the flowers
 She used to love in Tennessee.

“Pears like she was watching, Massa—
 If Pompey should beside him stay;
 Mebbie she'd remember better
 How for him she used to pray;
 Telling him that way up yonder
 White as snow his soul would be,
 If he served the Lord of Heaven
 While he lived in Tennessee.”

Silently the tears were rolling
 Down the poor old dusky face,
 As he stepped behind his master,
 In his long-accustomed place.
 Then a silence fell around them,
 As they gazed on rock and tree
 Pictured in the placid waters
 Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle
 Where he fought by Marion's side,
 When he bid the haughty Tarleton
 Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
 Man, remembering how yon sleeper
 Once he held upon his knee,
 Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
 Ralph Vervair of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
 'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
 Still the bondman close beside him
 Stands behind the old arm-chair.

With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
 Shading eyes, he bends to see
 Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
 Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
 Glide from tree to mountain crest,
 Softly creeping, aye and ever
 To the river's yielding breast.
 Ha! above the foliage yonder
 Something flutters wild and free!
 "Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
 The flag's come back to Tennessee!

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
 Help me stand on foot once more,
 That I may salute the colors
 As they pass my cabin door;
 Here's the paper signed that frees you,
 Give a freeman's shout with me—
 "God and Union!" be our watchword
 Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
 And the limbs refused to stand;
 One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
 Glided to that better land.
 When the flag went down the river
 Man and master both were free,
 While the ringdove's note was mingled
 With the rippling Tennessee.

LAST WORDS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"DEAR Charlie," breathed a soldier—

"O, comrade, true and tried,
Who in the heat of battle
Pressed closely to my side ;
I feel that I am stricken,
My life is ebbing fast ;
I fain would have you with me,
Dear Charlie, till the last.

"It seems so sudden, Charlie ;
To think to-morrow's sun
Will look upon me lifeless,
And I not twenty-one !
I little dreamed this morning
'Twould bring my last campaign ;
God's ways are not as our ways,
And I will not complain.

"There's one at home, dear Charlie,
Will mourn for me, when dead,
Whose heart—it is a mother's—
Can scarce be comforted.
You'll write and tell her, Charlie,
With my dear love, that I
Fought bravely as a soldier should,
And died as he should die.

"And you will tell her, Charlie,
She must not grieve too much ;
Our country claims our young lives,
For she has need of such.

And where is he would falter,
 Or turn ignobly back,
 When Duty's voice cries 'Forward !'
 And Honor lights the track ?

" And there's another, Charlie,
 (His voice became more low,)
 When thoughts of *her* come o'er me,
 It makes it hard to go.
 This locket in my bosom,
 She gave me just before
 I left my native village,
 For the fearful scenes of war.

" Give her this message, Charlie,
 Sent with my dying breath:
 To her and to my banner,
 I'm 'faithful unto death.'
 And if, in that far country
 Which I am going to,
 Our earthly ties may enter,
 I'll there my love renew.

" Come nearer, closer, Charlie ;
 My head I fain would rest,
It must be for the last time,
 Upon your faithful breast.
 Dear friend, I cannot tell you
 How in my heart I feel
 The depth of your devotion,—
 Your friendship strong as steel.

" We've watched and camped together
 In sunshine and in rain ;
 We've shared the toils and perils
 Of more than one campaign ;

And when my tired feet faltered
 Beneath the noontide heat,
 Your words sustained my courage,—
 Gave new strength to my feet.

“ And once,—’twas at Antietam,—
 Pressed hard by thronging foes,
 I almost sank exhausted
 Beneath their cruel blows,—
 When you, dear friend, undaunted,
 With headlong courage threw
 Your *heart* into the contest,
 And safely brought me through. ”

“ My words are weak, dear Charlie,
 My breath is growing scant ;
 Your hand upon my heart—there,
 Can you not hear me pant ?
 Your thoughts I know will wander
 Sometimes to where I lie :
 How dark it grows ! True comrade
 And faithful friend, good-by ! ”

A moment, and he lay there
 A statue pale and calm,
 His youthful head reclining
 Upon his comrade’s arm.
 His limbs upon the greensward
 Were stretched in careless grace,
 And by the fitful moon was seen
 A smile upon his face.

THE FURLOUGH.

ANONYMOUS.

ONCE more the music of his step
Rings on the gravel path.
Once more I meet his living eyes,
And hear his boyish laugh.
Once more one arm is round me thrown,
But through my tears I see
The other palsied by his side,—
His badge of loyalty.

Day that I did not hope to see;
Yet over all the bliss
There hangs a web of memory
Not all unlike to this.
I'm thinking of a dream that came
When she had passed away,—
One star, whose vanishing so turned
To night our summer day.

I dreamed, amid the garden walk
I wandered when a child,
Her face looked out amid the flowers,
And on me sweetly smiled.
I clasped again the tiny form,
As mothers only may,
And yet, and yet, I sighing sobbed,
With me she cannot stay.

Her mission here is past, I said;
And fragrance from the flowers,
A fancy strange, she gathered up,
I thought for heavenly bowers.

Unlike the scene, yet similar,
 The fountain of the tear
 That rises at the sight of him,
 My sturdy volunteer.

Too short these golden autumn days
 So canopied with blue ;
 The hours drop as the dropping leaves,—
 As glorious their hue.

We almost bless the fatal aim
 That felled the stalwart arm,
 And gave us for a year of pain,
 These days of sunny calm.
 But soon the unnerved pulse will feel
 The hero-current flow,
 And then the soul will mount again
 To meet the dreadful foe.

O, not alone for fireside bliss,
 And not for pleasant toys,
 Are we to train our darling girls,
 Our lion-hearted boys.
 Some beckon us to heavenly seats
 Amid celestial choirs ;
 While through the night we pray for some
 Around the lone camp-fires.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

THEY bore him to a cool and grassy place,
 So motionless they almost deemed him dead,
 And fanned with tender care the pallid face,
 And with pure water bathed his drooping head,

Till his eyes opened, and a languid smile
 Played round his dying lips ; and when he spoke,
They hushed their very breath to listen, while
 That low, faint murmur on the calm air broke.

“Comrades, my waning life is almost fled ;
 Death's dampness gathers on my brow and cheek,
And from this gaping wound the bullet made,
 The crimson life-blood oozes while I speak.
I shall be resting quietly, ere long,
 And shall not need your love and tender care ;
Your hearts are valiant and your arms are strong,
 Go back, my comrades,—you are needed there.

“But bear me first to yonder grassy sod,
 Whence I can turn my eyes upon the fight ;
Gently—there. Leave me now alone with God,
 And go you back to battle for the right.”
Then his mind wandered ; and the beating drum,
 The roar of cannon and the din of strife,
Changed to familiar, far-off sounds of home,
 Or sweet, low tones of mother, child, or wife.

And the receding battle's frequent shocks,
 Softened by distance, coming on the breeze,
Seemed to him like the bleating of the flocks,
 Or hiveward murmur of the laden bees ;
Until there came a mighty shout at length,
 A cry that rose and swelled to “victory,”
And, opening his dim eyes with sudden strength,
 He saw the foeman's ranks divide, and fly.

He rose,—he sat erect in his own blood ;
 His heart throbbed joyfully as when a boy ;
“They fly, they fly !” he cried, and up to God
 His spirit passed on that last shout of joy.

And so they found him when they sought him there,
 Lifeless and cold in that secluded place,—
 The rigid fingers clasped as if in prayer,
 And that last smile of triumph on his face.

AFTER THE VICTORIES.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

HA! the wine-press of pain hath been trodden!
 And suffering's meed mantles high,—
 The perfect, rare wine, wrought of patience,
 It moveth aright to the eye!
 Oh! dark was the night while we trampled
 Its death-purple grapes under foot;
 And no song parted silence from darkness,
 For Liberty's sibyl was mute!

And the fiends of the lowest were loosened,
 To persecute Truth at their will!
 They spat on her white shining forehead,
 She standing unmoved and still!
 The hiss of the white-blooded coward,
 The vile breath of Calumny's brood,
 Befouled and bedarkened the Kingdom,
 And poisoned the place where we stood!

We—treading the ripe grapes asunder,
 With failing and overworked feet;
 Alone in the terrible darkness—
 Alone in the stifling heat—
 With agony-drops raining over
 Our weak hands from desolate brows;
 With a deadlier pain in our spirits,
 O'er whose failure no promise arose!

Shook the innermost being of justice,
 Stirred the innermost pulse of our God;
 With a cry of remonstrance whose anguish
 Frightened devils and saints from its road!
 All the pain of a long-martyred nation,—
 All its giant-heart's, overtasked strength,—
 In one Samson-like throe were unfettered,
 Standing up for a hearing at length!

And—even as we fell in the darkness—
 Falling down, with our mouths in the dust;
 With toil-stained and redly-dyed garments
 That betokened us true to our trust,
 When the laugh of the scoffer was loudest,
 And the clapping of cowardly hands,
 A glory blazed out from the Westward,
 That startled the far distant lands!

Ha! the wine-press of pain hath been trodden!
 Now summon the laborers forth!
 Let them come in their redly-dyed garments,
 The lion-browed sons of the North!
 Not for failure their veins have been leavened
 With the vintage of SEVENTY-SIX!
 Nor unworthy the blood of our heroes
 With its rare olden currents to mix!

Ha! Conquerors! Come ye out boldly,
 Full fronting our reverent eyes!
 In the might of your glorious manhood,
 Ye Saviours of Freedom, arise!
 Come out in your sun-ripened grandeur,
 Ye victors, who wrestled with wrong!
 Come! toil-worn and weary with battle—
 We greet you with shout and with song!

OUR UNION.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

OUR Union, the gift of our fathers!
 In wrath roars the tempest above!
 The darker and nearer our danger,
 The warmer and closer our love;
 Though stricken, it never shall perish;
 It bends, but not breaks, to the blast;
 Foes rush on in fury to rend it,
 But we will be true to the last.

Our Union, ordained by Jehovah,—
 Man sets not the fiat aside!
 As well cleave the welkin asunder
 As the one mighty system divide.
 The grand Mississippi sounds ever,
 From pine down to palm the decree;
 The spindle, the corn, and the cotton,—
 One pæan-shout, Union, to thee!

Our Union, the lightning of battle
 First kindled the flame of its shrine!
 The blood and the tears of our people
 Have made it forever divine.
 In battle we then will defend it!
 Will fight till the triumph is won!
 Till the States form the realm of the Union
 As the sky forms the realm of the sun.

THE FISHERMAN OF BEAUFORT.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And still the fisherman's boat,
At early dawn and at evening shade,
Is ever and ever afloat :
His net goes down, and his net comes up,
And we hear his song of glee :
" De fishes dey hates de ole slaves' nets,
But comes to de nets of de free."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the oysterman below
Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
In the sands ob de long ago.
But now if an empty hand he bears,
He shudders no more with fear,
There's no stretching board for the aching bones,
And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And ever I hear a song,
As the moaning winds, through the moss-hung oaks,
Sweep surging ever along :
" O massa white man ! help de slave,
And de wife and chillen too ;
Eber dey'll work, wid de hard, worn hand,
Ef ell gib 'em de work to do."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
But it hides no tyrant's word,
As it chants unceasing the anthem grand
Of its Freedom, to the Lord.

The fisherman floating on its breast
 Has caught up the key-note true:
 "De sea works, massa, for't sef and God,
 And so must be brack man too.

"Den gib him* de work, and gib him de pay,
 For de chillen and wife him love;
 And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
 And him nebber, nebber rove;
 For him love de ole Carlina State,
 And de ole magnolia-tree:
 Oh! nebber him trouble de icy Norf
 Ef de brack folks am go free."

WHEN THE GREAT REBELLION'S OVER.

ANONYMOUS.

CLIMBED the baby on her knee,
 With an airy childish grace;
 Prattled in her lovely face,—
 "When will papa come to me?"
 "Papa?" soft the mother cried—
 "Papa! ah! the naughty rover!
 Sweet, my pet, he'll come to thee
 When the great Rebellion's over!"

"Mamma once had rosy cheeks,
 Danced and sang a merry tune;
 Now she rocks me 'neath the moon,
 Sits and sighs, but scarcely speaks."

* The colored people use the word "him" for "us," and apply the same pronoun to animate and inanimate objects, whether of masculine, feminine, or neuter gender.

Sad the smile the mother wore :—
 “ Sweet, mamma has lost her lover,
 She will blush and sing no more
 Till the great Rebellion's over !

“ Till the hush of peace shall come,
 Like a quiet fall of snow,
 And the merry troops shall go
 Marching back to hearts at home.”—
 “ Papa—home ?” the baby lisped,
 Balmy breathed as summer clover ;
 “ Yes, my darling, home at last,
 When the sad Rebellion's over !”

Entered at the open door,
 While the mother soothed her child,
 One who neither spoke nor smiled,
 Standing on the sunny floor.
 Wistful eyes met mournful eyes,
 Hope took flight, like airy plover.
 Ah ! poor heart, thou'lt wait in vain
 Till the great Rebellion's over !

Heart, poor heart ! too weak to save :
 Vain your tears,—your longings vain,—
 Summer winds and summer rain
 Beat already on his grave !
 From the flag upon his breast,
 (Truer breast it ne'er shall cover !)
 From its mouldering colors, wet
 With his blood, shall spring beget
 Lily, rose, and violet,
 And wreath of purple clover,
 With the flag upon his breast,

They have hid away your lover ;—
 Weep not, wail not! let him rest,
 Having bravely stood the test,
 He shall rank among the blest,
 When the great Rebellion's over!

BRING THE HERO HOME.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL E. D. BAKER.

HE fell in the front of battle,
 Where the brave would wish to die,
 Rather than bow to the traitor,
 Or humble our banner and fly.
 Giving for all that was given
 Powder and lead and shell ;
 Front to front with their bravest,
 Undaunted, unconquered, he fell.

To right and left and before him,
 A myriad host in power,
 Earth torn with thundering iron,
 Air rent with a leaden shower ;
 A river unbridged behind him,
 Rolling its angry tide,—
 O'erpowered, betrayed, and deserted,
 A hero the patriot died.

Died like the world's first martyr
 By the rebel hand of Cain,
 A victim on Blunder's red altar,
 Through others' incompetence slain.
 A sacrifice offered by Folly
 That tampered with precious life,
 By plunging his gallant legion
 In cruel and purposeless strife.

He would not flee from the foeman,
Nor shame the heroes he led ;
Rather than life by surrender,
Death with his own brave dead.
Facing the rifle and cannon,
Sulphur and sabre and frown,
True to his country and honor,
Our gallant " Gray Eagle " went down.

Gather the dust of the mighty,
Sleeping so quietly there,
Wash out the blotches of crimson
Clotting his silvery hair.
Woe to the traitors whose bullets
Have channelled a path for the stain,—
That eloquent tongue stilled forever,
And shattered that wonderful brain.

Silenced and hushed and frozen,
Tongue and lip and word,
Brave as the spirit of Freedom,
And true as his flashing sword ;
Stilled the heart that quailed not,
Before them in forum or field,
That alone to Death would surrender,
And only to Destiny yield.

Take from the field where he battled,
Up from the field where he bled,
His dust ; let no soil of the traitor
Give grave to our glorious dead.
For Liberty dwelt in his spirit ;
And freemen should fashion his grave
Beneath free humanity's banner,
And not the cursed flag of the slave.

So hither, his relics bring hither,
 And let him pass gently to rest,
 Like Mars when his night march is ended,—
 Within his loved land of the West ;
 Where Poesy, chanting in sorrow,
 Shall number the glories he won,
 And Eloquence, silent and weeping,
 Grieves for her favorite son.

Where comes the voice of the West wind,
 From the unmanacled sea,
 Free as his chain-spurning spirit,
 Let his last dwelling-place be.
 Heaven's bright sentinels guarding,
 Types of his soul's clear flame,
 His requiem chanted by Ocean,
 Undying and grand as his fame.

IN the early part of the rebellion, a Mr. RANDALL, of Southern proclivities, gave forth the following song, which, having some literary merits, and being set to music, was in the mouth of all secessiondom, and in the invasion of the State by General Lee's "liberating army" it was a sort of rallying song, but greatly to their disgust, it failed to touch the hearts of their friends, and this Southern ballad has scarce been heard of since :

MY MARYLAND.

BY J. B. RANDALL.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
 That wept o'er gallant Baltimore
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland!
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust—
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust—
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland!
 Come with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland!
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland!
 Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng,
 That stalks with liberty along,
 And give a new KEY to thy song,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear mother! burst thy tyrant's chain,
 Maryland!
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland!
 She meets her sisters on the plain,
 "Sic semper!" 'tis her proud refrain,
 That baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland!
 Arise in majesty again,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland!
 But thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland!
 But lo! there surges forth a shriek
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland!
 Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland!
 Better the fire upon the roll,
 Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland!
 The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
 Maryland!
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
 Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
 She breathes! she burns! she'll come, she'll come!
 Maryland! My Maryland!

IN view of the preceding Southern song—by Randall—but few will fail to appreciate the following, which was published just after the precipitate and inglorious retreat of Lee's "liberating army."

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THE "*liberating army*" came,
 Maryland, my Maryland,
 Polluting thy soil in Freedom's name,
 Maryland, my Maryland;
 They came with "proclamations" loud,
 They came with *dirty, ragged crowd*,
 To wrap thee in Secession's shroud,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

They marched along in bold array,
 Maryland, my Maryland,
 Expecting on thy soil to stay,
 Maryland, my Maryland;

They came with bugle and with drum,
 They came *from Hades, the very scum,*
 To strike the sons of Freedom dumb,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

But, oh! thank God thy sons were true,
 Maryland, my Maryland,
 They scared and cursed the *traitors' crew,*
 Maryland, my Maryland;
 Well they remember Carroll's name,
 And thy "*Old Line*" well known to fame,
 As yet unstained by breath of shame,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

Cursed be the traitors on thy soil,
 Maryland, my Maryland,
 May their base acts on them recoil,
 Maryland, my Maryland.
 Strike for thy children and thy sires—
 Light on each hill the Union fires,
 Until each dastard foe expires,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

Thy sons are standing firm, erect,
 Maryland, my Maryland,
 To traitors they'll not bow their neck,
 Maryland, my Maryland.
 They swear the rebels to remove,
 They swear it by their God above,
 They swear it by the land they love,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

We hear the marching Union song,
 Maryland, my Maryland;
 We see them coming thousands strong,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

Creed nor faction can divide us,
 Race nor language can divide us,
 Still, whatever fate betide us,
 Children of the Flag are we!

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

ANONYMOUS.

DRIFT over the slopes of the sunrise land,
 Oh wonderful, wonderful snow!
 Oh! pure as the breast of a virgin saint,
 Drift tenderly, soft, and slow!
 Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
 And into the haunted dells
 Of the forests of pine, where the robbing winds
 Are tuning their memory bells.

Into the forests of sighing pines,
 And over those yellow slopes,
 That seem but the work of the cleaving plough,
 That cover so many hopes!
 They are many indeed, and straightly made,
 Not shapen with loving care;
 But the souls let out and the broken blades
 May never be counted there!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
 Oh delicate, dropping snow!
 Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love
 On the warrior heads below!
 Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,
 As she waiteth and watcheth for One
 Who will never come back from the sunrise land
 When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
 Drift—white as the bridal veil
 That will never be borne by the drooping girl
 Who sitteth afar, so pale.
 Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
 Who stretcheth despairing hands
 Out to the blood-rich battle-fields
 That crimson the Eastern sands.

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
 Oh delicate snow, and cover
 The graves of our heroes, sanctified,—
 Husband and son and lover !
 Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
 And mellow our deep distress,
 And put us in mind of the shriven souls
 , And their mantles of righteousness !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, after the burial of the Massachusetts dead, killed by the mob at Baltimore, penned this adjuration for the hour :

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
 To deck our girls for gay delights !
 The crimson flower of battle blooms,
 And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
 Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
 And homely garments, coarse and grey,
 For orphans that must earn their bread !

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
 That pour delight from other lands!
 Rouse there the dancer's restless feet—
 The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
 With mystic fame and subtile power,
 Go, chatter to the idle birds,
 Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
 Be all your offices combined!
 Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
 The destiny of humankind!

And if that destiny could fail,
 The sun should darken in the sky,
 The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
 And God, and Truth, and Freedom die! •

MR. ALBERT BORNITZ on his humble camp couch penned the following beautiful dream of her from whom his hands, not his soul, was torn.

“WAS IT A DREAM?”

I SAT in her garden (or, was it a dream?)
 At the quiet of night, in the middle of June:
 Below, through the lawn, flowed a musical stream,
 And above, in the cloudless expanse, hung the moon.

Around us the roses were blushing with red,
 And the air held the odor of blossom and bud;
 On my breast (did I dream it?) was pillowed her head,
 And the flame of the roses went into our blood!

The fire of the roses went into our veins,
 And the hue of the roses stole over her face!
 And her sighs, faintly heard, were angelic refrains,
 As I folded her form in my ardent embrace.

Ah, golden-haired darling! proud hazel-eyed queen!
 Have I dreamed it? or was it not audibly sighed,
 By a being whose presence was felt, though unseen,
 That our souls were forever and ever allied?

It may be that I dreamed it: but after the war,
 Should the Fates be propitious, the dream may prove true;
 Should I perish in battle—then know that afar,
 In a land of romance, I am waiting for you.

BAYARD TAYLOR has charmingly worded the incident which it commemorates, of the old soldier of 1812 pleading with General Scott for a place in the ranks of the *Union*.

THE VETERAN'S APPEAL.

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
 He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field of fame—
 The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
 And bore his stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
 "The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your
 side?"

Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?
 'Tis true, I'm old, and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

“Have I forgotten?” said the Chief: “my brave old soldier,
 No!
 And here’s the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
 But you have done your share, my friend; you’re crippled,
 old, and grey,
 And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day.”

“But, General!” cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow;
 “The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;
 They’ve torn the flag of Lundy’s Lane, our old red, white, and
 blue,
 And while a drop of blood is left, I’ll show that drop is true.

“I’m not so weak but I can strike, and I’ve a good old gun
 To get the range of traitors’ hearts, and pick them, one by one.
 Your Minie rifles and such arms it ain’t worth while to try:
 I couldn’t get the hang o’ them, but I’ll keep my powder
 dry!”

“God bless you, comrade!” said the Chief—“God bless your
 loyal heart!
 But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part.
 They’ll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
 And woe, henceforth to any hand, that dares to pull it down!”

“But, General!”—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried;
 “I’m young enough to follow, so long as you’re my guide:
 And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least,
 can I;
 So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!

“If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in command
 Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my hand;
 No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shells may fly,
 I’ll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest
Heaven,

And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne ;
' There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane !'

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly ;
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place !"

THE following effusion is from a prominent Democratic Editor, Mr. JOHN CLANCY, in New York city, and is significant as showing the complete unanimity of parties at the North as against this causeless war.

A NORTHERN RALLY.

WE'VE borne too long this Southern wrong,
That ever sought to shame us ;
The threat and boast, the braggart toast,
" That Southern men would tame us."
We've bent the knee to chivalry,
Have borne the lie and scorning ;
But now, thank God, our Northern blood
Has roused itself from fawning.

The issue's made, our flag's displayed,
Let he who dare retard it ;
No cowards here grow pale with fear,
For Northern swords now guard it.
The men that won at Lexington
A name and fame in story,
Were patriot sires, who lit the fires
To lead their sons to glory.

Like rushing tide down mountain side,
 The Northern hosts are sweeping ;
 Each freeman's breast to meet the test
 With patriot blood is leaping.
 Now Southern sneer and bullies' leer,
 Will find swift vengeance meted ;
 For never yet since foemen met
 Have Northern men retreated.

United now, no more we'll bow,
 Or supplicate, or reason ;
 'Twill be our shame and lasting blame
 If we consent to treason.
 Then in the fight our hearts unite,
 One purpose move us ever ;
 No traitor hand divide our land,
 No power our country sever.

“LET us alone” was the plausible cry of the rebels, from
 “Jeff.” down to the craziest secessionist in all Dixie. Some
 wag of a poet in a Hartford paper has elucidated the “text”
 in the following handsome style.

“LET US ALONE!”

As vonce I valked by a dismal swamp,
 There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
 And at everybody that passed that road
 A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
 And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
 He'd set up a song of “Let me alone.”

“Let me alone, for I loves to shy
 These bits of things at the passers by—
 Let me alone, for I’ve got your tin
 And lots of other traps snugly in—
 Let me alone, I’m riggin a boat
 To grab votever you’ve got afloat—
 In a veek or so I expect to come
 And turn you out of your ’ouse and ’ome—
 I’m a quiet Old Cove,” says he, with a groan!
 “All I axes is—Let me alone.”

Just then came along, on the self same way,
 Another Old Cove, and began for to say—
 “Let you alone! That’s comin’ it strong!—
 You’ve been let alone—a darned sight too long—
 Of all the sarce that ever I heered!
 Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered!)
 Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
 I’ll knock you higher than any kite.
 You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
 And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
 And I’ll have my hardware back, and my cash,
 And knock your scow into tarnal smash.
 And if ever I catches you ’round *my* ranch,
 I’ll string you up to the nearest branch.
 The bst *you* can do is to go to bed,
 And keep a decent tongue in your head;
 For I reckon before you and I are done,
 You’ll wish you had let honest folks alone.”

The Old Cove stopped, and the t’other Old Cove,
 He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
 And he looked at his stick, revolvin’ slow,
 Vether ’twere safe to shy it or no—
 And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
 “All that I axed vos, *let me alone.*”

AFTER ALL.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
 Sits pale in his easy-chair,
 While the gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him ;
 A fair young head is pressed,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
 The faltering echoes come
 Of the flying blast of trumpet,
 And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper :
 "The end no man can see ;
 But we give him to his country,
 And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still;
 There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
 And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits alone,
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

It is reported of the Army of the Cumberland, that often in going into battle, the whole line takes up the following popular and stirring battle cry. It is said by eye-witnesses to be a most imposing and thrilling scene; the long lines of burnished steel flashing in the sun-light, and the wild shout and song of an hundred thousand men echoing along the valleys,—must be a spectacle indeed!

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM!

ANONYMOUS.

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
 We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

CHORUS.—The Union for ever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Down with the Traitor, up with the Star!
 While we rally round the Flag, boys, rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Freemen more,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 The Union for ever! &c.

We will welcome to our numbers the boys all true and brave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 And although he may be poor, he shall never be a Slave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 The Union for ever! &c.

So, we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land we love the best,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 The Union for ever! &c.

THE following beautiful and appropriate hymn was written by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, founder of St. Luke's hospital, in New York, and writer of the immortal hymn, "I would not live always." It was submitted to President Lincoln and his consent was obtained to have it called "THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN." It was written for a special Thanksgiving day, for which it was admirably adapted. With very little preparation it can be produced in every Church in the land:

THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord—
 Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
 Let the East and the West, North and South roll along
 Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

CHORUS:—Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to
 the Lord,
 Alleluias of freedom with joyful accord.

For the sunshine and rainfall enriching again
 Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain ;
 For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth ;
 For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing health :
 Give thanks—

For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
 Where the many have feasted and all have been fed,
 With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
 But liberty guarded by Justice for all :
 Give thanks—

In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
 Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow ;
 His the flocks, and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales ;
 On his Ocean domains chant his name with the gales.
 Give thanks—

Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
 Your riches from Him Whose the silver and gold,
 Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil ;
 Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
 Give thanks—

Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
 To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts :
 Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
 Reflecting His glory,—He crowneth the right.
 Give thanks—

Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
 Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part :
 God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
 All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
 Give thanks—

In the Domes of Messiah—ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs ;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the elect of His care.

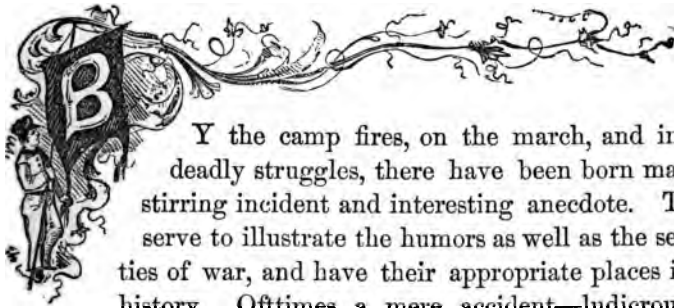
Give thanks—

Our guilt and transgressions remember no more ;
Peace, Lord ! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore ;
And the Banner of Union restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land.

Give thanks.

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS,
AND
PICTURES OF THE WAR.

PART III.



BY the camp fires, on the march, and in the deadly struggles, there have been born many a stirring incident and interesting anecdote. These serve to illustrate the humors as well as the severities of war, and have their appropriate places in its history. Ofttimes a mere accident—ludicrous in itself, perhaps—so far tells on the fortunes of war as to change the plans of a campaign, and bring success or disaster alike to individuals and armies; incidents, too, which in themselves at the time seem trifling, have made and unmade empires, and they also form a part of legitimate history as much as the story of a great battle in which thousands have perished. A child might have given direction to the incipient avalanche on the mountain's top, which in its thundering course down the valley no human agency could control; so the merest incident ofttimes gives direction to events, that in their onward march no barrier can stay.

These brief pictures of the war and excerpts from its history will afford profitable as well as amusing entertainment for the leisure hours, which the busiest of us should have, not only for mental recreation and refreshment, but that we may learn of the exploits and humors attendant on the life of our brave boys in the field.

THE SCOUT'S LAST MESSAGE.

BY LIEUT. MAX MARTINGALE, U. S. A.

SAMUEL COX was one of my bravest scouts. He enlisted at Memphis, Tenn., and was about twenty-six years of age, tall, and very powerful. He possessed a reckless nature, which *would* exhibit itself in a very short time, if he should chance to have nothing to do for several days; and in order to prevent this, I had to invent something for him to engage in

When I said "reckless," I did not mean to insinuate that he was of that particular stamp which frequent bar-rooms, billiard-rooms, etc., and which are termed reckless by the public, nor do I mean that his recklessness itself was visible when he was idle, rather that a marked air of uneasiness pervaded his whole frame. He was always on the *qui vive* for a mission which would incur danger; and though young and partially inexperienced, yet he was "*Sauviter in modo, fortiter in re.*" (Gentle in manner, but resolute in deeds.)

I liked him, to say the least. I chose him to perform many daring deeds oftener than I did others, and of it he seemed conscious, although no look or word of pride ever escaped him. When preparing for a dangerous mission, he preserved that same nonchalant air, which was his peculiar characteristic; but let him once get into an exciting affair, and his eyes would sparkle, his broad bosom heave with intensity, while either his hands or his mouth would be twitching with a nervousness which were startling.

Well, one warm afternoon during the month of August last, I chose Cox to accompany me upon a spying adventure along the banks of the Yazoo river. As there were two guerilla camps to be passed, we armed ourselves more fully than usual. Cox seemed to be in a sorrowful mood that afternoon; a depression of spirits was the cause to which I attributed it, and

for some time thought no more of it. As night came on, we embarked in a small Indian canoe and proceeded up the river for several miles. The almost impenetrable darkness shielded us from observation, should any wandering guerilla happen to be around; and thus we paddled silently along until we reached the mouth of a small creek, five miles from our camp, and four from the rebel Col. ——'s. Here we landed, and commenced to pick our way cautiously forward through the dense underbrush and low woods which lined the river bank at that point. We proceeded in this manner for nearly three miles; but when the dusky figure of the rebel sentinel warned us that we were within a mile or less of the camp, we sank to our hands and knees, in order to approach him unawares.

"I'll quietly shut off his wind, dress myself in his clothes, and when the corporal of the guard comes around, I'll slip into the camp, learn what I can, and then slip out. If you will remain here, I will return to this precise spot." So saying, Cox left me alone, while he crawled forward towards the unsuspecting sentinel. Hardly had he gone five rods ere he turned about and came back.

"Lieutenant," said he, his usually clear voice choked with emotion, "if I fall in this errand, will you send these to my wife and child in Memphis?" and as he spoke, he drew a package from his bosom, and gave it to me. "Something tells me that I will sacrifice my life in this mission; that a rebel ball shall cut short my existence in the end, and that my eyes shall behold my dear wife no more."

"Don't go then, by all means," I replied, laying my hand upon his arm. "Let us return to camp. I am no man to force another to his death."

"I know it, lieutenant," returned he, starting away again. "But this may all be imagination. Were I to know that by sacrificing my life to the knife of the savage, I would render my country any valuable service, God knows that I would do it in a minute;" and he was gone before I could reply.

Noble man! Thy words were full of generous and noble

meaning; and though thy manly form is now mouldering in an early grave, thy memory shall live forever among the records of the brave in that great book in heaven, if not on earth.

From my position, at the foot of a small pine tree, I could not obtain a very good glimpse of the country before me. Accordingly I clambered into the branches of the tree, and by parting them before me, I could obtain an unobstructed view—that is, as well as the darkness would permit. The form of the sentinel was just discernible through the gloom, pacing back and forth upon his lonely beat. But suddenly it stopped. I stretched my ears to listen, and distinctly I heard the low words,

“Who goes there?”

A long moment of breathless suspense followed. I expected to see Cox spring suddenly from the earth upon his foe; but not the slightest sound betrayed his proximity. Leaving his gun “half cocked,” the rebel continued his walk; and in a few moments he again stopped and demanded,

“Who goes there?”

Twice this was repeated; and the last time the sentinel moved forward to the spot from whence he supposed the mysterious sound proceeded. Scarcely had he done so, when a dark form sprung upon him from one side, and a glittering knife entered his heart with the rapidity of lightning. It was Cox, the scout; and arraying himself in the dead man’s clothes, he pushed the body under some bushes, and took his post. So quickly had this change been wrought, that, had my eyes been turned during the transaction, and then turned back again, I could not have told the difference between the two sentinels.

It was now about eleven o’clock. At twelve the relief guard came, and with mingling emotions of joy and fear, I beheld Cox march back to their camp, while another person took his place. I soon lost sight of him in the deep wood, and then anxiously awaited his return.

I believe I have not fully stated the cause of this perilous mission as yet, but as I am now at leisure, I will do so.

A rumor—whether to be believed or not I did not know—was beginning to circulate in the camp, to the effect that a celebrated guerilla colonel, named ——, with a force of five hundred men, was to march through the upper country of Mississippi on a grand foraging expedition, and obtain enough provision, etc., to last them through the winter. In order to do this, it would be necessary for them to come in uncomfortable proximity to our little band of one hundred sharpshooters, especially when we were unprepared for them. So our colonel appointed me and any companion I might choose to go up the Yazoo river to their camp, and by a dint of cautious manœuvering, obtain such intelligence as I could relative to the report, so that he might be prepared. I started at once, as the reader is aware; but before we landed, Cox made me promise him that *he* should do the spying, etc., urging as a decisive plea, that he was better acquainted with the country than I.

So far all went well; how was it to end? We shall see.

One long hour was dwindling away, but I had neither seen or heard any thing from Cox. The fear that he had been discovered and imprisoned came over me; and so strong did it become, that I left my perch and dropped to the ground noiselessly. At the foot of the tree I waited nearly half an hour, until chafed with a feverish impatience, I could stand it no longer, but determined to go and hunt him up. Cautiously, very cautiously, I left the spot, crawling on my hands and knees towards the sentinel. For a long time I did not even look up to see where I was going; my mind was filled with a thousand bitter fancies, and I cursed myself over and over again for letting Cox go alone. In this way I went forward until I thought I was pretty close to the sentinel; but when I lifted my head to see him, judge of my surprise to behold him—gone! But while I was ruminating upon this strange event,

a rustling in the bushes close by me startled me. In an instant it flashed upon me that he had seen me, and was playing the same game; so I crouched close down beneath a clump of elders, and awaited his coming. In a few moments he came feeling carefully along; and when he was directly opposite me, I sprang out and confronted him. We clenched; there was a deadly struggle, a groan, a gasp; and then I rose from the dead body of the sentinel with a small flesh wound in the arm.

Again I made my way forward, and this time towards the camp fires of the enemy, which were in plain sight, about a quarter of a mile distant, and through a small piece of woods. As there was no sentinel between me and the fires, I rose to an upright position, and continued on until the one within the shadow of the woods became visible; then I resumed the creeping posture as before. In a few moments I came upon a slight eminence covered with low underbrush, and once on the top, I plainly beheld the camp of the rebels. It was not very large, considering the number of its occupants, and was situated in a large depression at the entrance of the grove, instead of beyond it, as I had supposed; two fires had been built in front of the officers' tents, and around were congregated quite a number of men, among them Col. —.

I saw an immense deal of gesticulating and running here and there, heard several angry, contending voices, and noted that it seemed to be centered upon *one* person, who sat in the midst of the crowd. As they were all about him, I had no opportunity to "sight" him; but suddenly they parted as if a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, and as they did so, the light fell upon the stern features of Samuel Cox. *He had been discovered, and they were trying him as a spy.* The cause of the sudden starting soon became apparent. Cox had sprung to his feet, holding a revolver in one hand, and with the other he swept up the contents of a small deal table, by which were seated the rebel colonel, a captain, and a lieutenant, thrust them into his bosom, and with a regular Indian

yell, dashed through the astonished crowd, over the bushy ground, directly towards me.

Seeing the exciting state of affairs, I sprang to an upright position, and shouted, "This way, Sam; this way; I'll back you."

He saw me, and as he came up, he gave me the papers, saying:

"Take 'em, lieutenant; they are the plans, etc., of the rebels. If I fall, you can carry them to our colonel; tell him how I died."

"Don't go under now, Cox," I replied, cheerfully. "See, they are after us; come, follow me," and as I spoke, I darted away—Samuel close behind—followed by a crowd of mad, yelling demons.

The sentinel fired a shot at us, likewise the crowd, which had no effect save a few whistling balls by our ears, as I could see. One, two, and three long miles of the forest flew beneath our feet, and as I had taken the direction of our canoe, of the dark river soon burst upon our sight.

Dashing down to the spot where lay the canoe, we jumped in, and were soon pulling down the river, the ashen oars bending until they almost snapped beneath the pressure.

Our pursuers came running down to the bank, where we were last seen, to find their prey gone, just as we turned a bend in the river. All their important maps, plans, etc., were in the hands of their enemy, and taken from their very midst by a *daring spy!*

They returned in chagrin, and no very amiable mood, to their deserted camp.

"Let me do the rowing, Cox; you are tired from excitement and running, if nothing else. Our pursuers have gone back, so there is no danger," said I, after we were nearly a mile on our journey. "You are very pale; come now, sit in the stern while I row."

He obeyed, mechanically, sitting down in the small stern

of the canoe, which I was propelling through the water, at a leisurely speed.

Suddenly his pale face assumed a ghastly hue; and his breath came quick and short, while he gasped forth the words:

“Lieutenant, row hard! hard! harder! I *must* reach the camp before I die. O God! row hard, W——.”

“Die! what mean you?” I asked, with unfeigned astonishment.

“*One of those bullets went clear through my breast, and I am dying. I have stood up against death as long as I can. O Lucy, my wife, my wife!*” was Cox’s reply.

Reader, did I bend those ashen oars any? or was the canoe more than twenty-five minutes in going over the intervening four miles? Ask the grand old trees along the river bank, what lone canoe shot past them like a meteor, on that night; or, ask the sharpshooters of Colonel M——’s division in the Army of the West, at what terrific speed the little vessel shot up to the bank, ploughing up the gravel in its headlong career. Reader, I believe I rowed some that fatal night.

Beneath a stately oak, that grew a few rods from the river bank, lay the dying spy, Samuel Cox. His curly head was pillowed by a knapsack, while a spread blanket formed the only bed that we had for him. The sharpshooters were standing around, some weeping, and others viewing their comrade with sorrowful countenances; a minister was kneeling beside the scout, offering up a heartfelt prayer in his behalf, while our surgeon was bathing his temples with water, thus easing him in his last moments.

It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Raphael or Scott. When the chaplain ceased, Cox rose to a sitting posture, and, in feeble tones, addressed a few encouraging words to his friends. Said he, at the conclusion, pointing to me:

“Do not blame him for anything whatever. He gave me my own way in the matter; it is not his fault.”

Here he stopped for breath, and then proceeded in short sentences:

"Boys, don't any of you ever give up the glorious Union on any plea—for anything on earth. Let the fiercest tortures be plied upon your body before you will say one word against it. I have suffered much at the hands of Secessionists in East Tennessee, all because I loved our glorious Union, *one out of many*. Boys, under any circumstances, '*Don't give up the Ship,*' though *every man* perish."

"Lieutenant," he continued, calling me to his side, and placing a miniature and a locket and chain in my hands, "send these to my poor wife at Memphis. Write her the particulars of my—my—my—death! Will you?"

"I will, Cox, I will," I answered, my voice husky with emotion.

He was going fast, his eyes were becoming glazed, and his breath hard and short. Once he rallied, and shouted to us all in tones which we can never forget :

"DON'T GIVE UP OUR UNION—*Never!* NEVER!
NEVER!"

And falling back upon his pillow, Samuel Cox, the spy and scout, was dead.

We buried him, 'neath the tall, waving oak, which was the symbol of himself just as the golden summer sun was sinking in the West. We left the spot with soft steps, and retired to our camp. Darkness came on over the grave; all was still, save the quiet rippling of the river, and the mournful sighing of the wind in the top of the oak. A holy calm pervaded the whole scene, and the soft zephyrs "sang sweetly together" over the patriot's lonely grave.

"Hollow ye the lonely grave,
Make its caverns deep and wide;
In the soil they died to save
Lay the brave men, side by side.
Side by side they fought and fell,
Hand in hand they met the foe;
Who has heard his grandsire tell,
Braver strife or deadlier blow?"

Wake your mournful harmonies,
 Your tears of pity shed for them;
 Summer dew and sighing breeze
 Shall be wail and requiem.
 Pile the grave-mound broad and high,
 Where our martyred brethren sleep,
 It shall point the pilgrim's eye,
 Here to bend and here to weep."

I have little more to add. The rebels never attempted their intended raid. As all their plans, intentions, etc., were in the possession of their enemies, they knew that we would be prepared for them, and they *excused* themselves, very wisely too.

To the brave scout we were indebted for it all; and we could only say: "*Requiescat in pace!*"

THE AMENITIES OF WAR.

Now and then a little human smile brightens war's grim visage, like a flash of sunshine in an angry day. I remember one that I wish I could daguerreotype. The amenities of battle are so few, how precious they become? Let me give that little "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." A few months ago, the Third Ohio, belonging to Streight's command, entered a town en route for Richmond, prisoners of war. Worn down, famished, hearts heavy, and haversacks light, they were herded like dumb, driven cattle, to wear out the night. A rebel regiment, the Fifty-fourth Virginia, being camped near by, many of its men came strolling about to see the sorry show of poor, supperless Yankees. They did not stare long, but hastened away to camp, and came streaming back with coffee-kettles, corn bread, and bacon, the best they had and all they had; and straightway little fires began to

twinkle, bacon was suffering the martyrdom of the saint of the gridiron, and the aroma of coffee rose like the fragrant cloud of a thank-offering. Loyal guests and rebel hosts were mingled; our hungry boys ate and were satisfied; and for that one night our common humanity stood acquitted of the heavy charge of total depravity with which it is blackened. Night and our boys departed together. The prisoners in due time were exchanged, and are now encamped within rifle shot of Kelly's Ferry on the bank of the Tennessee. But often, around the camp fires, I have heard them talk of the Fifty-fourth Virginia, that proved themselves so immeasurably better "than a brother afar off;" heard them wonder where they were, and discuss the chance that they might ever meet. When they denounced the "damnable Johnny Rebs," the name of one regiment, you may be sure, was tucked away in a snug place, quite out of the range of hard words.

And now comes the sequel that makes a beautiful poem of the whole of it. On the day of the storming of Mission Ridge, among the prisoners was the Fifty-fourth Virginia, and on Friday it trailed away across the pontoon bridge, and along the mountain road, nine miles to Kelly's Ferry. Arrived there, it settled upon the bank, like wasps, awaiting the boat. A week elapsed, and your correspondent followed suit. The major of the Third Ohio welcomed me to the warm hospitality of his quarters, and almost the first thing he said was: "You should have been here last Friday; you missed the denouement of the beautiful little drama of ours, whose first act I have told you. Will you believe the Fifty-fourth Virginia has been here! Some of our boys were on duty at the landing when it arrived. 'What regiment is this?' they asked; and when the reply was given, they started for camp like quarter horses, and shouted, as they rushed in and out among the smoky cones of the Sibleys: 'The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the Ferry.' The camp swarmed in three minutes. Treasures of coffee, bacon, sugar, beef, preserved peaches, everything were turned out in force, and you may believe

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they went laden with plenty, at the double-quick, to the Ferry." The same old scene, and yet how strangely changed! The twinkling fires, the grateful incense, the hungry captives; but guests and hosts had changed places; the star-lit folds floated aloft for the bonny blue flag; a debt of honor was paid to the uttermost farthing. If they had a triumph of arms at Chattanooga, hearts were trumps at Kelly's Ferry. And there it was that horrid war smiled a human smile, and a grateful, gentle light flickered for a moment on the point of the bayonet. And yet, should the Fifty-fourth Virginia return to-morrow, with arms in their hands, to the Tennessee, the Third Ohio would meet them on the bank, fight them foot to foot, and beat them back with rain so pitiless the river would run red.

B. F. TAYLOR, of the Chicago Journal, thus writes about pets in the army. It will be seen soldiers do not lose their finer feelings:

PETS IN THE ARMY.

The following shows that nature is the same in the army as out of it:

"They have the strangest pets in the army, that nobody would dream of 'taking to' at home, and yet they are little touches of the gentler nature that give you some such cordial feeling, when you see them, as I am told residents of Bourbon County, Ky., habitually experience at so much a gallon! One of the boys has carried a red squirrel, through 'thick and thin,' over a thousand miles. 'Bun' eats hard tack like a veteran, and has the freedom of the tent. Another's affections overflow upon a slow-winking, unspeculative little owl, captured in Arkansas, and bearing a name with a classical

smack to it—Minerva. A third gives his heart to a young Cumberland Mountain bear. But chief among camp pets are dogs. Riding on the saddle-bow, tucked into a baggage-wagon, mounted on a knapsack, growling under a gun, are dogs, brought to a premature end as to ears and tails, and yellow at that; pug-nosed, square-headed brutes, sleek terriers, delicate morsels of spaniels, 'Tray, Blanch, Sweetheart, little dogs and all.' A dog, like a horse, comes to love the rattle and crash of musket and cannon. There was one in an Illinois regiment, and I rather think regarded as belonging to it, though his name may not be on the muster-roll, that chases half spent shot as a kitten frolics with a ball of worsted. He has been under fire, and twice wounded, and left the tip of his tail at the battle of Stone River. Woe to the man that shall wantonly kill him. But I was especially interested in the fortunes of a little white spaniel that messed with a battery, and delighted in the name of 'Dot.' No matter what was up, that fellow's silken coat must be washed every day; and there was need of it, for when the battery was on the march they just plunged him into the sponge-bucket—not the tidiest chamber imaginable—that swings like its more peaceful cousin, the tar-bucket, under the rear axle of the gun-carriage—plumped into that, clapped on the cover, and Dot was good for an inside passage. One day the battery crossed a stream, and the water came well up to the guns. Nobody thought of Dot, and when all across, a gunner looked into the bucket; it was full of water, and Dot was as dead as a dirty door-mat."

HEROISM IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

The surgeon said: "He can hardly live." . . . I felt a strange interest in this young man; I knew his history well. The youngest son among several brothers, when his country's troubles began, he said to them: "Let *me* go; for you are all married; if I fall, no matter." He went. He had followed the standard of the Republic into every battle-field, till, after the flight from the Bull Run of July, 1861, worn out, but not wounded, he was borne to this hospital in Washington. This was his life as a soldier. There was another and deeper life than that. The great loadstone that led him away was the magnet of his nation. Another loadstone held his heart at home; it was the magnet of love. The surgeon was long in coming; but when he did come, his sharp and experienced eye, as he approached the cot, opened with surprise. "He is still alive. I am not sure but he may come up yet. If he revives, there is one chance left for him, if it be but one in a thousand. You stay and watch, and I will come back in half an hour." In former visits to him he had made me his confidant. He seemed to be *haunted* by the idea that he would, after all, return to his home on the banks of the Mohawk, and once more see those he loved. The surgeon came by again. "That boy has wonderful vitality." Whether it was purely my fancy, my hope, or a fact, I did not know, but twilight seemed to pass over his face. "Yes, yes, I—I—wait a moment. Oh, I shall not die." He opened his eyes calmly, and then a glow which I shall never forget suffused his cheek, and lifting his emaciated hands for the first time in several weeks, he exclaimed, in a natural voice: "How floats the old flag now, boys?" I now feared his excitement would carry him beyond his strength. I could not keep him from talking.

He grew impatient the more I tried to soothe and restrain him.

“Won’t you let me talk a little? I *must* know something more, or it seems to me I shall go crazy. Please put your ear down to me. I won’t speak loud—I won’t get excited.”

I did as he requested.

“Have you got any letters for me?”

“Yes, but they are at my office. You shall have them to-morrow. They are all well at home.”

“And Bella?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, God be praised.”

After a few moments of repose, he again opened his eyes wide.

“I have been gone so long from the army! It seemed as though I never could get back when I got home. I got away; and I wandered and wandered. Oh, how tired I was! Where is McDowell? Is General Scott dead? They said so. Did they carry off Old Abe? How did he get back? Did the rebels get into Washington that night? How long have I been sick? What place is this? Oh, my head! my head!”

I was frightened. The tender chord of memory had given away. . . . And so that anxious night wore away. In the morning he awoke bright and clear; and from that hour he began to get well. Bella’s letters, received during his extreme illness, could now be read. They were among the noblest ever written by woman.

“Our heart-prayers for you have been answered. We now wait only for your return. When we parted, it was not with repining: you had gone to the altar of your country in solemn and complete dedication. I too was prepared for the sacrifice. I expected it, although I knew how crushingly the blow would fall. But if you had not loved your country better than Bella, it would have broken her heart. I hope now in a few weeks you will be again by my side. When your health is once more restored, I will promise in advance, as you desire, not to

try to keep you from joining your regiment; and if the stars have written that Walter shall not be my husband, God has decreed that I shall die a widow never married."

He did return to the Mohawk valley. He married Bella. He returned to the war; and on the eve of the great day of Antietam he heard that his son was born,—and the hero-father *died* by the side of Hooker.

THE MYSTERIOUS FOE.

"TRAMP! tramp! tramp!—tramp! tramp! tramp!"

Company — was returning from a scouting expedition. The road they were pursuing led directly to the camp, the illuminated tents of which they could see gleaming out distinctly in the moonlight about a mile ahead.

Captain — prided himself upon the orderly manner in which he always led his command into camp; so as they approached the promised haven of rest and repose for the night, the men, who had hitherto been marching on the "route step," were ordered to form into four ranks, and to "right shoulder shift arms."

Soon the steady, regular tramp of a hundred feet striking the earth simultaneously, announced that each man was in his place, and "keeping step" to perfection, while the voice of the captain was heard chiming in harmony with the sound.

"Now—you've—got—it—d—n—it—keep—it. Left—left—left! Now—you've—got—it—d—n—it—keep—it! Left——"

"Whi-z-z-z-z-zip."

"Halt! What in the d—l was that? A bullet?"

The men stood still, turning their eyes in every direction.

Behind them, and upon their left extended a tract of open country, which was illuminated by the beams of a full moon; but as far as they could see—a long distance—not even the outline of a human figure could be discovered, while on looking to the right, they saw nothing but a wide stream of water, beyond which stood a few tall pines and several oaks, scattered promiscuously together.

“D’ye see anything, Tom?”

“Nothing; do you, Jack?”

“No; guess it was only a bird going past.”

“If it had been a bullet we’d have heard the report of the gun.”

“I think I saw the bird’s wing as it flew by,” exclaimed a fifth.

“Forward march!” ordered the captain.

“Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!”

“Now—you’ve—got—it—d—n it—keep—it. Left—left—left! Shoulder arms! Now—you’ve—got—it——”

“Buz-z-z-zween—woo-o-o-o-rip!”

“Halt! That’s a bullet!”

Again the men stood still, looking about them with the same result as before.

“I think it came from the right,” said the captain. “Front?” he continued, drawing his sword.

The company obeyed.

“Fix bayonets!”

This was done.

“Shoulder arms! Forward march!” And led by their officer, away went the company in the direction of a group of trees on the right.

They hunted the little grove thoroughly, even looking up into the branches of the trees. But it was labor thrown away. No enemy was in sight.

“This is strange,” said the captain, “the noise was certainly that of a bullet.”

“But what surprises me is that we didn’t hear the report of the gun,” remarked one of the men.

An Irishman belonging to the company was seen to cross himself.

"Whist! it's the devil's own bullet, shure!" said he.

"Fall in, men! fall in!" ordered the captain, "this must be reported to the colonel. It's a strange business!"

The ranks were soon formed, and the men again upon the road moving toward the camp. They had not gone more than ten yards, however, when "whiz-z-zip!" came another of the mysterious bullets. This time one of the men clapped his hand to his leg just above the knee, and fell in the road, writhing with pain.

Three of his comrades were detailed to carry him to the camp, while the rest of the party instituted another search for the foe. The result of their efforts, however, was the same as before. No enemy was to be found, and though they strained their eyes over the open country beyond, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of some retreating figure, not even a shadow or outline of the kind was to be seen.

Astonishment was depicted upon every face, while a few of the men who were superstitiously inclined, turned pale, and shook their heads ominously.

Leaving a guard of six men under the charge of a corporal, to watch the grove, the captain formed the rest of his company, and again marched toward the camp, this time without interruption. The news of the singular affair having already been circulated through the regiment by the three men who had been deputed to take charge of their wounded comrade, the Zouaves had turned out to a man to witness the arrival of the party, and no sooner did the "heroes" make their appearance and break rank, than they were plied with questions on all sides. The captain lost no time in making his report to the colonel, and a few moments afterwards, the latter mounted his horse and rode to the grove. But his efforts to solve the mystery were rewarded with no better success than that which had attended the exertions of his inferior. He returned to camp half an hour afterward, with a puzzled countenance, and

having ordered a guard to the relief of the six men left at the grove, he retired to his quarters.

For three days the place was closely watched by small details of armed men, who relieved each other at regular intervals; but no enemy was seen, nor were the mysterious bullets again discharged during that period.

Accordingly, believing that the foe, by some means or other, had effected his escape, on the first night of his "debut," the colonel ordered the guard, which was much needed for other duties, to be withdrawn. Shortly afterward, the stream near the grove became a favorite resort of the men, who sought its cool, clear waters to refresh themselves with a bath. One morning, about ten days from the time of the withdrawal of the guard, Tom K—— and Bill T—— left their tent for the purpose of enjoying a good wash in the stream before reveille. A brisk walk of twenty minutes' duration enabled them to reach the bank, and they were soon after sporting together like "young gods," in the refreshing element. Presently, plunging into the water, side by side, they struck out for a race, and Tom, who was the most powerful swimmer of the two, had passed a few yards ahead of his companion, when his ears were suddenly saluted by a whizzing noise, followed by a sound something between a gurgle and a groan. The latter noise evidently proceeding from his companion. Tom hastily turned himself around. The arm of his friend was alone visible, raised above the surface of the stream, the water of which, at that place, was stained with blood. Surprised and horrified, he lost no time in making his way to the spot, when, with a quick dive, he grasped his sinking comrade about the waist, and bore him to the surface just in time to receive his farewell gasp, as the poor fellow's soul fled into eternity.

The temple horribly torn and shattered proclaimed that he had been struck by a bullet—the mysterious bullet of the unseen foe!

Having gained the bank, Tom deposited the dead man

upon the ground, and looked around him. But he could see no sign of an enemy.

At the same moment, he heard footsteps approaching along the road, which he surmised were those of a picket guard which had been sent out on the day previous, and was now probably returning to the camp.

Hastily dressing himself, Tom eagerly awaited the approach of his comrades, in order to acquaint them with that which had just taken place, while he continued to keep his eyes fixed keenly upon the grove.

Presently, the guard made its appearance, and Tom lost no time in relating his story to the horrified listeners, who gazed upon the body of the dead man with feelings of mingled grief and indignation, which the fate of their comrade, who had been a great favorite with all, was well calculated to excite.

“By heavens!” exclaimed the captain, fiercely, “that ‘bloody reb,’ whoever he is, *must* be concealed somewhere about this grove, and we’ll see if we cannot find some means to unearth the rascal. Front!” he added, drawing his sword.

“Are your pieces all loaded?”

The Zouaves answered in the affirmative.

“Now, men, aim straight for the grove. We will see what virtue there is in cold lead for rousing this invisible fellow. Ready!—aim!—fire!”

The volley of musketry crashed upon the air; and at the same moment we all heard a wild, unearthly cry, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the earth, directly ahead.

“Forward!” shouted the captain, exultingly, and the next moment we were all in the grove. But no enemy nor even the trace of one could be discovered.

“Boys!” said the captain, “the devil himself must have a hand in this business. I can make nothing of it.”

We returned to camp carrying the dead body of poor Bill F—— between us; and the whole regiment was again roused

to a pitch of wonder and excitement when our story was told to them.

By the colonel's orders a guard detail was again dispatched to the grove with orders to maintain a most vigilant watch—particularly at night.

Bill T—— was buried that same afternoon, and in the evening, Tom wrote a letter to the brother of the deceased, giving an account of his melancholy fate.

“Boys,” said our company cook next morning, as the men stood clustered near his fire, discussing the melancholy affair of the previous day, “I am short of wood, and as the logs have all disappeared hereabouts, I know of no place so handy where any can be got, as at that very grove about which you are all talking. Suppose you take three or four axes and knock over some of those oaks. They'll make capital fire-wood.”

Knowing that our dinner depended upon the cook's supply of fuel, we cheerfully complied, and shouldering three or four axes, we were soon on our way to the place of which the cook had spoken.

The guard, of course, offered no objection to our entrance, and we were soon plying our axes vigorously.

“Halloa, boys, this tree is hollow!” suddenly exclaimed one of the men, as he struck his axe against the trunk, which was of very large circumference.

We looked towards him as he spoke, and saw him repeat the blow, when, to the surprise of all present, a piece of the trunk, which it was evident, had carefully been sawed from that part of the tree and afterward fitted in so as to be taken out and replaced at will, fell to the earth, revealing an aperture about the size of a man's hand.

“Good heavens! look here!” exclaimed the Zouave, as he peered through the hole, “here's a sight, boys!”

We advanced, and each man in his turn peered into this novel contrivance, when a spectacle was revealed, which was well calculated to excite feelings of horror and astonishment.

As we have previously remarked, the tree was of large circumference, and found to be hollow. In this hollow we now beheld the white ghastly visage of a corpse, with staring eyeballs and face smeared with blood! Two or three bullet holes in the trunk of the tree proclaimed the manner of his death, for it was evident that the volley of the picket guard on the day before had accomplished the work.

The hiding-place of our enemy was discovered!

With our axes we soon laid bare enough of the trunk to reveal the whole person of the rebel, who stood in an upright position, and still held clutched in the stiffened fingers of his left hand a curious looking weapon, which, upon examination, was found to be an air gun! Through the aperture in the trunk, he had taken aim and discharged this noiseless rifle upon our men, replacing the slide in the opening when they approached.

Over his shoulders was slung a haversack, which was found to contain enough provision to last for nearly a week, and it was thus made evident that the rebel had remained in those close quarters during the time the grove was so vigilantly guarded on the occasion to which we have alluded. After the withdrawal of the guard, he had made his exit, but only to return again with a fresh supply of provision and ammunition. The result is already known to our readers.

We will now inform them that the trunk of the tree, owing to a lightning stroke or some other cause, was hollow from the base to the top, and was not more than fifteen feet in height. Two or three gnarled and crooked limbs projected outward near the opening in the summit, around one of which the rebel had fastened the end of a slender rope, which extended to the bottom of the cavity, thus affording him the means of entering the retreat or of making his exit from the same. The formation of the branch, covered as it was with a thick growth of leaves, had prevented our men from seeing the end of the rope where it was fastened.

Thus secure from observation in his curious quarters, the

rebel had been enabled to send forth the messenger of death by means of a gun which gave no warning note of its presence save the spiteful whiz of the bullet it discharged.

AMONG all the correspondence that has come to our notice from those connected with our armies, none has charmed us more than that of Mr. B. F. Taylor, of the *Chicago Journal*; his powers of delineation are unexcelled, and his pen pictures of scenes and incidents on the field of battle will prove gems in our literature. His is a rare gift, and is possessed by but a few. The people are greatly indebted to him for his beautiful as well as invaluable record of facts that have come to his knowledge. Mr. Taylor, in a recent letter from the Army of the Cumberland, gives the following picture of a night's ride of the wounded brigade, after the battle of Chickamauga:

RIDE OF THE WOUNDED BRIGADE.

They were loaded upon the train; two platform cars were paved with them, forty on a car. Seven cars were so packed you could not set your foot down among them as they lay. The roofs of the cars were tiled with them, and away we pounded, all day, all night, into the next morning, and then Nashville. Half of the boys had not a shred of a blanket, and it rained steadily, pitilessly.—What do you think of platform cars for a triumphal procession wherein to bear wounded heroes to the tune of "The Soldier's Return from the War?" But the stores of the Sanitary Commission and the gifts of such ladies as are now, I believe, making your city a Bethel—a place of angels—kept the boys' hearts up through all those weary, drizzling hours.

It is midnight, and the attendants are going through the train with coffee, graced with milk and sugar—think of that—two fresh, white, crisp crackers apiece, and a little taste of

fruit. Did your hands prepare it, dear lady? I hope so, for the little balance in your favor set down in the ledger of God.

Here they come with a canteen; will you go with them? climb through that window into a car as black as the Hole of Calcutta. But mind where you step; the floor is one layer deep with wounded soldiers. As you swing the lantern round, bandages show white and ghastly everywhere; bandages, bandages, and now and then a rusty spot of blood. What worn-out, faded faces look up at you? They rouse like wounded creatures hunted down to their lairs as you come. The tin cups extended in all sorts of hands but plump, strong ones, tinkle all around you. You are fairly girdled with the tin-cup horizon. How the dull, pale faces brighten as those cups are filled! On we go, out at one window, in at another, stepping gingerly among mangled limbs. We reach the platform cars, creaking with their drenched, chilled, bruised burdens, and I must tell you—it's a shame though—that one poor fellow among them lay with a tattered blanket pinned around him; he was literally *sans culotte*.—"How is this?" I said. "Haven't got my descriptive list—that's what's the matter," was the reply. Double allowance all around to the occupants of the platforms, and we retrace our steps to the rear of the train. You should have heard the ghost of a cheer that fluttered like a feeble bird as we went back. It was the most touching vote of thanks ever offered; there was a little flash up of talk for a minute, and all subsided into silence and darkness again. Wearily wore the hours and heavily hammered the train.—At intervals the guards traversed the roof of the cars, and pulled in the worn-out boys that had jarred down to the edges—pulled them in toward the middle of the cars without waking them! Occasionally one slips over the eaves, I am told, and is miserably crushed. What a homeward march is all this to set a tune to!

By some error in apportionment there was not quite coffee enough for all on deck, and two slips of boys on the roof of the car where I occupied a corner were left without a drop.

Whenever we stopped, and that was two hours here and three hours there, waiting for this and for that—there was no hurry, you know—and the side door was slid back in its groove, I saw two hungry faces, stretched down over the car's edge, and heard two feeble voices crying: "We have had nothing up here since yesterday noon, we two—there are only us two boys—please give us something. Haven't you got any hard tack?" I heard that pitiful appeal to the officers in charge, and saw those faces till they haunted me, and to-day I remember those plaintive lines as if I were hearing a dirge. I felt in my pockets and haversack for a cracker, but found nothing. I really hated myself for having eaten my dinner and not saved it for them. A further search was rewarded with six crackers from the Chicago Mechanical Bakery, and watching my chance when Pete's back was turned—the cook, and a smutty autocrat was Pete in his way—I took a sly dip with a basin into the coffee-boiler. As the car gave a lurch in the right direction, I called from the window, "Boys!" I heard them crawling to the edge, handed up the midnight supper, "Bully for you," they said, and I saw them no more. When the train reached Nashville, and I clambered down to solid ground again, I looked up at the roof; it was there. God grant the boys are with their mothers to-night. And, how do you like the ride of the Wounded Brigade?

In another letter, Mr. Taylor gives this sketch of the

AUTUMNAL COLORING OF THE WOODS.

In vividness and variety the autumnal coloring of southern woods far surpass our own. It may be that the keen shafts of green thrust up here and there serve to "set off" "the coat of many colors." You can see cones of hills that burn like

strange and wonderful gems, and would put out the light in Sinbad's Valley of Diamonds; great trees whose entire foliage resembles a single crimson or golden flower, so evenly and wonderfully are the tints laid on, and all you can think of as you look, is not a trunk of a tree bearing up its crown of painted leaves, but a stem lightly lifting its one majestic blossom up before the Lord. I saw such trees and woods, touched and set on fire, with the sinking sun, last night. I had read in an old volume of the Burning Bush, but I never saw it until then. How they did kindle and flash up, as Day walked along the tops of the forest to his chamber! I believe that if ever I shall have to take up blind Milton's "But not to me returns day nor the sweet approach of even or morn," that scene will come back to me again and again—one of the brightest and loveliest pictures in memory. I pray all "practical" men and women to pardon me for strewing the threshold of this letter very broadly with such trifles as leaves and flowers. But I cannot help thinking, with another, that the Lord loves to look at them Himself. Would anybody have liked it better, do you think, had I told him how I saw oak leaves, as early as September, more richly colored than any I saw last night?—costing far more than the dye of Tyre? Leaves splashed with federal blood!

HERE we have an account of a "*Nest*" that held dangerous game for our brave brothers in the field.

WHAT CAME OUT OF A CEDAR.

BUT here is a little story of something that came out of the leaves on that Sunday whence, as from a first meridian, they yet reckon at Chattanooga. I had it in my mind to tell it a dozen letters ago, but it has slipped out of sight till now. At one point there was a lull in the battle; at least it had gone

shattering and thundering down the line, and the boys were as much "at ease" as boys *can* be upon whom, any moment, the storm may roll back again. To be sure occasional shots, and now and then a cometary shell kept them alive, but one of the boys ran down to a little spring, and towards the woods where the enemy lay, for water. He had just stooped and swung down his canteen, when *tick!* a rifle ball struck it at an angle and bounded away. He looked around an instant, discovered nobody, thought it a chance shot—a piece of lead, you know, that goes at a killing rate without any malice pre-pense, and so, nowise in firm of purpose, he again bent to get the water. Ping! a second bullet cut the cord of his canteen and the boy "got the idea;" a sharp shooter was after him, and he went to the right about and the double-quick to the ranks. A soldier from another part of the line made a pilgrimage to the spring, was struck and fell by its brink. But where was the marksman? Two or three boys ran out to draw his fire while others watched. Crack! went the unseen piece again, and some keen-eyed fellow spied a smoke rolling out from a little cedar. This was the spot, then; the rebel had made him a hawk's nest—in choice Indian a Chattanooga in the tree—and drawing the green covert close around him, was taking a quiet hand at "steep-shooting" at long range.

A big, blue eyed German, tall enough to look over into the third generation, and a sharpshooter withal, volunteered to dislodge him. Dropping into a little run, that neared the tree diagonally, he turned upon his back, and worked himself cautiously along; reached a point perilously close, he stopped, took aim as he lay, and God and his true right hand "gave him a good deliverance." Away flew the bullet; an instant elapsed, the volume of the cedar parted, and "like a big frog," as the boys described it, out leaped a gray-back; the hawk's nest was empty and a dead rebel lay under the tree. It was neatly done of the German man-grown. May he live to tell the story a thousand times to his moon-faced grand-children.

THOSE ladies who have toiled through the long winter evenings, creating something to comfort the sick and disabled soldier, will here find evidence of the value of their labors, in the subjoined sketch from Mr. Taylor's eloquent and ever ready pen:

WHERE YOUR GIFTS GO.

It is a white dusty ridge in Alabama; tall, slim oaks sprinkle it, and beneath them, in streets with a strange, far eastern look, stand the tents of one of those blessed cities of mercy—a field hospital. The sun pours hotly down; a distant drum snarls now and then as if in a dream; the tinkling concert of a cloud of locusts—the cicada of the South—comes, like the dear old sleigh-bell's chime, from a distant tree. "The loud laugh that tells the vacant mind" is unheard; the familiar sound of closing doors and children's carol never rises there; the tents swell white, and sad and still. Within them lie almost three thousand soldiers, marred with all wounds conceivable, wasted with pain, parched with fever, wearily turning, wearily waiting to take up the blessed march, Ho, for the North! That is the word, the ever-abiding charmer that "lingers still behind." It is Stephenson; it is Nashville; it is Louisville; it is home; it is heaven. Alas for it, how they falter and sleep by the way! And every one of these men was somebody's boy once; had a mother once, a wife, a sister, a sweetheart; but "better is a friend that is near, than a brother afar off,"—and now comes the blessed mission of woman. True, there are only two here in person, but how many in heart and work!

You have been thinking, my sisters, where is your work in all these scenes? That snowy roll of linen; that little pillow beneath the sufferer's head; that soft fold across the gashed breast; that cooling drink the rude, kind, stalwart nurse is putting to yonder boy's white lips; that delicacy this poor fellow is just partaking; that dressing gown whose broided

hem those long thin fingers toiled with; the slippers a world too wide for the thin, faltering feet; a dish of fruit a left hand is slowly working at, his right laid upon our Federal altar at Chickamauga, never to be lifted more. Your tree, my sister, bore that fruit; your fingers wrought, your heart conceived. "What do the women say about us boys at home?" slowly asked a poor wreck of a lad, as I sat by his side. That brow of his ached, I know, for the touch of a loving hand, and the "sound of a voice that is still." At the moment he asked the question, he was turning over a little silken needle book that one of you laughing girls made some day, and tucked in a corner of a bag labeled "United States Sanitary Commission."

On the cover of that book you had wrought the words—playfully, perhaps—"My bold soldier boy." I silently pointed to the legend; the reply struck home to his heart; and he burst into tears. I assure you they were not bitter tears he shed, and as he wiped them away, with a fine film of a handkerchief you girls had hemmed for him, his question was twice answered, and he was content. His eyelids closed down, and his breathing was regular; he had fallen asleep, and I thought it was the picture of the "Soldier's Dream" over again.

You hear of the mal-appropriation of your gifts, but never fear; one grain may fail, but two will spring up and blossom into "forget-me-not." Your work is everywhere. Go with me to that tent standing apart; it is the dead-house tent. Four boys in their brown blankets, four white wood coffins, four labels with four names on four still breasts. Two of the four garments the sleepers wear are of linen from your stores, stitched by your fingers. Verily, the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Societies should be named "Mary," for are they not like her of old, "last at the cross and earliest at the grave?"

THE NURSE'S WORK.

ANONYMOUS.

ON the wide battle-fields,
 Or close to its edge,
 Stand we with tent-cloth,
 Cordage and wedge,
 Lift up the canvass;
 Shake out the straw;
 Have ready the cordials;
 Cooling draughts draw.

Bear in the wounded;
 Bend gently down;
 (Some mother's sons they are,
 This day our own.)
 Woman, with soft touch,
 Bathe this young brow;
 You, with the strong arm,
 Raise that soldier now.

A cup of cold water
 For him wounded sore:
 He asks if a brother
 Needs it no more.
 Look! on this dark skin
 Grim slave-scars are found,
 Where the blood rushes red
 From the freedman's deep wound.

Few words are spoken—
 We bandage and feed.
 Our soldiers and prisoners
 In perilous need,

Comfort and light throw
 Over death's passage,
 And for beloved ones
 Receive the last message.

Pale lips have uttered
 Thanks for our care :
 Seldom a groan is heard !
 Oft whispered prayer ;
 God and man aid us
 In work to be done,
 Till, through the struggle,
 Freedom is won.

THE WESTERN SOLDIER.

THE *prairie type* of the human race is an interesting study of Natural History! We have long watched its development under the working of our country's progress. It is very sketchily portrayed here :

"If there are men in the world gifted with the most thorough self-reliance, western soldiers are the men. To fight in the grand anger of battle seems to me to require less manly fortitude, after all, than to bear without murmuring the swarm of little troubles that vex camp and march. No matter where or when you halt, there they are at once at home. They know precisely what to do first, and they do it. I have seen them march into a strange region at dark, and almost as soon as fires would show well, they were twinkling all over the field, the Sibley cones rising like the work of enchantment everywhere, and the little dog-tents lying snug to the ground, as if like the mushrooms, they had grown there, and the aroma of

coffee and tortured bacon, suggesting creature comforts, and the whole economy of a life in canvas cities moving as steadily on as if it had never intermitted. The movements of regiments, you know, are as blind as fate. Nobody can tell to-night where he will be to-morrow, and yet with the first glimmer of morning the camp is astir, and the preparations begin for staying there forever; cozy little cabins of red cedar, neatly fitted, are going up; here a boy is making a fire-place, and quite artistically plastering it with the inevitable red earth; he has found a crane somewhere and swung up thereon a two-legged dinner-pot; there a fellow is finishing out a chimney with brick from an old kiln of secession proclivities; yonder a bower-house closely woven of evergreens is almost ready for the occupants; tables, stools, bedsteads are tumbled together by the roughest of carpenters; the avenues between the lines of tents are cleared and smoothed—'policed,' in camp phrase—little seats with cedar awnings in front of the tents give a cottage look; while the interior, in a rude way, has a genuine home-like air. The bit of a looking-glass hangs against the cotton wall; a handkerchief of a carpet just before the 'bunk' marks the stepping-off place to the land of dreams; a violin case is strung up to a convenient hook, flanked by a gorgeous picture of some hero of somewhere mounted upon a horse rampant and saltant, 'and what a length of tail behind!'

"Every wood, ravine, hill, field, is explored; the productions, animal and vegetable, are inventoried, and one day renders these soldiers as thoroughly conversant with the region round about as if they had been dwelling there a lifetime. They have tasted water from every spring and well, estimated the corn to the acre, tried the water-melons, "gagged" the peaches, knocked down the persimmons, milked the cows, roasted the pigs, picked the chickens; they know who lives here and there and yonder, the whereabouts of the native boys, the names of the native girls. If there is a curious cave, a queer tree, a strange rock anywhere about, they know it. You can see them with the chisel, hammer and haversack, tugging up

the mountain or scrambling down the ravine in a geological passion that would have won the right hand of fellowship from Hugh Miller, and home they come with specimens that would enrich a cabinet. I have in my possession the most exquisite fossil buds just ready to open, beautiful shells, rare minerals, collected by these rough and dashing naturalists. If you think the rank and file have no taste for the beautiful, it is time you remembered of what material our armies are made. Nothing will catch a soldier's eye quicker than a patch of velvet moss, or a fresh little flower, and many a letter leaves the camp enriched with faded *souvenirs* of these expeditions.

"The business of living has fairly begun again.

"But at five o'clock some dingy morning, obedient to sudden orders, the regiments march away in good cheer; the army wagons go streaming and swearing after them; the beat of the drum grows fainter; the last straggler is out of sight; the canvas city has vanished like a vision. On such a morning and amid such a scene I have loitered till it seemed as if a busy city had passed out of sight, leaving nothing behind for all that life and light, but empty desolation. Will you wonder much if I tell you that I have watched such a vanishing with a pang of regret; that the trampled field looked dim to me, worn smooth and beautiful by the touch of those brave feet whose owners have trod upon thorns with song—feet, alas, how many, that shall never again in all this coming and going world make music upon the old thresholds! And how many such sites of perished cities this war has made; how many bonds of good-fellowship have been rent to be united no more!"

PHILOSOPHY OF A CONTRABAND.

AN elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the Western river steamers,

toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His appearance and dress indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation, found he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned him further. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein, that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory will serve me.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run soona hab I knowd it was coming."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly."

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis world—more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me, sa."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Cause, sa, different men sets different value upon darselves. My life is not in the market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when the power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you!"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."

"Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life 'in the scale 'ginst any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss to me. 'Spect, dough, dat de government *safe* if dey all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sa. A dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga, but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

THE CORPORAL'S CONTRABAND TURKEY.

THE soldier has a tedious time in wearing out the monotony of camp life, especially when the rations get low, or are of a quality that is not much better than it should be. But several thousand men, huddled together for many idle months, must needs have some fun; they will have it, too, and if it partakes of utility, so much the better. Fun and food they must have, and with three-fourths of their time to themselves, it would be a wonder if they did not concoct some plan that would bring them both.

When Buell's army was camping in Kentucky, one of the boys came across a secesh barn, which appeared to be the head-quarters of a squad of rebel turkeys. He accordingly reported to "Corporal Ben," who was generally the officer in command on such occasions.

"Good!" said Ben. "Them fellers are contraband, and

we must make a reconnoissance in force, take a few prisoners and replenish our mess. Whose are they?"

"They belong to old Grudge, over there," replied Sam. "We shall have to be sly about it, for he's a mean old cuss, and wouldn't let a fellow pick the bone of one o' them if he could help it. He's always on the watch."

"We'll try it," said Ben. "I'll get Duke to go along."

Accordingly when night came, the corporal led his force before the aforesaid barn and demanded a surrender. Silence, of course, gave consent, and the corporal and his company proceeded to take charge of the prisoners, while Duke was detailed to act as guard, and watch for the appearance of old Grudge.

Ben climbed up on the high beams and began to pass down the astonished turkeys to Sam, who stood ready below to receive them. Ben had just handed down a worthy gobbler, when the proceedings were suspended by the hoarse baying of a sturdy bull dog, who came tearing down the lane.

"A dog!" cried the guard, in a very loud whisper.

"The dog, Ben," repeated Sam.

"Shoot him, Duke," commanded Ben.

"Nary shoot," said Duke. "It'll rout old Grudge. I must change my base of operations." And the guard stepped round the barn and climbed an apple tree. Sam, also looked this way and that way for a place of safety. But what is to be done must be done quickly, for the dog is already pouring his volleys of bark in at the very door. At this juncture Sam discovered the meal bin. In a twinkling he raised the lid and plunged himself head and ears in the yielding meal.

In the mean time the dog came in, and spying Ben perched upon the beam with the turkeys, set up a renewed yelling. This condition of things could not long be endured. The repeated calls of the dog had routed the master, whose heavy footsteps were already heard, plodding down the path. Sam raised the lid of his guard-house and sung out:

"Hello! Ben!"

"Hello, yourself; what's the matter?"

"I'm in a predicament."

"It's a good thing, or the dog might eat you."

"What's to be done?"

"Keep dark, old Grudge is coming."

"How can I keep dark when I'm all white? I'm neck and heels in the meal tub. Shoot that beggarly dog, and let's get out of this."

"I darsn't," says Ben, "the old man is right here and I must save it for him."

"O Lord!" exclaimed Sam, and down went the lid, just as the light of a lantern relieved the darkness of the barn, and revealed the plethoric form of old Grudge, with his musket. His wife was close at his heels. The dog's noise pointed in the direction of the corporal, who was sitting, demurely, up among the turkeys.

"What are you doing up there, you thieving Yankee," said Grudge, savagely.

"Roosting, you blubberly old Butternut.

"'Benighted, cold, and drenched with rain,
I sought this shelter'—

Up among the turkeys. What do *you* want?"

"Come down!" demanded the old man, at the same time pointing the ominous looking musket at the corporal.

"I should think you might let a fellow rest," said Ben.

"The nasty, thieving Yankee!" exclaimed the old woman, "to go fer to steal our turkeys; better shoot him at once and it'll be a warnin' to the rest o' them fellers."

"Quit, quit," peeped a turkey.

"I second that motion," said Ben. "I say quit, and don't point that old musket up here; it might go off and hurt some of the turkeys."

Click, went the trigger, which was followed by another order more peremptory than the first.

"Hold on, old Butternut," said Ben, boldly, "you'd better

not shoot that. Don't you know that I've got a squad of men at the end of the barn? They'll eat you up in two minutes. They're all-fired hungry."

At this juncture Sam carefully raised the lid of his box and crept out. He was white with meal from head to foot, and looked exceedingly like a ghost. This suggested the idea to Ben, and he continued, addressing old Grudge:

"Besides, I'm one of them abolition Yankees that has the power of raising the devil, and I'll do it in a minute, too, if you don't put that gun out of the way."

Sam took the hint, and placing the turkey astride of his neck, and grasping a leg in each hand, with a slow and measured step, and a sepulchral groan, he stalked up towards the old folks with the turkey's wings flapping furiously upon his shoulders. At this moment the guard, who was in the apple-tree and heard the conversation, fired three of his five shots in quick succession. Ben added another to the list, which happily passed through the dog's heart.

"O, Lord!" shrieked the old woman, "thar's that thar ghost!"

"The devil!" cried the old man, and nervously discharged his piece. The ball took effect on Sam's turkey, knocking it from his shoulders and flooding his face with blood, which trickled down his bosom, making little rills in the meal. The old man supposing he had shot the devil's head clean away, was so astonished, when Sam commenced singing:

"The devil he came to the farmer's one day."

that he turned and followed in the wake of his old woman, who was screaming her way up towards the house. The boys took a turkey in each hand, and with one accord hurried away, and soon arrived safely in camp with their booty.

The next day old Grudge came into camp to see about his turkeys. Ben spied him, and sideling up to him, whispered:

“Look here, old fellow, if you don’t get out of this I’ll have the devil after you again!”

The old man concluded to take the turkey’s advice, and quit.

A STORY OF THE WAR;

OR, THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

NEAR the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and, it might be safely added, nor the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, “He is as brave as old Bradley.” One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a ponderous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of the pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith’s feet, faintly ejaculated:

“In the name of Jesus, protect me!”

As Bradley stooped down to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

“We’ve treed him at last! There he is!—seize him!” and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

“Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I’ll brain ye!”

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

“Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?” fiercely shouted the leader.

“I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man,” replied the smith.

“He is an enemy!” vociferated the leader.

“Of the devil!” ejaculated Bradley.

“He is a spy! an abolitionist hound!” exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; “and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him, it will confirm it.”

“*Sus-pect-ed!* Suspected of what?” exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

“Why, of adhering to the North,” was the reply.

“Adhering to the North!” ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. “I adhere to no North!” he continued; “I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath,” he added, as he brought the sledge hammer to the ground with great force.

“You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference.”

“Not so long as I have life to defend him,” was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued: “Leave my shop!” And as he spoke, he again raised the sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

“You’ll regret this morning, Bradley,” said the leader, as he retreated.

“Go!” was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed :

“ Oh ! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley ? ”

“ This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord ; you must fly the country, and that at once ! ”

“ But my wife and children ? ”

“ Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night ! ”

“ To-night ! ”

“ Yes. In the morning, if not before, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night.

“ But how ? ”

“ Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you.”

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said :

“ Father, what is the trouble to-night ! ” Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone continued : “ Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon ? ”

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley’s home and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and, in a mild but firm tone, said :

“ Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately, then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick ! No time is to be lost. The blood-thirsty fiends are upon the track. They have scented their prey and will not rest until they have secured him. They may

return much sooner than we expect. So hasté, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said :

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off into a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her, but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road, a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened to the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go to the shop, she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon

the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the marks of blood, a wagon, containing two persons, drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five and twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued: "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"*They* have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this, the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like very much to leabe you; but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay, fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yous any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the everliving God

that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "And I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued:

"Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival, he was placed before the chairman for examination. The man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act, you know, is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel!"

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band

that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return, he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yea."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member, but an exhorter in Mr. Peter's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this, you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer No!"

"Mr Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain!"

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, am still for the Union, and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words, the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge, a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim, while, at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken.

In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tear coursed down his furrowed cheek.

He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety

of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature has endowed them?

“Mr. Bradley,” said his rescuer, after a short pause, “as you leave the State, it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night.”

“Well, John,” he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, “I shall not object if Mattie is willing.”

“Oh! we arranged all that as we came along,” replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and as they said, “Redeem old Tennessee!”



HOW A BLOCKADE-RUNNER WAS CAUGHT.

THE following is a highly interesting account of a shrewd trick by which a blockade-running steamer was trapped in her voyage from Nassau towards Charleston :

HARBOR OF NASSAU.

The harbor was crammed with craft of all sorts and sizes ; the bay was full of shipping ; the little streets were crowded, and there was a continual stir and turmoil on the quay, all too small for the press of traffic that daily poured in. All this animation, all this activity, had been caused by the federal blockade of the southern coast ; and the cheerful faces of the burghers attested the fact that Nassau was the great emporium for contraband of war and smuggled cotton, and that much money was being spent in the island by those employed in this gainful but perilous commerce. Wherever I went, in tavern, grocery, store or counting-house, there was but one all-engrossing topic, one common subject of interest—the blockade. Such and such a schooner had been taken ; such a brig had been burned, cargo and all, to keep her out of Yankee hands ; such a droger had come in with cotton ; such a steamer had got safe to Charleston, with so many thousand stand of arms on board. The Black-eyed Susan had been sunk by the United States gunboat Sloper—no, she had only received four round shot in her hull, and had escaped among the sand-keys. Who had insured the Delight ? They would lose smartly, for the vessel had been condemned, whereas the Fly-by-Night, had got into Charleston securely, and her freight of Blakely guns was worth twenty-three thousand dollars, net profit.

All this gambling and venturing, this staking of fortunes on the speed of a vessel, or the wariness of a captain, was thrillingly exciting to the brokers, merchants and other

speculators who swarmed in the Nassau boarding-houses, and who had only a pecuniary interest in the game. And I perceived that the risks nearly balanced the favorable chances; that if many escaped, many were taken; and the loss of a ship was philosophically borne by her owners.

HE ENGAGES PASSAGE.

At last he found a steamer about to sail. "When do you start?" he asked the captain.

The commander's voice sunk to a whisper as he told me that at sunset every landsman must come on board, taking boat at some secluded jetty, to avoid prying-eyes; and using all reasonable caution, since Nassau teemed with Northern spies. Half an hour after sundown he was to hoist a signal, which was to be replied to; and then the pilot would come off, and the steamer would stand out to sea.

"After dark," muttered Pritchard, with an oath, "we may hope to get past that Yankee thief that hangs about the island. The Governor bade her keep at the distance of one marine league, but she's always sneaking in—now for coal, now for bread, now because her engine's out of order; and the United States consul communicates with her every day. I tell you, shipmate, there isn't one of us that isn't dogged up and down by rascals in federal hire. See there! that mulatto hound has been after me these four days," pointing to a dark complexioned fellow in the dress of a stevedore, who, on seeing himself observed, as he stood under the geranium hedge, lay down with well-feigned nonchalance, and lit his pipe. * * * * *

I found a good deal of quiet bustle and suppressed excitement on board the Bonny-bell. The fires were banked up; the swarthy faces and red shirts of the engineer and his gang were visible at the hatch of their Cyclopean den, getting a breath of the cool breeze before starting. Some brass guns, that had been hidden under fruit-baskets, hencoops and tar

paulins, were visible enough now; and beside them lay piled little heaps of round shot. The crew bustled to and fro, and the captain was so busy that he could but return a brief word and a nod to my greeting. The sky grew darker, and surrounding objects dimmer every instant.

THE PASSENGERS.

Before long the passengers arrived. Several southern gentlemen, a few ladies and children, all making their way back from Europe to their homes in Carolina or Virginia by this dangerous route, and all in peril of harsh imprisonment at least, in the event of capture. By the uncertain light I could see that most of them were pale and nervous; but they talked in an undertone among themselves, and did not appear anxious to enter into conversation with strangers.

“Get up steam!”

By the time the hoarse roar of the escaping vapor grew loud and menacing, there was a fresh bustle on deck, and I heard the captain give orders to “stand by” for slipping from the moorings, and to hoist the signal, as we only waited for the pilot.

“There they are, slick and right—three red lights and a green one!” murmured a tall Virginian at my elbow; and looking up, I saw the colored lamps glimmer from the mast-head. Instantly they were answered by a similar signal from some window on shore.

THE PILOT.

“We’ll soon see the pilot now,” said Pritchard, rubbing his hands in a cheery manner; “the signal’s made and repeated. In ten minutes our man will be with us. Hilloa!—boat ahoy!—what dy’e want?”

“Bonny-bell ahoy!” was the rejoinder, in a shrill, harsh voice, cautiously lowered for the occasion; “pilot wants to come on board.”

There was a stir, and a start of surprise among those on deck, and as a rope was thrown to the boatmen, Captain Pritchard bent over the side, exclaiming:

"You're uncommon quick, my hearty. If you've come from shore since the lights were hoisted, you must be own cousin to the Flying Dutchman. Are you sure you're our pilot?"

"I'm the pilot engaged by Colonel Jeremy Carter, of Spottsylvania, if that'll do," answered a very tall, bony, black-haired man, as he actively ascended the side. "Zack Foster's my name, and I know every inch about Charleston, where I was raised."

While the captain, reassured by the mention of Colonel Carter's name—gave hasty orders to cast off the cable and go ahead, I in common with the rest of the passengers and the unoccupied portion of the crew, looked with much interest at the new comer. The later was about forty years of age, long and lean of figure, with a hardy, sunbrowned face. There was no mistaking the resolute air and daring of the man; his mouth was as firm as iron, though a little dry humor seemed to lurk about his lips; and I hardly liked the expression of his half-shut eyes, which had a lazy cunning in their dark glance. Still, though dressed in a black suit of shore-going clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat of antiquated cut, there was something about Mr. Zack Foster that bespoke the thoroughbred seaman. He took no share in the proceedings, for his duty did not begin till we were clear of Nassau roadstead; but yet he seemed impatient for the start, gnawing viciously at his quid, and drumming on the taffrail with a finger that seemed as hard and brown as bronze.

BONNY-BELL SLIPS SEAWARD.

It was an anxious time when the Bonny-bell, under a full head of steam, went darting out of the bay; her look-outs straining their eyes to pierce the mist, and give warning to

the helmsman of vessels ahead; while Pritchard walked to and fro, too fidgety and eager to endure conversation, listening every instant for some sound that was to indicate that the federal cruiser had taken the alarm. But on we went, without check or hindrance; and we all drew our breath more freely as the lights of the town began one by one to vanish, as if the sea had swallowed them, and the dark headlands faded away into obscurity. The American gunboat was neither seen nor felt, a circumstance which I did not the less regret, because I perceived, not only by the display of the cannon alluded to, but by the resolute demeanor of several of the crew, who stood grouped about a couple of uncovered arm-chests, that our pigmy foe would not have found an entirely unresisting prize.

A HAIL.

One slight circumstance, hardly, as I thought, worth mentioning, did occur before we had run half a mile to seaward. There came a long, faint hail, from so great a distance as to be hardly distinguishable even by a sailor's practised ear, but which was announced to be addressed to us.

"Some boat, with a message, perhaps for a passenger. The lubbers deserve rope's-ending for being so late. Can I lie to safely, do you think?" said Pritchard to the pilot, irresolutely, and giving the word, "Slacken speed!" What the pilot answered, I know not. I only caught the concluding phrase:

"Yankee tricks; so, cap, you'd best look sharp about you."

So Pritchard thought. He gave the word to go on at full speed, and we heard no more about the matter.

THE RUN.

The run was speedy and pleasant, over a dimpling summer sea, with no boisterous behavior on Neptune's part to make even the lady passengers uneasy. We saw several vessels,

but none of a hostile character; and the voyage was as agreeable and safe hitherto as any yachting excursion in holiday waters. We were all disposed to be pleased, and the pilot, although a saturnine and morose personage, viewed through this rose-colored haze of satisfaction and hope, became a popular man on board. Captain Pritchard pronounced him worth his weight in gold; for if there were no gales or rough seas to thwart our purpose, fogs were rather frequent, and here the pilot's intimate acquaintance with the rocks, shoals and islands—many of which were not noted down in the chart—more than once saved the Bonny-Bell from an ugly thump upon some hidden obstacle. For an American, Zack Foster was singularly silent; yet there was something elephantine about his high forehead and narrow dark eyes which suggested shrewdness rather than faculty. He did his work, answered when spoken to, but seldom addressed any one.

“Land ho!” sung out the look-out man at the masthead, and Pritchard and the Pilot, who were poring together over the map close to the binnacle, looked up, while the passengers edged nearer to hear the news. Pritchard lifted his telescope, while Foster went aloft for a better view.

LAND HO!

“Edisto Island, as I said, cap!” hailed the pilot; “and beyond it is the Carolina coast. We’re close to home, gentlemen and ladies.”

There was a cheer from the little group gathered near the the helm, but directly afterwards came two shrill cries of “Sail ho!”

“Uncle Sam’s barkers. We must put out a few miles yet, cap,” said the pilot, as he leisurely descended the rope-ladder. There were many good glasses on board, and we all gazed eagerly through them, and with beating hearts we recognized the portholes, the grinning cannon, the “star-spangled” flags, and warlike display of the federal blockading squadron. The

steamer was put about, and we stood further out, until shore and ships were alike lost to view. The disappointment of the passengers, who had been granted a mere glimpse of the land that to them was home, was considerable; but none could doubt the prudence of delaying our entrance into Charleston harbor until night should assist us in eluding the hostile war-vessels. There was no going to bed on board the Bonny-bell that night; we all kept to the deck, eagerly gazing over the sparkling and phosphorescent sea, glimmering and glancing with St. Elmo's fires. There was a pale young moon—a mere sickle of silver—in the sky; and objects were so faintly discernible that the utmost caution was necessary. The second mate took the helm, while the first mate superintended the almost constant heaving of the lead, and the captain and pilot stood on the forecastle, noting the replies of the sailor, chanted as they were in a shrill monotone, in accordance with old custom.

“Ten fathoms sheer! By the deep, nine! By the mark, seven!” called out the leadsman, from the chains.

“Water allers does shoal here, cap. I know the channel, though, as well as I know my parlor ashore, at Nantucket—at Savannah, I mean,” said the pilot, with some confusion.

“By the mark, five!” was the next call.

Captain Pritchard here grew uneasy. He did not pretend to equal the pilot in local knowledge, but he was too good a seaman not to take alarm at the abrupt lessening of the depth of water. He gave orders to reduce the speed, and we moved but slowly on, the lead going as before.

“Are you sure, Mr. Foster, you are not mistaken? It seems to me the water shoals at the rate of a fathom for every hundred yards traversed. We may have missed the Swash, left Moultrie to leeward and got into the network of sand-banks near. Hilloa! what's that ahead of us? Boats, as I'm a sinner!”

AGROUND.

At the same moment the pilot thrust his hand rapidly into the breast of his coat, drew out something and flung it on the deck, where it instantly began to sputter and hiss, and directly afterwards the lurid glare of a blue light flashed through the darkness, showing funnel and rigging, the pale faces of the passengers, the narrow channel of fretted water and the sandy islets on either bow. Nor was this all, for by the ghastly light we could distinguish two dark objects on the foamy sea ahead of us—boats full of men, pulling swiftly but noiselessly towards us, and no doubt, with muffled oars.

“By the mark, two! Shoal water—we’re aground!” cried an ill-boding voice, that of the sailor in the chains; and the Bonny-bell came suddenly to a check, throwing most of the landsmen from their feet, while the ominous scrooping of the keel told that the steamer was aground. A loud clamor instantly arose, many voices shouting at once in tones of inquiry, dismay, or command; but even above this turmoil arose the hurrah of those who manned the boats, and who now came dashing up, pulling and cheering like madmen.

“Treachery! treachery!” cried several of the passengers and crew, pointing to where the pilot stood beside the blue-light that his own perfidious hand had kindled, while already the man-of-war’s men, for such we could not doubt them to be, began to scramble on board.

CAPTURED.

“The Yankee bloodhounds, sure enough; but *you* shall not live to share the prize money!” exclaimed Pritchard, snatching up a handspike, and aiming a blow at Mr. Zack Foster that would have been a lethal stroke, had not that astute person swerved aside, receiving the weapon on his left shoulder. Our men set up a faint cheer, and a shot was fired, luckily without effect. But resistance would have been mad-

ness, so thickly did the American sailors crowd up our gangway, their pistols and cutlasses ready for the fray, while among them were nine or ten marines, well armed with musket and bayonet, and who drove the Bonny-bell's crew below hatches without any serious show of fighting. The federal lieutenant in command, to do him justice, seemed anxious that no needless violence should be used; and while proclaiming the vessel a prize to the boats of the United States war-brig Dacotah, he yet restrained the fury of that precious guide, Mr. Zack Foster, who had recovered from the effects of his knock-down blow, drawn a bowie-knife, and rushed upon Pritchard, who was struggling in the hands of his captors.

"Gently, sir," said the lieutenant; "gently, Quartermaster Fitch. These caged birds are under Uncle Sam's protection, and I cannot allow any ill-usage of my prisoners. Do you hear me, sir?"

A REVOLUTION.

"Quartermaster!" exclaimed poor Captain Pritchard, as his wrists were thrust into the hand-cuffs. "You don't mean that that double-dyed villain, that Judas of a pilot, is a Yankee petty officer, after all! I wish I'd only guessed the truth a few hours back, and—if I swung for it—I'd have chucked the spy overboard as I would 'a mangy puppy!"

The lieutenant made no answer, but ordered the captain and mates to be sent below, and proceeded at once to seize the steamer's papers, to place the passengers under arrest, and to take steps for getting the Bonny-bell off the sand-bank. He then compelled the engineer to set the machinery at work, and we ran down, under the skillful pilotage of Mr. Fitch, to Edisto Island; in which anchorage we came to our moorings, under the guns of the Dacotah, and within a short distance of several other vessels of the blockading squadron."

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

IF the battle field, in the might of its murderous rattle, is grand and terrific, when the lull comes, when the excitement is over, it is equally disgusting, sickening and heart-rending. Here many of the brave soldiers lay as they had met their death. In one part of the battle-field of Antietam, in a large cornfield, just at the edge of a wood, where the rebels appeared to have suffered the most, their dead lay so thick that their dark forms, as an officer remarked, "lay like flies in a sugar bowl." A rifle-pit, which was charged upon by a Pennsylvania regiment, contained heaps of dead lying just as they had fallen—one upon the other. In a ravine three rebels had met their death apparently while eating their breakfast. A plate lay before them with food upon it, containing a spoon, and around them lay the scattered fragments of a shell which had doubtless exploded in their midst, taking off the top of the head of one, and giving death wounds also to the others.

It is a sorrowful sight that one sees in such a place. A hospital on the battle-field comprises all that is terrible in war—broken arms and legs, bones crushed and pulverized, flesh torn into shreds, eyes shot out, fingers shot off—a place of groans, of agony, of death—most merciful of deliverers—o' bloody tables and amputations, of heroic endurance, and strong natures grappling with great sufferings. The surgeons and nurses worked assiduously. Water for thirsty lips, blackened with gunpowder; stimulants for exhausted natures; bandages and dressings for flesh wounds; and the knife for desperate cases.

Stretched on straw, in front of a barn door, lay a Massachusetts soldier—clear complexion, glossy and luxuriant hair and beard, a nose exquisitely chiseled, an eye black as the raven's wing and sparkling as a carbuncle—a man that would at once attract attention and admiration for the manly beauty of the face and the fine proportion of the body. His brother knelt beside him, smoothing back his hair and clasping his already

stiffening hand. No words were spoken and no tears shed. Turning his head and fixing his gaze upon the sky, the dying soldier lay silent, gasping, the muscles about the mouth contracted, the nerves quivering with pain. Presently the color faded from the lips, the face whitened till it looked as pure and clear as marble, the eyes became dull and staring, a shudder passed through the frame, and the spirit of the patriot and Christian stood revealed in the clear radiance of eternity. The agony was passed. The surviving brother, having seen the body placed in a position where he could recover it, shouldered his musket, and with heavy feet and heart, moved slowly forward to resume his place in the ranks, and his position in front of danger. This was but one of a hundred equally touching incidents. Yet there was a wonderful buoyancy of spirit among the wounded. They talked with great animation of the part they had taken in the fight of the morning, of the glorious conduct of their regiments and brigades, and made light of their wounds as an almost inevitable consequence, and from which they would speedily recover.

It is strange what a difference there is in the composition of human bodies, with reference to the rapidity with which change goes on after death. Several bodies of rebels strewed the ground on the bank, in the vicinity of the bridge. They fought behind trees, and fence-rail and stone-heap barricades, as many a bullet-mark in these defenses amply attested; but all that availed not to avert death from these poor creatures. They had become frightfully discolored in the face and much swollen; but there was one young man with his face so life-like, and even his eyes so bright, it seemed almost impossible that he could be dead. It was a lovely-looking corpse. He was a young man, not twenty-five, the soft, unshaven brown beard hardly asserting yet the fullness of the owner's manhood. The features were too small, and the character of the face of too small and delicate an order to answer the requirements of masculine beauty. In death his eye was the clearest blue, and would not part with its surpassingly gentle, amiable,

good, and charming expression. The face was like a piece of wax, only that it surpassed any piece of wax-work.

One other young man, beardless yet, but of a brawnier type, furnished another example of slow decomposition. His face was not quite as life-like; still one could easily fancy him alive to see him any where else than on the field of carnage; and strange, his face wore an expression of mirth, as if he had just witnessed something amusing. A painful sight especially was the body of a rebel who had evidently died of his wounds, after lingering long enough at least to apply a handkerchief to his thigh himself as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding. His comrades were obliged to leave him, and our surgeons and men had so much else to do that they could not attend to him in time. Perhaps nothing could have saved him; or perhaps, again, a skillful surgeon's hand might have restored him to life, love and usefulness. But he was doomed to lie there, sweltering in the hot sun, his throat crisped with thirst, till the life-blood oozed away, and his weakened vitality kindly suffered him to die a pangless death.

Cool and stoical as one becomes by being continually in the midst of such carnage, the battle-field is one of the most revolting, horrible and heart-rending sights that the wildest imagination can conjure up. In some places the dead were lying two and three deep. The death of many is so instantaneous that their arms are in full position of firing their pieces, while others still retain the bitten cartridge in their mouths or hands. Here lies one with his head buried in a mud hole, perhaps mortally wounded, and finished by the water; there lies another like the corpse in Peale's "Court of Death," with his back across a log and his head and feet in the water. Two others were found clasped in each other's arms, but it was the firm grip of hate—the clutch of death. Each had received frightful wounds, and their sabres lay beside them, where they had probably been thrown when the combatants grasped each other.

But all these are ever the sad results of battle. Who shall

comfort the bleeding hearts of the fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and wives of these wounded ones, who are, by the relentless hand of war, torn from their friends, and the bosoms of the loved ones at home? There is one comfort: They gave their lives a sacrifice to the liberty of their country. They have fought, and bled, and died for that banner which is the only emblem of Liberty, and which, in consequence of their valor, shall yet float in more graceful folds in the blue face of heaven, a type to all nations of the triumph of Liberty.

PERILS OF A SCOUT.

Among the scouts sent out during the battles on the Potomac, was Dick B., of Ohio. He had seen some perilous and thrilling adventures among the rebels, which cannot be better told than in his own words.

“I was out scouting, with three or four others, when we got separated, and on turning a bend in the road, I suddenly came upon a party of rebel cavalry. They commanded me to halt. I replied by firing my revolver at the foremost, and then putting spurs to my horse, galloped away; but the rebels were not disposed, so easily, to lose their prey, and they followed, all of us going at a break-neck pace, and they firing upon me as they could get near enough. Presently I perceived a pathway in the woods, that laid off from the main road. Into this path I turned my horse, as I thought the trees would afford me a better chance to escape them and their bullets. My horse was fleet and used to brush, and I gained on them a little. I began to think my chance was tolerable, when I came to a large tree that had blown down directly across my path, and when I attempted to leap it, my horse stumbled and fell, throwing me off, and before I could remount, the rebels were upon me.

"Surrender!" shouted a sergeant, "surrender, you d—d blue-bellied Yankee, or I'll blow your heart out!"

And he pointed his revolver at me, which motion was followed by the rest of the crowd.

"See here, old covy," said I, "put up your pop-gun, and take me prisoner if you like; but don't murder a fellow in that barbarous manner."

Of course I was a prisoner, and thought it was the better part of valor to fall in and trust to chance and strategy to get me out. So I was soon in line, and toted up to the rebel camp, and brought before the notorious Stonewall. The General eyed me about one minute, and then said:

"Well, sir, they tell me you are a Yankee spy."

Whew! thought I, this is more than I bargained for; but I was determined to put a jolly face on the matter, and I said:

"Yes, General, that's what they say; but you rebels are such blamed liars, there's no knowing when to believe what they say. I thought the Yankees could outlie any other nation, but hang me if you fellows can't beat us."

"Ah," said the General, "you don't seem to have a very exalted opinion of your brethren."

"Why should I have?" said I. "I've lost and suffered a good deal in that same Yankee nation."

"That's strange," said the General. "Don't the Union officers treat their soldiers well?"

"They're like all other officers," said I, "good and bad among them; but that's not where the shoe pinches. To make a long story short, although I live in Virginia, I was favorably disposed to the Union cause, but the beggarly Lincolnites wouldn't believe it; so they fed their troops on my granary and cupboard till I was about ruined, and when I wanted pay they told me I was a fool, and said if I was a good Union man, I ought to be glad to aid the Government. One day one of the officers told me if I would enlist they would think better of me, and instead of destroying my property, they would protect it. So the upshot of it was, as

my loyalty was doubted, I was compelled to enlist to save my property."

"That's a plausible story," said the General, "but not a very probable one. Why didn't you come into our lines at once if you wanted protection?"

"That's just what I'm coming at," said I. I was sent out with a scouting party, and so I kept on scouting till I got within your lines and was taken by your cavalry."

"Take care, young man," said the General sternly; "I understand you attempted to escape."

This was a poser; but as I had got under way, I thought I must try and make the ripple. I felt tolerable streaked about the result, too, but I said, earnestly:

"Of course, I did. Who wouldn't, with a half-dozen horses and bullets after him? I hadn't time to say surrender, and besides the officer cursed me. I don't like to be cursed, it's against my principles; and then I was so mighty mad to see such beastly cowards, that I half made up my mind to get away from both sides, and go to Canada."

The General looked at me and then at his staff, and they all smiled, while I looked as sober as a deacon. I had heard that the General was a pious old fellow, and I thought this would tickle him.

"Are you willing," said he, to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and fight in our cause?"

"To be sure," said I; "I told you before that I had been trying to get into your lines. But I don't want to fight for you if I am not protected in my rights. I want my property respected."

"Where do you live?" asked he.

"At Phillippi," said I, "and I've got a nice property up there, and I want it to be taken care of."

"Well," said the General, "we're going up that way shortly, and, whether you go with us or not, we will protect your property. In the meantime I will think of your offer, but for the present, as the evidence is against you, you will be

placed under guard, for you Yankees are too slippery to be trusted with too much liberty. Events show that you don't know how to use it."

After this I was kept under guard, and was treated, perhaps, as well as they were, and nothing to brag of at that. The next day there was a great battle. There was much commotion in the rebel camp; and, for fear that I should be recaptured, a guard of two was detailed to take me far back to the rear. We could distinctly hear the thundering of the cannon, and we knew that a great battle was commenced. I overheard the guard chuckling at the idea that they were exempt. This put a flea in my ear. I knew they were cowards, and I determined to manage them accordingly. My canteen had not been taken from me, and, as luck would have it, was half-full of tolerable "rot-gut." I also had in my pocket a large powder of morphine, which the surgeon had given me a few days before, to take occasionally; this I slipped into the canteen. After this was accomplished, I appeared to take long swigs at the canteen. At last the bait took; the boys got a smell at the whiskey, and one of them, turning to me, said:

"Look here, Yankee, that whiskey smells mighty good. Let us help you drink it, or you'll be so drunk, soon, that we shall have to carry you."

"All right, boys," said I, "help yourselves."

They did help themselves. The beggarly rebels soon finished the whiskey, morphine and all.

"It tastes mighty bitter," said one. "What's in it?"

"Quinine," said I. "I always put quinine in my whiskey this time o' year."

This satisfied them, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my guard tolerably drunk,—too drunk to walk, and so they tumbled down, and they did not get up again soon. Finding they were getting pretty stupid and sleepy, I shook them and said:

"See here, guard, this is a shame. How do you expect to guard me, drunk as you are?"

"Yes, guard," muttered one. "Your—turn now—you guard us. Don't leave—or—by G—d, I'll shoot you when—wake up."

"But hold on," said I! "how do you expect me to guard you when I don't know the password?"

By vigorous strokes and punches, I so far routed him that he muttered:

"Rattlesnake!"

I had no doubt but this was the magical "*open sesame*" that was to give me my liberty. In five minutes the men were sound asleep. The place where we were was a deep gully in the woods, and about a mile distant was the rebel camp. My purpose was soon fixed. I swapped clothes with one, which was considerable trouble, as he was as flimsy as a rag; but I succeeded at last in making the exchange, and had the satisfaction of seeing the drunken rebel nicely buttoned up in Yankee regimentals. Taking his arms I hurried away. When I got out through the woods I came into a road, and had no sooner done so than I saw a squad of rebel soldiers.

"Halt!" was the word, which I responded to with soldiery precision.

"What are you doing here?" said the lieutenant commanding.

I told him that two of us were guarding a prisoner, and that my comrade and the prisoner were both so dead drunk I could do nothing with them.

"That's a h—l of a story," replied the lieutenant. "I believe you're some d—d Yankee spy. I've a mind to clip your head off, on suspicion." And he raised his sword.

"Let him prove what he says by showing us the men," suggested one of the squad.

At this they all laughed, supposing I was bluffed. But when I readily assented to this, they followed me, cautiously, however, as I suppose they feared I was leading them into

ambush. When the Lieutenant saw the men—one in butter-nut and one in Yankee blue—as I had represented, he gave each a hearty kick and said:

“Well, this *is* a h—l of a mess. What are you going to do about it?”

“Going to hunt a wagon and have them carried on,” said I.

This was satisfactory, and we parted. Finding it would not do to take the road, I skulked around in the woods all day. When night came I took, as I supposed, a route that would lead me to the Union camp. All night I climbed about over the hills; twice I was hailed by rebel pickets, but *rattlesnake* carried me safely by. Just at daylight I discovered a camp. I could see the tents twinkling through the strip of woods before me, and I felt certain it was the Federal camp.

When I had got about half way through the piece of woods, I saw something that completely took all the exultation of my delivery out of me. Well, I’ve been in many a perilous position. I have had bayonets, bullets and bowies rummaging round in the region of my loyal bosom; but never, in all my life, was I so astonished and chagrined—so utterly taken down. There, in the bottom of a broad, deep ravine, not ten steps from me, lay the two drunken guards! Lord! this was a pretty fix, to be sure. I had accomplished a feat equal to the hero of Mother Goose, who went,

“Fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.”

One of the guard was sitting up, and endeavoring to rouse the supposed prisoner; for he was still too much stupefied to recognize the cheat. Perceiving me, he sung out:

“Say, Bill, this d—d Yankee’s too drunk to wake up. What’s to be done with him?” “Have we been here all night? Lord! what’ll the old General say? Come over here.”

“No,” said I, feigning his comrade’s voice. “We’ve been

drunk here all night, and I'm going to report before he wakes up, or they'll have us in the guard house. You stay and watch him, while I go."

"No, let's wake the devilish lubber up, and take him where we're going to. But blame me if I know where that is. Don't go."

"But I will," said I; and, hurrying away, I was soon out of sight. This day I hid myself in a hollow tree, and, when night came, I took a good look at the stars, and, getting my bearings, started again for the Union camp. I several times came upon the rebel pickets, but the "Rattlesnake" snaked me along without any trouble; all but one, the last one I came to. He was a sprightly little fellow, and appeared to be determined that I should go with him to headquarters. I offered every excuse I could think of, but it was of no avail, so I at last agreed to go, and we started. I went with him about half a mile, and, during this time, I engaged him in conversation about the affairs of the war, playing the rebel, of course, and talking in a jolly way, till, finding him a little unguarded, I sprang upon him and took him down, and before he knew what was the matter he was unarmed.

"Now, you beggarly whelp," said I, as I snatched his gun and sprang away from him, "about face, and put, or I'll shoot you in a minute."

The fellow was scared, sure, and lost no time in getting out of my sight. It was now beginning to grow light, and I found myself on the banks of the Potomac, with the Federal camp far in the distance. As there was no other mode of conveyance, I was forced to swim the river, which was no easy job, considering I had two muskets to carry. However, I got safely over, and was just climbing the bank, when a musket was leveled at me, and a clear voice rung out:

"Stand! who goes there?"

This I knew was a Union picket; so I told him I had been taken prisoner, and had escaped; had been two days without eating; and I wanted him to let me go, or take me at once

into camp, where I could get something to eat, and some dry clothes. I had no doubt but he believed this, and would immediately comply; but the answer was an ominous click of the trigger.

"I believe you're a real Butternut Rebel," said the picket, "and I've a notion to give you a pop, any how."

"But I ain't," said I.

"What are you doing with them butternut regimentals on them, and them two muskets?" said he.

I saw my fix, and hungering, dripping and shivering as I was, I stood there before that grinning musket till I had told the whole story. Finally upon my giving him the names of our colonel and captain, and mentioning several other matters familiar to him, he was satisfied, for he belonged to the same regiment that I did.

AFTER THE BATTLE—MISSION RIDGE.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

WHEN a furnace is in blast, the red fountain sparkles and plays like a mountain spring, and the rude surroundings brighten to the peak of the rough rafters with a strange beauty. When the fire is out, and the black and ragged masses of dull iron lie dead upon the ground, with a dumb and stubborn resistance, who would dream that they ever leaped with life and light?

A battle and a furnace are alike. It is wonderful how dull natures brighten and grow costly in the glow of battle; how the sterling worth and wealth that is in them shines out, and the common man stands transfigured, his heart in his hand and his feet in the realm of heroic grandeur. But ah, when the fire is out and the scarred earth heaped with

rigid clay, the black mouths of the guns speechless, mighty hammers and no hands, the flags furled, the wild hurrah died away, and all the splendid action of the charge vanished from the rugged field like a flash of sunshine, and you wander among the dull remainders, the dead embers of the intensest life and glow that swept your soul out, only yesterday, and, drifted with the skirmish line, you begin to know what these words mean, "after the battle."

It is days since great waves of gallant life dashed against Mission Ridge and swept up and over it in surges; days since I tried to tell you how it all looked; so *many* days that it is even now indurating into history, and yet I feel like taking up the story just where I left it, on Wednesday night at sunset, when our flags flapped like eagles' wings, and the wild cry of triumph quivered along the mountain. Standing on the edge of the field in the moonlight, calm as "God's acre," stretches the rough valley that, but an hour before, jarred with the rush and whirl of battle. From away beyond the Ridge, indeed, three miles out to Chickamauga Station, the dropping shots from Sheridan's guns faintly punctuate the silence, but here, listen as you will, you can hear no sound but the click of ambulance wheels, slowly rolling in with their mangled burdens; no sigh, no groan, nothing but the sobbing lapse of the Tennessee. I can never tell you with what a warm feeling at the heart I looked up and saw the federal fires kindling like a new constellation upon Mission Ridge; they were as welcome as dawning day to eyes that have watched the night out. The old baleful glare from the rebel camp and signal light was quenched with something thicker than water, and Chattanooga was at peace.

It is strange that a battle almost always lies between two breadths of sleep; the dreamless slumber into which men always fall upon its eve, the calm repose they sink in at its end. Night fairly held its breath above the camps; the wing of silence was over them all. Then came Thursday morning, bright and beautiful. You go out to the field, and you keep

saying over and over, "after the battle—after the battle." Men prone upon their faces in death's deep abasement; here one, his head pillowed upon his folded arms; there one, his cheek pressed upon a stone, as was Jacob's at Bethel; yonder one, his fingers stiffened round his musket. Now you pass where a butternut and a true blue have gone down together, the arm of the one flung over the other; where a young boy of fifteen lies face upward, both hands clasped over his heart, and the sun has touched the frost that whitened his hair, as if he had grown old in a night, and it hangs like tears fresh fallen upon his cheeks; where a lieutenant grasps a bush, as if he died vainly feeling for a little hold upon earth and life; where a stained trail leads you to a shelter behind a rock, and there a dead captain, who had crept away out of sight and fallen asleep; where rebels and true hearts lie in short winrows, as if death had begun the harvest and had wearied of the work. And so, through the valley and up the ridge, in every attitude lie the unburied dead; lie just as they fell in the glow of battle. And those faces are not as you would think; hardly one distorted with any passion; almost all white and calm as Ben Adhem's dream of peace; many brightened with something like a smile; a few strangely beautiful. Wounded ones that have escaped the moonlight search have lain silently waiting for morning without murmur of complaint; glad they are alive, not grieved that they are wounded; for, "Did we not take the Ridge?" they say. Thus did the old soldierly spirit of one flash up like an expiring candle, and go out right there on the field as he spoke; he died with the last word on his lips, and "went up higher."

I said something of taking the backward step and retracing the ground made classic by a thousand deeds of valor. It is a work beyond the narrow verge of a writer of letters, but while abandoning it to more ambitious hands, I cannot deny myself the privilege of recording two or three incidents. Colonel Wiley, of the 41st Ohio, fell terribly wounded at the first line of rifle-pits, and General Hazen rode up, with the words: "I

hope you are not badly wounded." "Do you think we'll make it?" asked the Colonel. "I do," was the reply. "That's enough," said the gallant officer, "I can stand this!" And there he lay, bleeding and content, and the tide of the battle rolled on.

What an exhibition of cool courage and gallantry was displayed on that day. Every man a hero and worthy to be named with him of Continental memory, "the old fashioned colonel," who "galloped through the white infernal powder cloud."

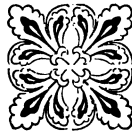
Indeed and indeed, "death loves a shining mark," and the roll of officers for whom their comrades say to-day, "dead on the field of honor," will lend a splendor to the story of Mission Ridge. Clothed be the 7th Ohio in mourning and glory, that lost thirteen of its seventeen officers. Sheridan's division lost at Stone River seventy-two; at Chickamauga ninety-six; while at Mission Ridge one hundred and twenty-two bars, single and double, leaves silver and gold, and six spread eagles, lay bloody and blent—the total loss in the two divisions of Wood and Sheridan alone being twenty-three hundred and forty-four.

They cried in the white heat of Wednesday afternoon, "The rebels mask their batteries! They converge their fire!" and yet, taking our divisions through and through, the dreadful rain fell as evenly as if it had been shed by the clouds of heaven.

Spots all along that rough and terrible mountain route are waiting some poet's breath to blossom with flowers immortal. Here, by this gray rock, lay the soldier, one shoulder shattered like a piece of potter's clay, and thus urged two comrades who had halted to bear him to the rear: "Don't stop for me—I'm of no account—for God's sake, push right up with the boys!" and on they went and left him weltering in his bloody vestment. Do you talk of your royal purple and your Tyrian dyes? Besides that hero lying there, those tints grow dull as gray November. Hard by that little oak, Colonel Harker, crawling up the hill, saw two brothers, one wounded unto

death, the other bending over him. The Colonel not seeing the fallen man, ordered the other to move on. "But this is my brother," he pleadingly said. The poor stricken fellow on the ground rallied an instant: "Yes, that's right, George; go on, go on!" George turned a piteous look upon his dying brother, grasped his musket and clambered on. And that was his last farewell, for, the summit reached, he hastened back, and there, beside the little oak, the soldier lay in that sleep without a dream. Between the first and second ranges of rebel works, right in the flush of the charge, a captain fell, and two men came to his aid. "Don't wait here," he said; "go back to your company; one useless man is enough; don't make it three." Just then a cheer floated down the mountain, as they took the rifle-pit. "Don't you hear that?" he cried, "march!" and away they went. Such incidents as these strew all the way from base to crest; happening in an instant, lost and forgotten in a whirlwind; worthy, every one, of them, of a place in loyal hearts. With such a spirit inspiring rank and file—a spirit as lofty as the Alpine traveler breathed, whose burden, as he went, was still "Excelsior"—who can wonder that Mission Ridge was carried in a November afternoon? As I think of it all, I seem to have the poet's quickened ear, and to me, standing in the valley below, from hundreds of lips now white and still, a voice flows down the Ridge's side in grand accord—

"A voice comes like a falling star,
Excelsior!"



LIFE IN CAMP.

LOYAL TENNESSEANS.

PARSON BROWNLOW has given us many vivid pictures of the trials and sufferings of the loyalists in East Tennessee, which subsequent events have more than confirmed. They, better than any other people, know what it costs to be true to the old flag and government. Persecuted, the country devastated, and they hunted like wild beasts to the caves in the mountains, there they eke out a miserable existence until opportunities offer them a chance to escape to the armies of the Union, to which they flock by tens and fiftys, offering their sturdy blows and stout hearts for the old flag. A strange-looking party came in one day, one hundred and fifty strong, attired in butternut and shirt sleeves, mounted upon horses of every tint and action, from blue to calico and from a limp to a lope. Rosinante was there and the steed of Dr. Syntax, and so, for that matter, were Sancho Panza and "the knight of the sorrowful countenance." Equipped with flint-locks, squirrel guns, and the old Queen's arm, they looked as if they had ridden right out of a dead-and-gone age, bravely down into our own. They proved to be men from East and Middle Tennessee, who had traveled, like the nomades, a long journey by night to "fall in" to the Federal line.

"A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL."

The following is a description of the road by which the Army of the Cumberland has communication with the North:

A very few days will see the bridges completed at Bridgeport and Running Water, and the cars running within fourteen miles of Chattanooga. The importance of this can hardly be appreciated by anybody who has not hammered his way over the mountains. The bridge over the ravine, at Running

Water, must be eight hundred feet in length, and swung up one hundred and twenty-five feet in mid-air. Take the Nashville and Chattanooga road throughout, and no route in the land will impress you more deeply with the triumph of dogged perseverance. Literally carved through rock for scores of miles, Z-ing its way through the stubbornest of Nature's moods, plunging straight into the gloomy heart of the mountains, trellised up from ridge to ridge across the Tennessee, and working its way down among the everlasting shadows. But battered, broken, worn out, its dilapidated cars pound their way down, swinging, bounding, creaking along the ragged rails, fairly shaking the screws out of the ponderous dice-boxes. To go to Charleston is a frolic, but to go to Chattanooga is sober earnest. To illustrate at once the straits and the energy of the rebels, I may record a little fact. Along portions of the track between Bridgeport and Chattanooga over which I walked, plank had been spiked upon the ties, making a wide road whereon their army wagons were driven, and the thick double rows of beans and corn growing along the rails are as good as a bill of lading as to the freight they carried.

ARMY CHAPLAINS.

Estimates differ concerning the value of the services rendered by our army chaplains. Here are some sensible observations on the subject:

But how about the chaplains? you ask, and though an ungrateful business, I will be frank to tell you. I have met three dozen men whose symbol is the cross, and of that number two should have been in the ranks, two in the rear, one keeping the temperance pledge, one obeying the third commandment—to be brief about it, five repenting and eight getting common sense. The rest were efficient, faithful men. Not one chaplain in fifty, perhaps, lacks the paving stones of good intentions, but the complex complaint that carries off the greatest number is ignorance of human nature and want

of common sense. Four cardinal questions, I think, will exhaust the qualifications for a chaplaincy. Is he religiously fit? Is he physically fit? Is he acquainted with the animal "man?" Does he possess honest horse sense? Let me give two or three illustrative pictures from life:—Chaplain A. has a *puttering* demon; he is forever not letting things alone. Passing a group of boys he hears one oath, stops short in his boots, hurls a commandment at the author, hears another and reproves it, receives a whole volley, and retreats pained and discomfited. Now, Mr. A. is a good man, anxious to do duty, but that habit of his, that darting about camp like a "devil's darning needle" with a stereotype reproof in his eye and a pellet of rebuke on the tip of his tongue, bolts every heart against him. Chaplain B. preaches a sermon—regular army fare, too—on Sunday, buttons his coat up snugly under his chin all the other days of the week, draws a thousand dollars, and is content. Chaplain C. never forgets that he is C. "with the rank of captain," perfumes like a civet cat, never saw the inside of a dog's tent, never quite considered the rank and file fellow-beings. Of the three, the boys hate the first, despise the second, and d—arn the third.

A BATTLE PICTURE—CHICKAMAUGA.

The rebel forces from the East fought with a gallantry allied to desperation, and I do not wonder that our boys were proud to say, when asked to whom they were opposed, "Longstreet's men." The rebel fashion of coming out to battle is peculiar. Had you seen them streaming out of the woods in long, gray lines to the open field, you could have likened them to nothing better than to streams of turbid water pouring through a sieve. And writing of valor, let me say that the difference among regiments consists not more in the material of the rank and file than it does in the coolness, judgment and bravery of the officers, and the faith the soldiers repose in them. That faith has a magic in it that tones men up and

makes more and nobler men of them than there was before. It is the principle recognized by the great Frederick when he addressed his general:—"I send you against the enemy with sixty thousand men." "But, sire," said the officer, "there are only fifty thousand." "Ah, I counted you as ten thousand," was the monarch's wise and quick reply. I have a splendid illustration of this in an incident which occurred on Sunday, at Chickamauga. It was near four o'clock on that blazing afternoon, when a part of General Steedman's division of the Reserve Corps bowed their heads to the hurtling storm of lead, as if it had been rain, and betrayed signs of breaking. The line wavered like a great flag in a breath of wind. They were as splendid material as ever shouldered a musket, but then what could they do in such a blinding tempest? General Steedman rode up. A great, hearty man, broad-breasted, broad-shouldered, a face written all over with sturdy sense and courage; no lady's man to make bouquets for snowy fingers, and sing: "Meet me by moonlight alone," like some generals I could name, but realizing the ideal of my boyhood when I read of the stout old Morgan of the Revolution. Well, up rode Steedman, took the flag from the color bearer, glanced along the wavering front, and with that voice of his that could talk against a small rattle of musketry, cried out, "Go back, boys, go back, but the flag can't go with you!"—grasped the staff, wheeled his horse and rode on. Must I tell you that the column closed up and grew firm, and moved resistlessly on like a great strong river, and swept down upon the foe and made a record that shall live when their graves are as empty as the cave of Macpelah!

HOW CHATTANOOGA LOOKS.

Chattanooga must have been a pleasant little town "in the piping times of peace." Nestled among the mountains, beside a loop in the Tennessee, embayed in the grandest of scenery, the battlements of "Lookout," its gray masonry

alternating with the green of its oaks and the deeper shadows of its cedars, lifting majestically almost within long rifle range; Missionary Ridge, less ambitious but not less picturesque, within three flights of the shafts of Robin Hood and his merry men; the truant Tennessee, loitering along, flowing south, flowing west, flowing north; the genial air, the generous earth; all must have rendered it a delightful nook in this noisy world. From the summit of Lookout Mountain a glorious landscape unrolls; you can look upon Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama; you can see the dim looming of the Blue Ridge and Bald Peak, and the smoky ranges of the "Old North State," the shadow of whose King's Mountain is sacred for all time, since out of it came the first whisper for independence, which, deepening and strengthening, at last broke out aloud around the British throne; I am not sure you cannot see the misty hills of the "Palmetto State" from that lofty look-out.

THE WOUNDED AFTER A BATTLE.

THE surgeon laid off the sash and the tinselled coat, and rolled up his sleeves, spread wide his cases filled up with the terrible glitter of silver steel, and makes ready for work. They begin to come in, slowly at first, one man nursing a shattered arm, another borne by his comrades, three in an ambulance, one on a stretcher—then faster and faster, lying here, lying there, each waiting his terrible turn. The silver steel grows cloudy and lurid; true right arms are lopped like slips of golden willow; feet that never turned from the foe, forever more without an owner, strew the ground. The knives are busy, the saws play; it is bloody work. Ah, the surgeon with heart and head, with hand and eye fit for such a place, is a prince among men; cool and calm, quick and tender, he feels among the arteries, and fingers the tendons as if they were

harp-strings. But the cloud thunders and the spiteful rain patters louder and fiercer, and the poor fellows come creeping up in broken ranks like corn beaten down with the flails of the storm.

"My God!" cried the surgeon, as looking up an instant from his work, he saw the mutilated crowds borne in; "my God! are all my brave boys cut down!" And yet it thundered and rained. A poor fellow writhes, and a smothered moan escapes him.

"Be quiet, Jack," says the surgeon, cheerfully; "I'll make you all right in a minute." It was a right arm to come off at the elbow, and "Jack" slipped off a ring that clasped one of the poor, useless fingers that were to blend with the earth of Alabama, and put it in his pocket. He was making ready for the "all right." Does "Alabama" mean "here we rest?" If so, how sad yet glorious have our boys made it, who sink to rest—

"With all their country's wishes blest!"

Another sits up while the surgeon follows the bullet that had buried itself in his side; it is the work of an instant; no solemn council here—no lingering pause; the surgeon is bathed in patriot blood to his elbows, and the work goes on. An eye lies out upon a ghastly cheek, and silently the sufferer bides his time.

"Well, Charley," says the doctor, dressing a wound as he talks, "what's the matter?" "Oh, not much, doctor; only a hand off!" Not unlike was the answer made to me by a poor fellow at Bridgeport, shattered as if by lightning:

"How are you now?" I said. "*Bully!*" was the reply. You should have heard that word as he said it; vulgar as it used to seem, it grew manly and noble, and I shall never hear it again without a thought for the boy that uttered it, on the dusty slope of the Tennessee; the boy—must I say it?—that sleeps the soldier's sleep within a hundred rods of the spot where I found him.

So it is everywhere; not a whimper nor complaint. Once only did I hear either. An Illinois lieutenant, as brave a

fellow as ever drew a sword, had been shot through and through the thighs, fairly impaled by the bullet—the ugliest wound I ever saw. Eight days before he weighed one hundred and sixty. Then he could not have swung one hundred and twenty clear on the floor. He had just been brought over the mountains; his wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torture; they were lifting him as tenderly as they could; they let him slip, and he fell, perhaps six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him, and he wailed out like a young child, tears wet his thin, pale cheeks; but he only said: “My poor child! how can they tell her?” It was but for an instant; his spirit and his frame stiffened up together, and with a half-smile he said, “don’t tell anybody, boys, that I made a fool of myself.” The lieutenant sleeps well, and alas! for the “poor child”—how did they tell her?

A soldier fairly riddled with bullets, like one of those battle-flags of Illinois, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. “Jimmy,” said a comrade, and a friend before this cruel war began, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on furlough, “Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?” “Tell them,” said he, “that there isn’t hardly enough of me to say ‘I,’ but, hold down here a minute; say to Kate that there is enough of me left to love her till I die.” Jemmy got his furlough that night, and left the ranks forever.

CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE-FIELD.

THE rebel editor of the *Atlanta Intelligencer* visits the battle-field of Chickamauga. He gives us this sketch:—

We leave the Chattanooga road and turn to the right. We ride along the avenue, and on every side, thickly strewn, are the marks of the sharpshooters’ skill, and the terrible effects of shell and grape from the masked battery. The loss was not alone, however, with us, but the foe also met his fate.

He has left the dreadful evidence of many dead bodies. In the woods near the upper end of this opening, we saw one of the blue-habited dead, sitting with his back against a log, his arms on his knees and his fingers dovetailed together. Apparently he had sat down deliberately to die. The worms were feasting on him. His jaw was hanging down; his black and glistening body, which had swollen until it burst off his clothing, was one of the most horrible and disagreeable sights we ever witnessed. Close by, another man crawled upon a log, and placing his back against a bush, and resting his head on his hand, the elbow bent, the body in a reclining position, he had pulled his cap over his eyes and given up his spirit from the battle-field. At the back part of the field, sweeping eastward and south of east, was a large and destructive battery. The worn places where each gun was placed indicate that ten or more guns were in battery there. The dead horses and Yankees lying about tell how vengeful the assault was, and how successful. But from the hill where this battery cast its storm and rain of shot and shell, and canister and grape, the evidences of a terrific fire are more apparent here than anywhere else on the field. The woods are very thick in trees and bushes, and the limbs, trunks and branches, as they lie cut off and torn in all directions, made an abattis through which our forces rushed and charged to silence the loud throated voices of those death dealing engines. We pass through the path of the artillery storm, and here and there are the graves of our soldiers. On the second hill, with trees and limbs lying thick about, evidences of the terrible passion of man, the graves of many brave Texans, the Twenty-fourth and others, rest calmly marked by the careful hands of friends; back of these are a number of Georgians. Thence we turn to the left and follow the Savannah road. At intervals the open woods show signs of the conflict being more severe than in the thickly wooded spots. It is along here, we are told, General Hood and his men made such terrible onset and slaughter. They and the portion of our army which advanced from the

Red House, and along the road to the right of the saw mill, did execution which is perfectly fearful. The carnage was awful,—every avenue had been swept as by a broad besom of destruction in the hands of Hecate. Battery paths are innumerable. Here they fought—there they retreated—leaving dead horses, men, broken caissons, piles of ammunition, rent clothes, and destruction generally. On one point on the rise of a hill we saw the body of an immense Newfoundland dog. He evidently was the pet of some battery, and was shot while following it up. Close by him we counted thirty-eight dead Yankees, nearly thirty dead horses, saw more than a tun of shell, shot and canister, and all the broken and abandoned paraphernalia of a strong battery, all within the space of eighty feet square.

ATTITUDES OF THE SLAIN.

A PROMINENT officer attached to the ambulance corps of the French army in Italy, Dr. Armand, has published the result of some curious and interesting observations made by himself and others upon the battle-fields of the late Napoleon, in war with Austria. The positions which the bodies of the slain assume, under the effect of mortal wounds produced by different missiles of death, and the effect of such wounds in various parts of the body upon the general attitude, were the subjects of the somewhat novel investigation, which might have been pursued on a grand scale in this country for the past two years.

In a number of cases the dead soldier was found almost in the speaking attitude of life. A Hungarian hussar, killed at the same moment with his horse, was only slightly moved in his saddle, and sat there dead, holding the point of his sabre in advance, in the position of charging. A parallel case occurred on the death of an Austrian artillerymen. Those

wounded in the head, it was remarked, generally fell with the face and abdomen flat to the ground. Wounds in the chest and heart produced a like posture of the body, though in the latter cases modifications of the position and expression more frequently took place than in the former. A Zouave struck full in the chest was "doubled upon his musket, as if taking a position to charge bayonet, his face full of energy, with an attitude more menacing than that of a lion."

In wounds of the abdomen the agony seemed to have been prolonged; the face was contracted, the body doubled upon itself and lying partially upon the side.

But the report of Dr. Armand, after all, contains no case so remarkable as two which have been observed upon one of our own battle-fields—that of Shiloh. On that bloody field, when the carnage was over, a soldier was found standing, his legs somewhat spread apart, and his arms thrown convulsively outward; his posture, that of a living man, agitated perhaps by a strong emotion; he was nevertheless, stone-dead, a ghastly monument of seeming life alongside the hetacomb of fallen corpses. Another body lay partially prostrated on one side, the right holding to the mouth a piece of cheese, which the set teeth were almost in the act of grasping. Lying upon the back, with the arms extended, and the knees drawn up toward the face, was a posture frequently to be observed, on this as well as other fields. Other observations would be of interest, if described; but the living attitude of the dead soldier, still standing upon his feet, and the grim mockery of life in the apparent taking of food must remain unexampled in all recorded incidents of war. The facts are derived from an officer who witnessed the unusual spectacle.

We are not aware of any valuable result which has followed the observations of the French or our own ambulance corps in this direction, sufficient to induce our army surgeons to devote valuable time to the same study, but doubtless many pages of curious if not instructive matter might be made up in this ghastly field of inquiry.

ANECDOTE OF LIEUT. GEN. GRANT.

THE following is told by an officer of General Grant's staff:

The hero and veteran, who was citizen, captain, colonel, brigadier and major-general within a space of nine months, though a rigid disciplinarian, and a perfect Ironsides in the discharge of his official duties, could enjoy a good joke, and is always ready to perpetrate one when an opportunity presents. Indeed, among his acquaintances, he is as much renowned for his eccentric humor as he is for his skill and bravery as a commander.

When Grant was a brigadier in South-east Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jefferson Thompson, in North-east Arkansas. The distance from the starting-point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our soldiers endured during the first two days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or "confiscate" uncultivated real estate, and not a hog, or a chicken, or an ear of corn was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground, in a state of partial cultivation, were here and there visible. On that day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance-guard, consisting of eight mounted men. About noon he came up to a small farm-house, from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted, and, with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country, and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the General he might obtain the best the house afforded. So, assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the

house, and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was, and he told them that he was Brigadier-General Grant. At the sound of that name they flew around with alarming alacrity, and served up about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. "Nothing." And they went on their way rejoicing.

In the meantime General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles further back for a brief resting spell, came in sight of, and was rather favorably impressed with, the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door, he desired to know if they would cook him a meal.

"No," said a female, in a gruff voice; "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten every thing in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph," murmured Grant; "what is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Casting a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would.

That evening, after the camping-ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half-past six, for orders. Officers would see that their men all turned out, etc.

In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors; some thought the enemy were upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

After the usual routine of ceremonies the Acting Assistant Adjutant-General read the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD.
SPECIAL ORDER, No. —.

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the — Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.

U. S. GRANT,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

Grant's orders were law, and no soldier ever attempted to evade them. At seven o'clock the lieutenant filed out of camp, with his hundred men, amid the cheers of the entire army. The escort concurred in stating that he devoured the whole of the pie, and seemed to relish it.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A CERTAIN wealthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish was taken prisoner, and at a late hour brought into camp, where a guard was placed over him. The aristocratic rebel, supposing everything was all right—that he was secure enough any way as a prisoner of war—as a committee of the whole, resolved himself into “sleep's dead slumber.” Awakening about midnight, to find the moon shining full in his face, he chanced to “inspect his guard,” when, horror of horrors that soldier was a negro! And, worse than all, he recognized in that towering form, slowly and steadily walking a beat, one of his own slaves! Human nature could not stand that; the prisoner was enraged, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing

the guard, through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he yelled out:—

“Sambo !”

“Well, massa.”

“Send for the colonel to come here immediately. My own slave can never stand guard over me; it’s a d—d outrage; no gentleman would submit to it.”

Laughing in his sleeve, the dark-faced soldier promptly called out, “corp’l de guard.” That dignitary appeared, and presently the colonel followed. After listening to the southerner’s impassioned harangue, which was full of invectives, the colonel turned to the negro with,

“Sam !”

“Yes, colonel.”

“You know this gentleman, do you?”

“Ob course; he’s Massa B., and has big plantation in Alabama.”

“Well, Sam, just take care of him to-night!” and the officer walked away. As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentleman from Alabama appealed to him in an argument.

“Listen, Sambo !”

“You hush, dar; it’s done gone talkin’ to you now. Hush, rebel !” was the negro’s emphatic command, bringing down his musket to a charge bayonet position, by way of enforcing silence. The nabob was now a slave—his once valued negro his master; and think you as he sank back upon a blanket, in horror and shame that night, that he believed human bondage was a divine institution, ordained of God ?

THE CONTRABAND'S PRAYER.

THE following is an extract from a prayer made by an old contraband at a funeral in rebeldom, and was delivered in the presence of many of the Union soldiers:—

“Masser Jew of Jews, like de people ob de ole time, de Jews, we weep by de side of de ribber, wid de strings ob de harp all broke. But we sing de song ob de broken heart, as dem people couldn't do. Hear us, King, in de present time ob our sorrow. You know, King, Honey, we jess got froo de Red Sea and wander in de dark wilderness, a poor, feeble, broken portion ob de children ob Adam—feeble in body, feeble in health, feeble in mind, and needs de help ob de good, mighty God. Oh, help us, ef you please, to homes, for we's got no homes, Masser, but de shelter ob de oak tree in de day time, and de cotton tent at night. Great Doctor ob doctors, King ob Kings, and God ob battles, help us to be well. Help us to be able to fight wid de Union sojers de battles for de Union. Help us to fight for liberty—fight for de country—fight for our own homes and for to free our children and our children's children. Fotch out, God ob battles, de big guns, wid de big balls, and de big, bustin' shells, gib dem God-forsaken secesh, dat would carry to shame our wibes an darters, ef you please, a right smart double charge of grape and canister. Make 'em glad to stop de war and come back to shoes and de fatted calf, and all de good things ob de Union—no more murderin' brudders ob de Norf States—no more ragged and barefoot—no more slave whippers and slave sellers—no more faders ob yaller-skins—no more meaner as meanest niggers.”

A REBEL OFFICER'S STORY.

AT Powell's river I stopped and engaged more milk of an old Lincolnite jade, keen as a brier, and mother of three (and I don't know how many more) rather nice looking gals. She complained to me of having been rudely treated by a North Carolina officer the morning previous. Arriving at camp I informed the officer of the old lady's story, and he told me that, knowing their political status, he had placed a guard around the house, to keep any of the family from going to the Gap, while our army (rebel) was crossing the river, and that, in the meantime, the following conversation took place:—

Officer.—(Entering the house.) “Good morning, ma'am.”
No answer. “Where is your husband, ma'am?”

Old Woman.—“None of your business, you rebel you.”

Officer.—I know. He is in the Yankee army.”

Old Woman.—“Well he is. What are you going to do about it? He is in the First Tennessee Federal Regiment at Cumberland Gap, and will take off your rebel head if you go up there.”

Officer.—“Yes. But we have him and your General Morgan's whole command completely surrounded—hemmed in—with an army on both sides of the Gap, and in a few days they will be starved out, and have to surrender upon our own terms.”

Old Woman.—“We know all that, and are easy. But Lincoln will send an army through Kentucky, which will wipe out your General Smith, just like a dog would lick out a plate, and then you and your army of barefooted, roasting-ear stealers will have to leave here in the dark again, and badly scared at that. Besides this—”

Officer.—“That's your opinion, but you are deluded. Where were you born?”

Old Woman.—“Born! Why I was born and raised in Tennessee. I am an Old Hickory Tennessean—dead out against Nullification, and its offspring, Secession. But where are you from?”

Officer.—“I am from North Carolina, but a native of South Carolina.”

Old Woman.—“A South Carolinian pupil of Calhoun—double rebel, double devil. Old Jackson made your little turnip patch of a State walk the chalk once, and Old Abe Lincoln will give you rebels brimstone before spring.”

Officer.—(Quitting the old lady and turning to the eldest daughter, whom he recognized as a mother.) “Madam, where is your husband?”

Young Woman.—“That is none of your business, sir.”

Officer.—“But it is my business. Where is he?”

Young Woman.—“Where I hope I’ll never see him again. Where I hope you’ll soon be.”

Officer.—“Where is that?”

Young Woman.—“Why, a prisoner in the hands of the army at the Gap.”

Officer.—“What is that for?”

Young Woman.—“For being what you are, an infernal rebel.”

Officer.—“Oh, if that’s all, I will send him back to you as soon as we take the Gap.”

Young Woman.—“No, you needn’t. He need never darken my door again. Here, Bet, (calling a nurse,) take this little rebel and give him Union milk. Let us try and get the ‘Secesh’ out of him.”

Officer.—(Turning to a Miss.) “Did you find a beau among the Yankee officers?”

Miss.—“Yes, I did; a nice, sweet, gallant fellow; one who stepped like a prince. When you become his prisoner, give him my love; and tell him for my sake to put a trace chain around your secesh neck.”

Officer.—“When do you expect to see him again?”

Miss.—“Just after your general takes the next ‘big scare,’ which will be in ten days from this time.”

Daylight having broken, and the army having crossed the river, the conversation I have given terminated.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

AN officer, just returned from the south-west, relates a touching incident of the loyalty and tendency of many of the inhabitants of that nominally secesh land. After the battle of Bean Station, the rebels were guilty of all manner of indignity toward the slain. They stripped their bodies, and shot persons who came near the battle-field to show any attention to the dead. The body of a drummer boy was left naked and exposed. Near by, in an humble house, were two little girls, the eldest but sixteen, who resolved to give the boy a decent burial. They took the night for their task. With hammer and nails in hand, and boards on their shoulders, they sought the place where the body of the dead drummer boy lay. From their own scanty wardrobe, they clothed the body for the grave. With their own hands they made a rude coffin, in which they reverently put the dead boy. They dug the grave and lowered the body into it and covered it over. The noise of the hammering brought some of the rebels to the spot. Not a word was spoken, no one interfered, and when the sacred rites of the burial were performed, all separated, and the little drummer boy sleeps undisturbed in his grave on the battle-field. Such tenderness and heroism deserve to run along the line of coming generations with the story of the woman who broke the alabaster box on the feet of the Savior, and with her who of her penury cast her two mites into the treasury.

JENNY WADE, THE HEROINE OF GETTYSBURG.

THE country has already heard of John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg—of how the old man sallied forth a host within himself, “to fight on his own hook,” and how he fell wounded after having delivered many shots from his trusty rifle into the faces and the hearts of his country’s foes. John Burns’ name is already recorded among the immortal, to live there while American valor and patriotism have an admirer and emulator. But there was a heroine as well as hero of Gettysburg. The old man hero, Burns, still lives—the heroine, sweet Jenny Wade, perished in the din of that awful fray, and she now sleeps where the flowers once bloomed, and the perfumed-laden air wafted lovingly over Cemetery Hill.

Before the battle, and while the national hosts were awaiting the assaults of the traitor foe, Jenny Wade was busily engaged in baking bread for the national troops. She occupied a house in range of the guns of both armies, and the rebels had sternly ordered her to leave the premises, but this she as sternly refused to do. While she was busily engaged in her patriotic work, a minie ball pierced her pure heart, and she fell a holy sacrifice in her country’s cause. Almost at the same time a rebel officer of high rank fell near where Jenny Wade had perished. The rebels at once proceeded to prepare a coffin for their fallen leader, but about the time that was finished the surging of the conflict changed the position of the armies, and Jenny Wade’s body was placed in the coffin designed for her country’s enemy; thus the heroine of Gettysburg was buried. The incidents of the hero and the heroine of Gettysburg are beautifully touching, noble and sublime.

Old John Burns was the only man of Gettysburg who participated in the struggle to save the North from invasion, while innocent Jenny Wade was the only sacrifice which the people of that locality had to offer on the shrine of their

country! Let a monument be erected on the ground which covers her, before which the pilgrims to the holy tombs of the heroes of Gettysburg can bow and bless the memory of Jenny Wade. If the people of Gettysburg are not able alone to raise the funds to pay for a suitable monument for Jenny Wade, let them send a committee to Harrisburg, and our little boys and girls will assist in soliciting subscriptions for this holy purpose. Before the summer sunshine again kisses the grave of Jenny Wade, before the summer birds once more carol where she sleeps in glory, before the flowers again deck the plain made famous by gallant deeds, let a monument rise to greet the skies in token of her virtue, daring and nobleness.

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE IN BATTLE.

IN the battle of Stono River, while the men were all behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle reached through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men, lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats, and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

GEN. ROUSSEAU AND THE REBELS.

A Southerner came to Gen. Rousseau, and requested permission to go beyond the Federal lines and visit his wife. He declared that he had never taken up arms against the Union, but he had aided and abetted those who had, and admitted that he was still a Secessionist.

"You can't go!" said the general.

"It seems very hard," replied Secesh, "that I can't go to see my wife."

"No harder for you than it is for me," returned the general. "I want to see my wife. You have compelled me to leave her by your infernal treason. You surely don't expect me to grant you a favor which your rebellious conduct prevents me from enjoying."

"Well, but, general—"

"It is useless to talk, sir. If you will go to work and assist me to return to my wife, I will do all I can to enable you to return to yours."

"What do you wish me to do, general?"

"I wish you to return to your allegiance, and, as far as lies in your power, to discountenance rebellion and treason."

"But, general, my conscience will not allow me to do that."

"Neither, then," replied the Kentucky patriot, "will my conscience allow me to grant you favors which are due only to loyal men."

Of course, as there was nothing further to be urged, the baffled rebel took up his hat and left. The general turned toward those who were sitting in his tent, and quietly remarked:

"When you have rendered these rebels fully sensible of how much they have lost by their rebellion, you have taken the first step toward making them loyal men."

Scarcely had the secesh gentleman taken his departure, when there came to the door of the tent a foppish fellow in

striped summer clothing, with as mean a looking countenance as one often sees, even amongst the rebels. He held a piece of paper in his hand.

"General," said he, with much levity, insolence and non-chalance, "General, I could not get through your pickets, although I have here Gen. Buell's pass."

"Come in and sit down, sir," said the general; "I am glad to see you; I was just about to send out and have you arrested, and you have saved me the trouble."

The rebel's countenance instantly fell, and he began to stammer, "Why, general,"—

In a voice firm, determined, calm, and yet just angry enough to show that he was in earnest, the general interrupted him :

"I am told that you said to a crowd upon the street, that rather than see the United States government restored throughout the South, you would see even your wife and children buried. If this can be proven against you, I shall send you at once to Fort Warren, as sure as there is a living God!"

Never could there be a more abject and contemptible looking specimen of human being, than that rebel, as he appeared at the conclusion of this speech. The brazen impudence which at first sat upon his features was all gone. He turned first red, then deadly pale; he looked in ludicrous dismay from one individual to another; he writhed, he swallowed, he choked.

"You are self-condemned, Dr. Martin," continued the general; "you are guilty of a heinous offence, and you know it. You have committed, by all laws, human and divine, the high crime of treason. You have accepted a commission as a surgeon in the rebel army, from the hands of Jeff. Davis, whom you knew to be at the head of a vast conspiracy for breaking up the government. You voluntarily offered yourself as a part of the machinery by means of which he expected to overturn the Republic, and destroy the lives of loyal men.

You attached yourself, too, for the express purpose of giving aid and comfort to those who, for more than a year past, have been engaged in butchering our friends, our brothers and our fathers. Your family remained in this place, and, notwithstanding the presence of our troops, they have been treated with the utmost consideration and respect. You yourself, becoming tired of the rebel service, finally resigned; and knowing the clemency of the government against which you had been so long waging war, you unhesitatingly came into our midst. Instead of being at once arrested and hung as a traitor, you were cordially received, and treated in every respect like a gentleman. Were you not?"

"Oh, yes, general," stammered the rebel, "I have been treated very gentlemanly, indeed."

"You were not deprived of your liberty, were you?"

"Oh, no, I wasn't even required to give any parole, except my word."

"Certainly not," resumed the general; "notwithstanding your treason, we desired, if possible, to waken a sense of honor in your bosom, and consequently treated you as a man of honor, requiring you to give no bond for your good behavior, save your mere word. Freely as any loyal citizen you were permitted to go home, to enjoy the company of your family, and to mingle with your friends. And in return, how have you requited us? By using the most seditious and treasonable language; for some time, doubtless, within doors; until at last, insolently abusing your privileges, or wholly unable to appreciate the wonderful magnanimity of the government in giving you your freedom, you go upon the street, collect a crowd around you, preach your treason to them openly, and wind up by declaring that you would rather bury your wife and children than see the authority of the National Government again restored! Now tell me, did the government ever harm you in any way?"

"No," replied the guilty rebel, "I can't say that it ever did."

“And yet you made war upon it, and, even after it had given you blessings for cursings, sought to stir up the devil in your neighbors’ hearts, by telling them you would rather bury your wife and children than see it resume its rightful authority over the rebellious States!”

During the entire castigation, the doctor writhed and twisted like a serpent in the talons of an eagle. Rallying himself somewhat at last, he made a feeble attempt at a denial, and said he could not remember having ever made use of such language. “My information,” replied the general, “will not allow me to doubt your guilt. Consider yourself under arrest; but, as I have not time to investigate the matter more fully now, I will permit you to go home to your family and spend the night. Return to-morrow morning at nine o’clock, when you shall be confronted with the witnesses who accuse you.” In consequence of the accusation not being as grave as was at first supposed, this rebellious subject was suffered to remain by taking the oath of allegiance.

THE EAGLE OF THE NORTHWEST

WHEN, in the year 1861, the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment marched from that State to the seat of war, it carried with it an eagle. From that time, through all the marches, battles, sieges and vicissitudes of war, this bird has remained with the command and shared its hardships, dangers and adventures. He is a great favorite with the soldiers, but scarcely so with the sutler, in whose tent he often makes predatory raids, carrying off live chickens, and anything good to eat that may be around loose. There is a dog in the regiment with whom the eagle is on good terms. He even suffers the animal to begin his meals with him; but, as the provender disappears, the appetite of the eagle commonly overcomes his affection,

and he drives his four-footed friend away. The eagle has a great fancy for rides on horseback. Whenever he sees an opportunity to do so, he springs to the back of a horse, and defies the utmost efforts of the quadruped to dislodge him. But it has been in action that the eagle has shown its strong points. Whenever the regiment has joined battle with the foe, the eagle has been at his post with the soldier who owns him, at the head of Company D. As the engagement waxed hot—as the roar of the heavy guns shook the earth, and the rattle of small arms pierced the dun and sulphurous cloud that hung about the line of battle—the eagle would flap his wings and mingle his voice with the tumult in the fiercest and wildest of his screams. Twice has he been wounded in action, one ball cutting away a great portion of his tail feathers. But he has never turned tail to the foe. He has gone with his regiment through seven States, a fit companion and emblem of the heroes of the Northwest. He is now at home with the veterans recruiting, and there is not a banner or a “broker” in the United States that brings men to the regimental flag as fast as the war-eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin. Thousands flock to see him, and his sharp, shrill cry is always heard, at morning and evening, with the fifes and drums of the guard. The people of Wisconsin are determined that when the war is over, and the eagle comes home again, he shall be kept in the Capitol grounds at Madison; so that their children and children’s children, even when a hundred years have gone, shall see at least one living veteran who fought in the great war.



AN INCIDENT AT THE LATE BOSTON FAIR.

As I stood to-day looking at the bristling lines of bayonets that rise on either side of the great organ, and are surmounted by the blood-stained banners of the Massachusetts regiments, I was conscious of a stir and murmur in the crowd that caused me to turn and look behind me. A pale and haggard countenance, lit by eyes of wonderful power and expression, met me, and I drew back instinctively to make room for their possessor. He was "only a private," but had enlisted in the 6th Massachusetts the very next day after the President's call for troops in 1861—had been wounded in that ever-memorable passage through the city of Baltimore; but had continued in the service, until finally, at Fredericksburg, his leg was shot away, and his lower jaw was torn and horribly disfigured by a minie-ball. Now dying with consumption, he had come home, and "could not die in peace," he said, "until he had been carried to the hall to look at the tattered and bloody flag under which he had fought so long. He was supported by two men, and slowly and painfully made his way up to the platform where it hung, waving solemnly as if pronouncing a benediction on the poor pilgrim who had given his life in its holy service. As he reverently lifted his cap and saluted it, it required no prophetic vision to see the martyr's crown already descending on that young head; and many a heart in that vast crowd, was baptised anew in the flood of patriotic devotion that welled up into "eyes all unused to tears."

A few feet from him stood Edward Everett, the scholar, the statesman and the patriot, whom New England delights to honor; but in the great book of records who shall say that the name of this poor common soldier may not shine as brightly, if it cannot hold as lofty a place?

FEEDING THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF REBELS.

While the rebels half starve our men held by them as prisoners, the government is disbursing rations to the amount of thousands of dollars daily to the wives and children of rebel soldiers, coming within our lines. A correspondent of the *New York World* at Bridgeport, Alabama, gives an account of forty-four women who applied for help from the commissary there in a single day. They were all required to sign the oath, and of the forty-four, only three could write well and thirty-five could not sign their names. Twenty of the number had husbands in the rebel army, while the husband of only one was in the Union army; the rest were widows. One owned 400 acres of land, but her slaves were carried off by Bragg, and she had neither money nor provisions. One case is given as a sample of nearly all;—

Provost-Marshal.—Are you a widow?

Mrs. Ricard.—No, sir.

P. M.—Where is your husband?

Mrs. R.—With Bragg, in the third Tennessee cavalry.

P. M.—Your husband is in the rebel army; when did he join it?

Mrs. R.—Two years since.

P. M.—Did he volunteer?

Mrs. M.—Yes, to keep from being conscripted.

P. M.—But the rebel conscription law was not then in force.

Mrs. R.—But they told him that it would soon be, and he had better volunteer.

P. M.—Was he not a strong secessionist from the start?

Mrs. R.—Yes; he thought you wanted to deprive us of our rights, and take all our slaves.

P. M.—How many slaves did he own?

Mrs. R.—None.

P. M.—Had he a plantation?

Mrs. R.—No, sir.

P. M.—What property had he?

Mrs. R.—Nothing; he lived by day's work.

P. M.—Why, then, was he so fearful about the slaves?

Mrs. R.—Because he was afraid the North would put the niggers on an equality with us.

P. M.—Your husband is in the rebel army, and you ask us to supply you with bread. Why do you do this?

Mrs. Ricard threw aside the fly of the tent, and just outside stood five small children, who had but a single article of clothing—a light, homespun cotton wrapper—on each, though the wind was blowing chilly cold from the north. "They have not had a mouthful since yesterday morning," said Mrs. R., "and not half enough for six months." The appeal was irresistible; the provost-marshal then told her he would administer the oath, and get her relief. On being asked to subscribe her name, she replied that she could not write, and accordingly a resort was had to the mark.

NEGRO EQUALITY ILLUSTRATED.

Quite recently, at a Louisville boarding house, a lady, of northern birth and education, but a bitter rebel, was reading to a mixed company an absurd account of some Northern women landing at Hilton Head, South Carolina, and embracing a negress, calling her "sister," etc. The lady was triumphantly vindictive, and exclaimed to a Federal captain:

"What do you think of that? Isn't that a beautiful specimen of your negro equality?"

The captain was annoyed, and hardly knew what to say. He said nothing, in fact, but turned and walked to the window. Glancing out, he saw on the opposite sidewalk a group of negroes enjoying themselves in the sun as only negroes can.

They were of all sizes and all shades of color—some almost white. Smiling at the thought that it was now his turn, he said to the rebel lady :

“ Will you step to the window a moment ? ”

“ Certainly,” (suited the act to the word.)

“ Look there. Do you see that ? ”

“ See what, sir ? ”

“ Why, that black-yellow-white group on the other side.”

“ Certainly I do. What is strange about it ? ”

“ Oh, nothing, I suppose ; only one would think there must have been considerable negro equality practiced by the white people of the South, as well as those of the North.”

The lady “retired,” and thereafter was somewhat less insulting in her demonstrations.

AMUSING INSTANCE OF REBEL DESERTION.

AFTER the recent advance of our army upon Bragg at Tallahoma, and his retreat, the Pioneer Brigade pushed on to Elk River to repair a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting :

“ Come here, you —— Yank, out of the wet ! ”

The Federal was quite sure that he was “done for,” and at once obeyed. After dressing himself he was thus accosted :

“ You surrender, our prisoner, do you ? ”

“ Of course, I do.”

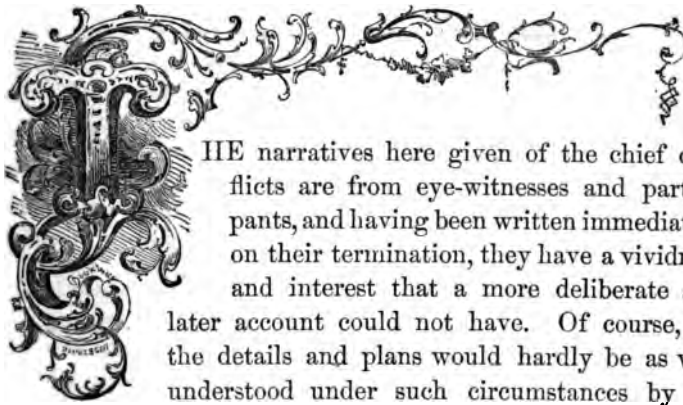
“ That's kind. Now, we'll surrender to you ! ” And the five stacked arms before him, their spokesman adding :

“ We've done with 'em, and have said to old Bragg “good bye ! ” Secesh is played out. Now you surround us and take us into your camp.”

This was done accordingly ; and is but one of hundreds of instances of wholesale desertion coming to the knowledge of our officers in Lower Tennessee.

THE GREAT BATTLES.

PART III.



THE narratives here given of the chief conflicts are from eye-witnesses and participants, and having been written immediately on their termination, they have a vividness and interest that a more deliberate and later account could not have. Of course, all the details and plans would hardly be as well understood under such circumstances by the narrators, and yet, for truth and completeness they have been commended in high quarters, and it has been thought best to give them, even with all their inaccuracies, as they appeared in the various public prints at the time, excepting some certain modifications which have not materially changed or affected the articles.

America has added to the world's great battle-fields those of Shiloh, Antietam, Gettysburg, and others whose names are now as classic as those of Marathon, Thermopylæ and Waterloo. Around them will ever cling the most sad and tender memories.

These master sketches of the great battles surpass anything ever given us contemporaneously with the great conflicts of the past, and they furnish us with a vivid and tolerably lucid account of these struggles in which the life of our country was at stake.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

WASHINGTON, Monday, July 22, 1861.

At two o'clock this morning I arrived in Washington, having witnessed the great conflict near Manassas Junction from beginning to end, and the gigantic rout and panic which broke up the Federal army at its close. I stayed near the action an hour or two later than my associates, in order to gather the final incidents of the day, and fully satisfy myself as to the nature and extent of the misfortune.

And now in what order shall the event of yesterday be described? Even now how shall one pretend to give a synthetic narration of the whole battle, based on the heterogeneous statements of a thousand men; a battle whose arena was a tract miles in breadth and length, interspersed with hills and forests; whose contending forces were divided into a dozen minor armies, continually interchanging their positions, and never all embraced within the cognizance of any spectator or participator. Even the general commanding the Federal columns was ignorant, at the close, of the positions of the several corps; was ignorant, at the beginning, of the topography of the dangerous territory on which he attacked an overpowering foe. Was either general of division better informed of the movements even of his own forces? I doubt it. I only know that at sunset last evening, generals, colonels, and majors were all retiring, devoid of their commands, no more respected or obeyed than the poorest private in the broken ranks. I know that a grand army, retreating before superior numbers, was never more disgracefully or needlessly disrupted, and blotted, as it were, out of existence in a single day. This is the truth, and why should it not be recorded? And why should I not tell the causes which produced this sad result? Weeks will be required for the proper summing up of details. At present, for one, I acknowledge my inadequacy to describe more than the panorama which passed before my own eyes, and the result decided by the combination of this with much that was seen and done elsewhere.

The affair of Thursday last was like a spectacle in an amphitheatre, visible in its oneness to all who were on the sides of that mountain valley. But those who were on yesterday's field now understand how little of a great battle in a hilly region is known or seen by curious lookers-on; how much less by those actually engaged in its turmoil. But let me give the plan and commencement of the engagement on our side, the progress of that portion which was within my ken, and the truth in relation to the result.

PROGRAMME OF THE ADVANCE.

On Friday, the day succeeding our repulse at Bull Run, Major Barnard, topographical engineer of the general staff, escorted by Co. B of the second Cavalry regiment (under Lieut. Tompkins), made a wide reconnoissance of the country to the north, in order to examine the feasibility of turning the enemy's rear by a strategic movement in that direction.

A route was discovered by which it appeared that such a measure might be successfully executed. In a letter on the defences of Manassas Junction, I pointed out the different roads leading thitherward from Centreville. One—the most direct—is that passing through Thursday's battle-field; another, further north, leading, when produced, to Warrenton, beyond the Manassas Gap Railroad. From the latter, a minor road, branching off still more to the north, was found to open at a fork halfway between Centreville and the Bull Run ravine. This road could be used for the rapid advance of men and artillery, preceded by a corps of sappers and miners.

A plan was at once projected by Gen. McDowell for a decisive attack upon the enemy's line of defence, to be made simultaneously by three advancing columns, from the several points of approach. The various division encampments were already advantageously located for the inception of such a movement, and orders were swiftly issued for the entire army to start at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon. It was afterwards discovered that our stock of heavy ammunition embraced no more than nineteen rounds to each gun, and that we must send to Fairfax for a better supply. It was also thought advisable to have the army arrive in sight of the enemy at sunrise and the first orders were accordingly countermanded, and fresh ones issued, appointing two o'clock of the ensuing morning for the hour of leaving camp. Three days' rations were to be served out by the commissary, and the tents of each regiment to remain standing and under guard.

In the moonlight of the stillest hour of the night our force of 36,000 men began to move, in pursuance of the following arrangement for the advance: On the left, or southernmost road, the gallant Colonel Richardson, be it remembered, had continued to hold the approach to the field where he fought so bravely on Thursday, his command consisting of the Fourth Brigade of Tyler's Division, viz., the Second and Third Michigan, the First Massachusetts, and the Twelfth New York regiments. It was rightly determined that these troops, if they fought at all, should be apportioned to ground of which they already had partial knowledge. Behind Richardson, and near Centreville, Col. Miles was to take up his position in reserve, with his entire First and Second brigades. These included the Eighth (German Rifles) and Twenty-ninth New York regiments, the Garibaldi Guard and the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania, the Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Thirty-first,

and Thirty-second New York regiments, and the Company G (Second Artillery) battery—the one lately brought from Fort Pickens. Thus Richardson could call to his support, if necessary, a reserve of 7,000 men, in addition to the 4,000 with which he was instructed “to hold his position, to prevent the enemy from moving on Centreville past our left, but not to make any attack.” The centre, on the Warrenton road, commanded by Gen. Tyler, consisted of the First and Second Brigades of the Tyler Division, embracing the First and Second Ohio, and Second New York regiments, under Gen. Schenck, and the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, and Thirteenth New York, and Second Wisconsin, under Col. Sherman. Carlisle’s, Rickett’s, and Ayres’ battery, accompanied this important column, which numbered 6,000 men, and which was supported in the rear by the Third Tyler Brigade, under Col. Keyes, consisting of the First, Second, and Third Connecticut regiments, and the Fourth Maine—a force of 3,000, available at a moment’s call. On the extreme right, Col. Hunter took the lead, with the two brigades of his division, viz., the Eighth and Fourteenth New York regiments under Col. Porter, with a battalion of the Second, Third, and Eighth regular infantry, a portion of the Second cavalry, and the Fifth Artillery battery, under Col. Burnside; the First and Second Ohio, the Seventy-first New York, and two New Hampshire regiments, with the renowned Rhode Island battery. After Hunter’s followed Col. Heintzelman’s Division, including the Fourth and Fifth Massachusetts and the First Minnesota regiments, with a cavalry company and a battery, all under Col. Franklin, and the Second, Fourth, and Fifth Maine and Second Vermont regiments under Col. Howard. To about 14,000 men was thus intrusted the difficult and most essential labor of turning the enemy by a circuitous movement on the right, and these troops, as it eventuated, were to experience the larger part of the sanguinary fighting of the day.

On the night preceding the battle Gen. Cameron visited the camp, reviewed the Third Tyler brigade, passed a few hours with Gen. McDowell, and then left for Washington in spirits depressed by no premonition of the disaster which was to befall our arms, and the private grief which would add a deeper sorrow to the feelings he now experiences. After midnight a carriage was placed at Gen. McDowell’s tent, which was to bear him to the scene of action. In order to be ready to move with the army, I went down to the familiar quarters of Lieutenant Tompkins, whose company was attached to the General’s escort, and there slept an hour while our horses ate the only forage they were to have for a day and a half. At two o’clock we were awakened; the army had commenced to move.

THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

There was moonlight, as I have said; and no moonlight scene ever offered more varying themes to the genius of a great artist. Through the hazy valleys, and on hill slopes, miles apart, were burning the fires at which forty regiments had prepared their midnight meal. In the vistas opening along a dozen lines of view, thousands of men were moving among the fitful beacons; horses were harnessing to artillery, white army wagons were in motion with the ambulances—whose black covering, when one thought about it, seemed as appropriate as that of the coffin which accompanies a condemned man to the death before him. All was silent confusion and intermingling of moving horses and men. But forty thousand soldiers stir as quickly as a dozen, and in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the bustle every regiment had taken its place, ready to fall in to the division to which it was assigned. General McDowell and staff went in the centre of Tyler's, the central column. At 2½ A. M. the last soldier had left the extended encampments, except those remaining behind on guard.

The centre line appeared to offer the best chances for a survey of the impending action, and in default of any certain pre-knowledge, was accompanied by all non-participators whom interest or duty had drawn to the movement of the day. In order to obtain a full review of its moonlight march to the most momentuous effort of the campaign, I started at the extreme rear, and rapidly passed along to overtake the van of the column. For some way the central and right divisions were united, the latter forming off, as I have explained, about a mile beyond Centreville. So, leaving camp a mile below the village, I enjoyed the first spectacle of the day—a scene never to pass from the memory of those who saw it. Here were thousands of comrades-in-arms going forward to lay down their lives in a common cause. Here was all and more than one had read of the solemn paraphernalia of war. These were not the armies of the aliens to us, but, with the dress, the colors, the officers, of every regiment, we were so familiar that those of each had for us their own interest, and a different charm. We knew the men, their discipline, their respective heroes; what corps were most relied on; whose voice was to be that of Hector or Agamemnon in the coming fray. How another day would change all this! How some long-vaunted battalions would perhaps lose their, as yet, unearned prestige, while accident or heroism should gild the standards of many before undistinguished! Then, as I followed along that procession of rumbling cannon-carriages and caissons, standards and banners, the gleaming infantry with their thousands of shining bayonets, and the mounted officers of every staff, what fine excitement was added to the occasion by the salutations and last assurances of the many comrades dearer than the rest! The

spirit of the soldiery was magnificent. They were all smarting under the reproach of Thursday, and longing for the opportunity to wipe it out. There was glowing rivalry between the men of different States. "Old Massachusetts will not be ashamed of us to-night." "Wait till the Ohio boys get at them." "We'll fight for New York to-day," and a hundred similar utterances, were shouted from the different ranks. The officers were as glad of the task assigned them as their men. I rode a few moments with Lieut.-Col. Haggerty, of the Sixty-ninth. He mentioned the newspaper statement that he was killed at the former battle, and laughingly said that he felt very warlike for a dead man, and good for at least one battle more. This brave officer was almost the first victim of the day. The cheery voice of Meagher, late the Irish, now the American patriot, rang out more heartily than ever. Then there were Corcoran, and Burnside, and Keyes, and Speidel, and many another skilled and gallant officer, all pushing forward to the first fruition of their three months' patient preparation. In the ranks of the Connecticut and other regiments, were old classmates and fellow-townsmen, with whom it was a privilege to exchange a word on this so different occasion from any anticipated in those days when all the States were loyal, and the word "disunion" was a portion of an unknown tongue.

General McDowell's carriage halted at the junction of the two roads, a place most favorable for the quick reception of despatches from all portions of the field. The column assigned to Colonel Hunter here divided from the main body and went on its unknown, perilous journey around the enemy's flank.

A mile along—and by this time the white morning twilight gave us a clearer prospect than the fading radiance which had thus far illumined the march—we could look across an open country on the left to the farm-house, where we knew Col. Richardson was stationed, and to the blood-stained valley beyond, whose upper reaches were now to be the arena of a larger conflict. But it was after sunrise when the van of Gen. Tyler's column came to the edge of the wooded hill overlooking those reaches. The sun had risen as splendid as the sun of Austerlitz. Was it an auspicious omen for us, or for the foe? Who could foretell? The scenery was too beautiful and full of nature's own peace, for one to believe in the possibility of the tumult and carnage just at hand, or that among those green oak forests lurked every engine of destruction which human contrivance has produced, with hosts of an enemy more dangerous and subtle than the wild beasts which had once here made their hiding-places. Then, too, it was Sunday morning. Even in the wilderness, the sacred day seems purer and more hushed than any other. It was ours to first jar upon the stillness of the morning, and becloud the clearness of that serene atmosphere with the rude clangor of the avant messenger that heralded our challenge to a disloyal foe.

THE BATTLE.

From the point I mention, where the road slopes down to a protected ravine, we caught the first glimpse of the enemy. A line of infantry were drawn up across a meadow in the extreme distance, resting close upon woods behind them. We could see the reflection of their bayonets, and their regular disposition showed them expectant of an attack. After a moment's inspection, Gen. Tyler ordered Carlisle to advance with his battery to the front, and here one could think of nothing but Milton's line:

"Vanguard! to the right and left the front unfold."

The ancient order for the disposition of advance ranks is still in military usage; for the second and third Tyler brigades under Schenck, were at once formed in line of battle, in the woods on either side—the First Ohio, Second Wisconsin, Seventy-ninth, Thirteenth, and Sixty-ninth New York regiments succeeding each other on the right, and the Second Ohio, and Second New York being similarly placed on the left, while the artillery came down the road between.

A great 32-pound rifled Parrott gun—the only one of its calibre in our field service—was brought forward, made to bear on the point where we had just seen the enemy, (for the bayonets suddenly disappeared in the woods behind,) and a shell was fired at fifteen minutes past 6 A. M., which burst in the air; but the report of the piece awoke the country, for leagues around, to a sense of what was to be the order of the day. The reverberation was tremendous, shaking through the hills like the volley of a dozen plebeian cannon, and the roar of the revolving shell indescribable. Throughout the battle that gun, whenever it was fired, seemed to hush and overpower every thing else. We waited a moment for an answering salute, but receiving none, sent the second shell at a hill-top, two miles off, where we suspected that a battery had been planted by the rebels. The bomb burst like an echo close at the intended point, but still no answer came, and Gen. Tyler ordered Carlisle to cease firing, and bring the rest of his battery to the front of the woods and our column, ready for instant action. It was now about 7 o'clock. For half an hour but little more was done; then skirmishers were deployed into the forest on each side, in order to discover the whereabouts of our nearest foes. Before us lay a rolling and comparatively open country, but with several hills and groves cutting off any extended view. In the western distance on the left we could see the outskirts of Manassas Junction. The woods at whose edge our line of battle formed, extended half around the open fields in a kind of semicircle, and it was into the arms of this crescent that our skirmishers advanced. Soon we began to hear random shots exchanged in the thicket on the left, which proved the exist-

ence of an enemy in that direction. (What can be done against men who, to all the science and discipline of European warfare, add more than the meanness and cowardly treachery of the Indian? We had, all through the day, to hunt for the foe, though he numbered his myriads of men.) At the same time, a scout on the right captured a negro native, who was led to the general, shaking with fear, and anxious to impart such information as he had. Through him we learned that the rebels were quartered among the woods on the right and left, and in the groves in the open country; that they had erected a battery on the distant hill, and had kept him at work for three days, assisting to fell trees, so that a clear range of the road we occupied could be obtained.

By this time our scouts reported the enemy in some force on the left. Two or three Ohio skirmishers had been killed. Carlisle's battery was sent to the front of the woods on the right, where it could be brought to play where needed. A few shells were thrown into the opposite thicket, and then the Second Ohio and Second New York marched down to rout out the enemy. In ten minutes the musketry was heard, and then a heavy cannonade answer. They had, without doubt, fallen upon a battery in the bushes. For a quarter of an hour their firing continued, when they came out in good order, confirming our surmises. After advancing a furlong they saw the enemy, who exchanged their fire and retired through the forest. Suddenly from a different direction a voice was heard, exclaiming, "Now, Yankee devils, we've got you where we want you!" and several heavy guns were opened upon them with such effect that Schenck finally ordered them to retire, which they did in perfect order. The boys came out indignant at the practices of the rebels, and swearing they would rather fight three times their force in the open field than encounter the deadly mystery of those thickets. No soldiers are willing to have their fighting entirely confined to storming infernal earthworks at the point of the bayonet. Every regiment, yesterday, was at times a "forlorn hope."

A few dead and wounded began to be brought in, and the battle of Manassas had commenced. Carlisle's howitzers and the great rifled gun were opened in the direction of the battery, which answered promptly, and a brief, but terrific cannonading ensued. In less than half an hour the enemy's guns were silenced, two of Carlisle's howitzers advancing through the woods to gain a closer position. But a fatal error was here made, as I thought, by Gen. Tyler, in not ordering in a division to drive out the four rebel regiments stationed behind the battery, and to seize its eight guns. Through some inexplicable fatuity he seemed to assume that when a battery was silenced it was convinced, and there it remained, with its defenders, unheard from and unthought of until the latter portion of the day, when it formed one cause of our final defeat. It is actually a fact, that while our

whole forces were pushed along the right to co-operation with Hunter's flanking column, and a distance of miles in advance, this position on the left, close to the scene of the commencement of the fight, and just in front of all our trains and ammunition wagons—a position chosen by all spectators as the most secure—was, through the day, within five minutes' reach of a concealed force of infantry, and a battery which had only been "silenced." No force was stationed to guard the rear of our left flank. It was near this very point, and with the assistance of this very infantry, that the enemy's final charge was made, which created such irremediable confusion and dismay. And after the first few hours no officer could be found in this vicinity to pay any attention to its security. All had gone forward to follow the line of the contest.

Meantime, Richardson, on the extreme left, could not content himself with "maintaining his position," for we heard occasional discharges from two of his guns. However, he took no other part in the action than by shelling the forces of the enemy which were sent rapidly from his vicinity to the immediate point of contest. From the hill behind we could see long columns advancing, and at first thought they were Richardson's men moving on Bull Run; but soon discovered their true character. Indeed, from every southward point the enemy's reinforcements began to pour in by thousands. Great clouds of dust arose from the distant roads. A person who ascended a lofty tree could see the continual arrival of cars at the nearest point on the Manassas railroad, with hosts of soldiers, who formed in solid squares and moved swiftly forward to join in the contest. The whistle of the locomotive was plainly audible to those in our advance. It is believed that at least fifty thousand were added during the day to the thirty thousand rebels opposed to us at the onset. It was hard for our noble fellows to withstand these incessant reinforcements, but some of our regiments whipped several corps opposed to them in quick succession, "and whenever our forces, fresh or tired, met the enemy in open field, they made short work of his opposition."

At 10½ A. M. Hunter was heard from on the extreme right. He had previously sent a courier to Gen. McDowell, reporting that he had safely crossed the run. The general was lying on the ground, having been ill during the night, but at once mounted his horse and rode on to join the column on which so much depended. From the neighborhood of Sudley Church he saw the enemy's left in battle array, and at once advanced upon them with the Fourteenth New York and a battalion of regular infantry—Col. Hunter ordering up the stalwart Rhode Island regiments, (one led by that model of the American volunteer, Burnside,) the Second New Hampshire, and our own finely-disciplined Seventy-first (N. Y.) Gov. Sprague himself directed the movements of the Rhode Island brigade, and was conspicuous through

the day for gallantry. The enemy were found in heavy numbers opposite this unexcelled division of our army, and greeted it with shell and long volleys of battalion firing as it advanced. But on it went, and a fierce conflict ensued in the northern battle ground. As soon as Hunter was thus discovered to be making his way on the flank, Gen. Tyler sent forward the right wing of his column to co-operate, and a grand force was thus brought to bear most effectually on the enemy's left and centre.

The famous Sixty-ninth (Irish) regiment, 1,600 strong, who have had so much of the hard digging to perform, claimed the honor of a share in the hard fighting, and led the van of Tyler's attack, followed by the Seventy-ninth (Highlanders) and Thirteenth New York and Second Wisconsin.

It was a brave sight—that rush of the Sixty-ninth into the death struggle! With such cheers as those which won the battles in the Peninsula, with a quick step at first, and then a double quick, and at last a run, they dashed forward, and along the edge of the extended forest. Coats and knapsacks were thrown to either side, that nothing might impede their work, but we knew that no guns would slip from the hands of those determined fellows, even if dying agonies were needed to close them with a firmer grasp. As the line swept along, Meagher galloped towards the head, crying "Come on, boys! you've got your chance at last!" I have not since seen him, but hear that he fought magnificently, and is wounded.

Tyler's forces thus moved forward for half a mile, describing quite one-fourth of a circle on the right, until they met a division of the enemy, and of course a battery of the enemy's most approved pattern.

THE HEAT OF THE CONTEST.

It was noon, and now the battle commenced in the fierceness of its most extended fury. The batteries on the distant hill began to play upon our own, and upon our advancing troops, with hot and thunderous effects. Carlisle answered for us, and Sherman for Hunter's division, while the great 32-pounder addressed itself resistlessly to the alternate defences of the foe. The noise of the cannonading was deafening and continuous. Conversely to the circumstance of the former engagement, it completely drowned, at this period, the volleys of the musketry and riflemen. It blanched the cheeks of the villagers at Centreville, to the main street of which place some of the enemy's rifled shell were thrown. It was heard at Fairfax, at Alexandria, at Washington itself. Five or six heavy batteries were in operation at once, and to their clamor was added the lesser roll of twenty thousand small-arms. What could we civilians see of the fight at this time? Little: yet perhaps more than any who were engaged in it. How anxiously we strained our eyes to catch the various movements, thoughtless of

everything but the spectacle, and the successes or the reverses of the Federal army. Our infantry were engaged in woods and meadows beyond our view. We knew not the nature or position of the force they were fighting. But now and then there would be a fierce rush into the open prospect, a gallant charge on one side and a retreat on the other, and we saw plainly that our columns were gaining ground, and steadily pursuing their advantage by their gradual movement, which continued towards the distance and the enemy's centre.

We indeed heard continuous tidings of heroism and victory; and those in the trees above us told us of more than we could discover with our field glasses from below. We heard that Hunter had fairly rounded the enemy's flank, and then we listened for ourselves to the sound of his charges in the northern woods, and saw for ourselves the air gathering up smoke from their branches, and the wavering column of the Mississippians as they fled from their first battery, and were forced into the open field. Then we saw our own Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth, corps animated by a chivalrous national rivalry, press on to the support of the more distant column. We could catch glimpses of the continual advances and retreats; could hear occasionally the guns of a battery before undiscovered; could guess how terribly all this accumulation of death upon death must tell upon those undaunted men, but could also see—and our cheers continually followed the knowledge—that our forces were gradually driving the right of the enemy around the second quarter of a circle, until by one o'clock the main battle was raging at a point almost directly opposite our standing-place—the road at the edge of the woods—where it had commenced six hours before.

There was a hill at the distance of a mile and a half, to which I have heretofore alluded. From its height overlooking the whole plain, a few shells had reached us early in the day, and as it was nearer the Manassas road than almost any other portion of the field, more of the enemy's reinforcements gathered about its ridge than to the aid of the beaten rebels in the woods and valleys. Here there was an open battery, and long lines of infantry in support, ready, for a wonder, to let our wearied fellows see the fresh forces they had to conquer.

As the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth wound round the meadows to the north of this hill, and began to cross the road apparently with the intention of scaling it, we saw a column coming down from the farthest perspective, and for a moment believed it to be a portion of Hunter's division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from us all. But soon the look-outs saw that the ensigns bore secession banners, and we knew that Johnston or some other rebel general, was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right and centre. It was time for more regiments to be sent forward, and Keyes was ordered to ad-

vance with the First Tyler brigade. The three Connecticut regiments and the Fourth Maine came on with a will: the First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field, by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance.

All eyes were now directed to the distant hill-top, now the centre of the fight. All could see the enemy's infantry ranging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination up the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill-top the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us, and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were compelled, totally exhausted, to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the Stars and Stripes above it, and paused from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the hill, the returning half of the circle which the enemy, driven before the desperate charges of our troops, described during the day, until the very point where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill and into the valley thickets on the left, the Zouaves, the Connecticut, and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, ambuscade after ambuscade. Our fellows were hot and weary; most had drunk no water during hours of dust, and smoke, and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments, until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was the middle of a blazing afternoon. Our regiments held the positions they had won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement towards our left—a dangerous movement for us, a movement which those in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

"Here was the grand blunder, or misfortune of the battle." A misfortune, that we had no troops in reserve after the Ohio regiments were again sent forward, this time to assist in building a bridge across the run on the Warrenton road, by the side of the stone bridge known to be mined. A blunder, in that the last reserve was sent forward at all. It should have been retained to guard the rear of the left, and every other regiment on the field should have been promptly recalled over the route by which it had advanced, and ordered only to maintain such positions as rested on a supported, continuous line. Gen. Scott says, to-day, that our troops had accomplished three days' work, and should have rested long before. But

McDowell tried to vanquish the South in a single struggle, and the sad result is before us.

As it was, Capt. Alexander, with his sappers and miners, was ordered to cut through the abatis by the side of the mined bridge, in the valley directly before us, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlisle's artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. Meanwhile, in the lull which I have mentioned, the one thousand heroic details of Federal valor and the shamelessness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty, and Slocum, and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young governor led the regiments he had so munificently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked, with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours. It was an hour sublime in unselfishness, and apparently glorious in its results!

At this time, near four o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the abatis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut, and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabouts; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly dissevered; no general of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was to be quickly decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manoeuvre. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE FIELD.

By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion, were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored by the the most gallant but unavailable exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat! Hold up men!" he shouted, "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode backwards and forwards, placing his horse across the road and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps. We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutlers' wagons, and were apparently pressing up against us. "It's no use, Alexander," I said, "you must leave with the rest." "I'll be d——d if I will," was the sullen reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Mean time I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder-straps, majors and colonels, who had deserted their commands, pass me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long, narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands, and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it. Only one field-officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieut.-Col. Speidel, a foreigner attached to a Connecticut regiment, strove against the current for a league. I positively declare that, with the two exceptions mentioned, all efforts made to check the panic before Centreville was reached, were confined to civilians. I saw a man in citizen's dress, who had thrown off his coat, seized a musket, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by at the point of the bayonet. In a reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburne, and I learned he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort. Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment, and were serviceable at Centreville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat. For three miles, hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost

sight of in the *debris*. Horses, flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bareback, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few neither left on the field nor taken to the captured hospitals—appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the *mélée*, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned and lay amid the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artilleryman running between the ponderous fore and after wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a flight? Could the retreat of Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot-soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch route the trains attached to Hunter's division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay. Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks, and shovels, and provisions of every kind lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route, and when some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and served it upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with five hundred of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was, enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The rout of the Federal army seemed complete.

A CHECK TO THE RETREAT.

The sight of Miles' reserve drawn up on the hills at Centreville, supporting a full battery of field-pieces, and the efforts of the few officers still faithful to their trust, encouraged many of the fugitive infantry to seek their old camps and go no farther. But the majority pushed on to a point near the late site of Germantown, where Lieut. Brisbane had formed a line of Hunt's artillerists across the road and repulsed all who attempted to break through. I particularly request attention to the service thus rendered by this loyal young officer.

While he was thus engaged, a courier arrived with the News that Col. Montgomery was advancing with a New Jersey brigade from Falls Church, and that the retreat must be stopped, only the wagons being allowed to pass through. Some thousands of the soldiery had already got far on their way to Washington. Poor fellows! who could blame them? Their own colonels had deserted them, only leaving orders for them to reach Arlington Heights as soon as they could. A few miles further I met Montgomery swiftly pressing to the rescue, and reported the success of Lieut. Brisbane's efforts. And so I rode along, as well as my weary horse could carry me, past groups of straggling fugitives, to Fairfax, where Col. Woodbury was expecting, and guarding against, a flank movement of the enemy, and on again to Long Bridge and the Potomac. But the van of the runaway soldiers had made such time that I found a host of them at the Jersey intrenchments begging the sentinels to allow them to cross the bridge. To-day we learn of the safe retreat of the main body of the army; that they were feebly followed by the rebels as far as Fairfax, but are now within the Arlington lines, and that McDowell, a stunned and vanquished general, is overlooking the wreck of his columns from his old quarters at the Custis Mansion.

OUR LOSSES.

The list of the killed and wounded in this wide-spread action will not be found proportionate to the numbers engaged on either side, and to the duration of the conflict. The nature of the ground, and the fact that the struggle was confined to attacks upon batteries and ambuscades, made the whole affair a series of fiery skirmishes, rather than a grand field encounter. Men fought with a kind of American individuality—each for himself—and the musketry firing was of the most irregular character. There were few such heavy volleys as those which made the hills echo last Thursday.

It would not be surprising if our entire loss in killed and wounded should prove to have been not over a thousand men. The rebels must have suffered twice as much from the terrific cannonading of our artillery in the

forenoon, and from the desperate charges of the Zouaves, the Sixty-ninth, and the other corps which were especially distinguished in the engagement. The Zouaves captured two batteries, fought hand to hand with the Carolinians in a furious bowie-knife conflict, routed the famous Black Horse Cavalry, and only broke ranks when victory became hopeless.

Nine-tenths of our killed and wounded were perforce left on the field, and in the hospitals at either end; and as the enemy retains possession of the ground, we can get no accurate details of our losses. From prisoners taken by us we learned that the rebel leaders, determined to have no incumbrances on their hands, issued orders to give no quarter. It is positively known that many of our comrades were bayoneted where they fell. All the wounded Zouaves suffered this inhuman fate.

Rickett's, Carlisle's, and the West Point batteries remain in the enemy's possession. Twenty-three of our guns, including the thirty-two-pound siege pieces, were taken.* But Sherman, who went into action with six cannon, came out with eight—two of them dragged from the rebel embrasures. Large numbers of sutlers' and train wagons are probably cut off, and abandoned arms and munitions have fallen into the enemy's hands. At the date of this letter, it is uncertain whether any of our regiments which were intercepted at the time of the panic have surrendered themselves to the rebels; but this must be the case with many of the infantry, who, ignorant of the country, starving and exhausted, dashed into the forests in their retreat. Every hour, however, is reducing our list of missing, as the stragglers reach their old camps along the Potomac.

THEORY OF THE DEFEAT.

The disastrous result of the action was perhaps inevitable—even though no panic had occurred at the close—from the three causes against which the noblest soldiery can never successfully oppose their daring. First, the enemy's forces had been largely underrated, and nearly doubled our own in number; second, the onus of the attack rested entirely upon us, and the natural and scientific defences of the rebels made their position almost impregnable; third, many of our leaders displayed a lamentable want of military knowledge. There was little real generalship in the field. There was no one mind of the Napoleonic order, at once centralizing and comprehending the entire movement of the day. There was no one to organize our regiments in strong, swift-moving columns, and hurl them powerfully against the foe. Nor were the generals of division more competent to their work. They exhibited personal bravery, but advantages gained were

* Six of the twenty-three cannon were recovered the next day by Col. Einstein, the enemy having delayed removing them from the field.

not secured ; important points were abandoned as soon as carried ; and a reckless, fatiguing pursuit preferred, until Beauregard and Davis, who commanded in person, led us on to positions thoroughly available for the attack of their final reinforcements. As for us, no one had thought of providing that reserve absolutely necessary to the sealing and completion of a battle's successes.

It is the last conflict of the day that decides the victory and defeat. We had no cavalry to rout our retreating foe. Our artillery was not rendered efficient in the afternoon. Gen. Tyler neglected to guard his rear, and to check the pushing forward of his trains. As for the colonels, many of those who were not wounded or killed in the engagement exhibited not merely inefficiency, but the pusillanimity which I have before recorded. To conclude : Before we can force our way through a country as well adapted for strategic defence as the fastnesses of the Piedmontese, the defiles of Switzerland, or the almost unconquerable wilds in which Schamyl so long held the Russians at bay—before we can possess and advance beyond the scientific intrenchments with which the skill of disloyal officers has made those Virginia forests so fearfully and mysteriously deathful to our patriotic soldiery, we must discover the executive leader whose genius shall oppose new modes of subduing a novel, and thus far successful, method of warfare, and whose alert action shall carry his devices into resistless effect.—*New York World, July 23, 1861.*



THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

BY W. D. B.

JAMES RIVER, VA., Tuesday Evening, July 2, 1862.

O FRIENDS! could you realize the afflictions of the past five days, you could almost shed tears of blood. Said a noble and gallant soldier, whose visage was wan, whose voice was tremulous with inexpressible emotion, whose beard was matted with his own precious blood—the crimson drops were trickling from his wound even then: “O my friends! it is horrible, horrible! to see this proud army so wretchedly pressed upon every side, destruction threatening wherever we turn, scarce a hope of extrication save that which is born of despair. It is horrible.” And the devoted soldier, who had faced the foe all day, and far into the night which had passed, turned into the forest to hide his manly grief. Had you seen his worn and haggard warriors plunge wearily on the soil around him, begrimed with smoke, and some of them stained with blood, and had you known that an hour later those brave men, already exhausted and stiffened with long fighting and weary marching, would be summoned again to deadly combat, you, too, would have echoed my noble friend. With all his weariness and all his deep distress of mind, his sword was flashing defiance again at the breast of the foe, before the sun rode highest in the empyrean. Oh! the gloomy countenances and anxious hearts of those dark days! Would to God such days had passed away forever! O my countrymen! you cannot comprehend the toils and trials of your devoted soldiers during those days of murderously unequal combat—conflict not simply with superior masses of disciplined soldiery, but contention against insidious thirst, craving appetite, enfeebling heat, overpowering fatigue—and after fighting and marching, and privations by day and suffering by night, and fighting by days succeeding nights of fighting and harassing vigils, against fresh forces hurled upon them in overpowering masses, till exhausted nature almost sunk beneath such fearful visitations, to be pressed to the imminent verge of despair was almost too much for human nature to endure. Oh! what a glorious spirit of devotion to country that inspires men to conquer such distress! I tell you, people, the soldiers of your army have won title to immortality. Whatever fate betide them, their children’s children may proudly boast: “Our fathers were of the army of the Potomac.”

The soil of Virginia is now sacred. It is bathed with the reddest blood of this broad land. Every rood of it, from the Upper Chickahominy to the base of Malvern Hill, is crimsoned with the blood of your brave brethren. The

dark forests—fitting canopy for such woeful sacrifice—echo with the wails of wounded and dying men. There is a bloody corpse in every copse, and mangled soldiers in every thicket of that ensanguined field. Side by side they lie and die, *friendly* with the misguided foe whom they so lately fought. God only knows how many of the weary ones, plunged headlong into the shade of those gloomy pines, for a brief respite from the pressure of war's iron heel, lie there now to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. But while I write these lines the foe presses hard. Our soldiers turn their breasts to the steel. Their backs are upon the river. O God! shall they not *stand* where they now fight sternly and so well?

There is a record of sorrow—it is softened, too, by great pride—to be made, how your brethren watched and pressed the enemy for *months*, and how their leader begged, and was not relieved, for power to conquer; how day after day they fought and bled—can you forget Fair Oaks and the *weeks* of watching and fighting in view of the spires of Richmond?—how they fought and conquered on Wednesday last; how they fought and *won on* Thursday; how they resisted and beat back the great surging tide of the foe on Friday, but at last, after deeds of heroism, they were compelled to yield to overwhelming power; and how on Saturday and Sunday and Monday and Tuesday they marched and suffered and fought as if every soldier had the soul of a hero in his frame, when nature's energies, almost exhausted, counseled with their fears, they still stood staggering but unconquerable, and met the summons to fight as if it were a privilege to be enjoyed. These were scenes to move the strongest heart. But oh! how cruel, friends, that such brave souls should be pressed almost to the very brink of ruin! They stood up still, with want pressing them, with fatigue crushing them, and at every summons to the field, they followed the old flag with cheers like the songs of gods. There was a moral heroism displayed by those worn men that will make our history's pages shine with splendid lustre.

But the record. With such feeble power as I can exert, after nights of sleeplessness and days of fasting and hardships—no more comparable though with our weary soldiers' troubles than the labor of a pigmy with the works of Hercules—I shall attempt the task. It will be necessary, however, to carry you over the field and present the salient points in advance.

You remember that the army was pressing hard upon Richmond. Every communication to the press assured you that it was not strong enough to execute the task. For weeks the symptoms of insufficiency of power manifestly increased. But the army pressed so closely upon Richmond, it could not be withdrawn without great peril. Gen. McClellan was committed to "do all he could" with what he had, while he hoped for aid. If the enemy did not reënforce he might accomplish his aim. So the work was pressed,

while the people clamored that it was slow. The right wing, consisting of McCall's, Morell's, and Sykes's divisions, less than twenty-five thousand strong, was well posted on the left bank of the Chickahominy, from Beaver Dam Creek to a point below New-Bridge. Several military bridges formed the avenues of communication between the two portions of the army separated by the river. The centre, consisting of Smith's, Sedgwick's, and Richardson's divisions, stretched in line of battle from Goulden's, on the banks of the river, to a point south of the Yorktown Railroad. The left wing, consisting of Hooker's, Kearney's, and Couch's divisions, stretched from Richardson's left to a point considerably south of the Williamsburg stage road, on the borders of White Oak Swamp. The whole line was protected by strong breastworks and redoubts. The necessary extent of the line left but few troops for supports. Casey's, now Peck's, sadly reduced division guarded Bottom Bridge, the railway bridge, and were assigned to other similar duty. Our line of battle on the right bank of the Chickahominy, as I have informed you, pressed so close to the rebel lines that neither could advance a regiment outside of their respective breastworks without provoking battle.

On Wednesday, June twenty-fifth, Gen. McClellan made the first distinctly offensive movement, by directing Gen. Hooker to take up an advanced position on Fair Oaks Farm, near the Williamsburg road. It provoked a sharp resistance, which we overcame, and accomplished our object. It is necessary to note this fact particularly, because it bears strongly upon the question whether Gen. McClellan had then distinctly contemplated changing his base of operations to James River—a perilous thing to attempt before; more so now that we were still nearer the enemy. It was pronounced an "important achievement" by Gen. McClellan himself, because it gave him advantages over the rebel position which he had not enjoyed before. Some time during the night, however, tidings were received of a movement of Stonewall Jackson on our right wing. It was deemed hazardous to maintain the advantage of the previous day, and the line was ordered to resume its old position. Thursday afternoon the anticipated attack upon our right wing was made, and handsomely repulsed; but it was discovered that it had not been made by Jackson's command. Information was received that Jackson was sweeping down the Pamunkey, probably to capture military stores at White House, to cut off our communications with our water-base, and menace our rear. Orders were given at once to destroy all public property at White House and evacuate that point. Matters began to assume a critical appearance, and danger culminated in the disaster of Friday. It was then fully determined to "change the base of operations to James River." It seems to me this was compulsory. The enemy had turned our right, evidently outnumbered us in great disproportion, was too

strong in front for us to break through, and was in position to crush us in front and rear—and, perhaps, intended to strike on our left flank. Apparently his army was numerous enough for that grand combination. The retrograde movement was really begun Friday evening, by the transfer of headquarters from Trent's Bluff to Savage Station, but the grand exodus did not commence until Saturday, and did not swell into full proportions till nightfall of that day. The history of that movement will follow in due course.

The reader being supposed to be familiar with the war-map, will now follow the course pursued by the army. In order to preserve the *morale* of the army as far as possible, and insure supplies of ammunition and subsistence, it was determined to carry through all the wagons loaded, and the ambulance train—making a mighty caravan—vastly increased by artillery trains. There was but one narrow road to pursue. It struck almost due south from the Williamsburg road, through White Oak Swamp to the Charles City road, into which it debouched about eight miles from Turkey Bend in James River. The course then lay up the latter road towards Richmond, where it struck a little south-west by the Quaker road which terminated in New Market road, leading from Richmond. The river was but a short distance south, and Malvern Hill—a beautiful lofty bluff overlooking the river and commanding the surrounding country—being our goal. Although there was but a single road, with slight exception, it had the advantage of coursing through White Oak Swamp, upon which we might rely in some degree for protection of our flanks. There was great danger that the enemy might cut us off by moving columns down the Charles City, Central, or New Market roads, or all three, but these chances were necessarily accepted. Gen. McClellan acted upon the supposition that the enemy would not guess his determination until he was able to defeat their movements. At all events, it was the only hopeful course, because the enemy was watching for him on the left bank of the Chickahominy. The road was a narrow funnel for such a mighty torrent of trains and men, but fortunately it was smooth and dry. In order to make the movement successfully, it was necessary to fight at the outset, because it was morally certain that our line of battle could not be withdrawn from the front without sucking the enemy after them, so that due preparations were made. The events will now be recorded in their order, with as much of the spirit of the perilous enterprise thrown into the sketch as I have time to engraft. The affair at Fair Oaks Farm was the real beginning of the dreary drama. The Mechanicsville battle was the second act. A description is here given:

BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

When I closed my last communication, (twenty-sixth June,) a fierce battle was raging on the left bank of the Chickahominy, on the east side of Beaver Dam Creek. Our extreme right wing, consisting of McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves, eight thousand five hundred strong, with five batteries, were strongly intrenched there in admirable position for defence. Information, leading Gen. McClellan to expect an attempt upon his right, had been received during Wednesday night, and we were as well prepared for resistance as our limited forces would admit. Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps, consisting of Morell's division of volunteers, and Sykes's regulars, some five thousand strong, increased by Duryea's Zouaves, was posted near New Bridge, within supporting distance. Gen. Stoneman had also been sent to Old Church with a regiment of cavalry and two of infantry as a corps of observation and to check flanking movements; or, if possible, to decoy the enemy down the Pamunkey. At about noon a powerful corps of the enemy, consisting of Gen. A. P. Hill's, D. H. Hill's, Longstreet's and Anderson's divisions—*then supposed to be Jackson's force*—under command of Major-General Robert E. Lee, crossed the river at Mechanicsville Bridge, Meadow Bridge, and at Atlee's, and between one and two o'clock attacked our flank. Two regiments of Meade's brigade (McCall's division) were in reserve, and one on picket duty. They did not at any time fully engage the enemy. Gen. Reynolds's brigade held the right, and Seymour's the left. The fight was opened with artillery, at long range, but the enemy, finally discovering our superiority in this arm, foreshortened the range, and came into close conflict. He was evidently provoked at his own inefficiency, since his shells were not destructive in our intrenchments, while our gunners played upon his exposed ranks with fearful effect. The fight seemed to increase in fury as it progressed, and it finally became the most terrific artillery combat of the war. I had been accustomed for months to the incessant roar of heavy guns, but until that period I had failed to comprehend the terrible sublimity of a great battle with field-pieces. The uproar was incessant and deafening for hours. At times it seemed as if fifty guns exploded simultaneously, and then ran off at intervals into splendid file-firing, if I may apply infantry descriptive terms to cannonading. But no language can describe its awful grandeur. The enemy at last essayed a combined movement. Powerful bodies of troops plunged into the valley to charge our lines, but our men, securely posted, swept them away ruthlessly. Again and again the desperate fellows were pushed at the breastworks, only to be more cruelly slaughtered than before. Meantime our force had been strengthened by Griffin's brigade, which increased the volume of infantry fire, and Martindale's brigade came

up to be ready for emergencies. At dark it was evident the rebels had enough, much more than they bargained for.

Their infantry fire had entirely subsided, and it was obvious that they were withdrawing under cover of their artillery. Our own batteries which had opened in full cry at the start, had not slackened an instant. Comprehending the situation fully now, the cannoneers plied themselves with tremendous energy to punish the retreating foe. We have no sure means to determine how many were slaughtered, but prisoners who were in the fight, and an intelligent contraband who escaped from Richmond the next day, and who was all over the field, are confident that three thousand fell. Our own loss was eighty killed and less than one hundred and fifty wounded. The conduct of our troops was admirable, and the gallantry of the officers conspicuous. Gen. McClellan was not in the battle, but was at Gen. Porter's headquarters until it terminated.

It was now ascertained from prisoners that Stonewall Jackson had not joined Lee. Hence it was inferred that he was sweeping down the banks of the Pamunkey to seize the public property, and cut off our retreat in that direction. Gen. Stoneman's command was moved swiftly down to watch operations there, and orders were issued for the removal or destruction of all public stores at White House. The situation, apparently placed on the surface, developed a troubled undercurrent. Gen. McClellan directed Gen. McCall to fall back and take up a new position in front of our military bridges, to resist an attack which was anticipated next day, (Friday.) It was thought if the enemy was not successfully repulsed, he could be drawn across our bridges upon our own terms, where he could be roughly handled. The command was given to Gen. Fitz John Porter, who controlled the troops already mentioned, supported by a powerful train of artillery, regular and volunteer.

Meantime all the trains and equipage of the right wing were withdrawn to Trent's Bluff, on the right bank of the river, during the night, and our wounded were conveyed to the hospital at Savage Station—to be deserted, alas! to the enemy they had beaten. All these facts indicated danger. But other evidences of it were not wanting.

By daylight, Friday morning, Gen. McCall had fallen back in the rear of Gaines's Mill, and in front of Woodbury's Bridge, where he was posted, his left joining the right of Butterfield's brigade, resting in the woods and near the swamps of the Chickahominy. Morell was on his right, in the centre, and Gen. Sykes, commanding five thousand regulars and Duryea's Zouaves, held the extreme right—the line occupying crests of hills near the New-Kent road, some distance east by south of Gaines's Mill's. A portion of the position was good, but judicious generalship might have found a better, and especially it might have been amended by posting the left flank upon a

swamp which was impassable beyond peradventure. Besides, the line was so disposed that it was next to impossible to use our artillery advantageously—the very arm in which we enjoyed undoubted superiority. Nothing definite had yet been heard of the enemy, but it was assumed that he would appear stronger than yesterday. Accordingly, Gen. Slocum's division (about eight thousand strong) was moved across the river to support Porter, although it was deemed hazardous, in consequence of a pending attack along our whole front. But there was no alternative; Gen. McClellan had only so much material, and it was imperative that he should use it according to unavoidable necessity. Thus far I carry the reader in this history. The story of the battle is narrated by a friend, to whom I had entrusted the right wing, to secure the benefits of a division of labor. He writes of the

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILLS, FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH.

The battle opened about one o'clock by skirmishing, particularly in front of Griffin's brigade, near the mill, and by an artillery attack from the battery planted in the orchard near the Gaines House. The enemy felt our position rapidly, and along the whole line at the same time, showing that he was in full force. By two o'clock there had been several conflicts between opposing regiments, without any particular result, save that our men steadily maintained their line. About this time Gen. Griffin's brigade, whose front was covered by Berdan's sharp-shooters, advanced through to the edge of the woods toward Gaines' Mill and made the first important opening of the battle. The enemy at once replied. The Ninth Massachusetts, Col. Cass, a strong and brave regiment, with the Fourth Michigan and Fourteenth New York, had the principal position. The Sixty-second Pennsylvania took position on the extreme right, where the enemy appeared very strong. Weeden's Rhode Island battery, from position in rear of the woods, plied shell and solid shot with accuracy and effect. This was the earliest collision between our forces and the enemy.

The action immediately began with vigor on the extreme right, held by Gen. Sykes' division, composed of Gen. Warner's, Col. Buchanan's and Col. Chapman's brigades. These brigades supported Weed's, Edward's and Tidball's batteries, all regulars. The enemy attacked very fiercely, charging repeatedly, but were as often repulsed.

The enemy delayed their assault upon our left for some time, though Martindale's brave fellows, who were exceedingly well posted, gave them several very destructive volleys, which caused them to recoil with shattered columns up over the hill, down which they had advanced. A brilliant episode occurred on the left of Martindale's brigade, where the Thirtieth New York and the fire-proof and scarred veterans of the Second Maine were

posted. A brigade of Alabamians moved up over the crest of a hill in splendid style, even, steady and resolute, with arms at right shoulder shift, ready for a charge. "Up and at them," was the word along our line, and the two regiments which had lain concealed in the low growth of timber in the valley, sprang to their feet, and one piercing, terrible volley of death-dealing Minies was poured into the ranks of the confident enemy.

The gray-coats fled in terror and dismay, discharging only a few random shots. The range was so close that the whites of the eyes of the rebels could almost be distinguished. The hill was cleared as though swept by a hurricane. One of the regiments left their colors and battle-flag upon the field. The regimental color was secured by Colonel Roberts, of the Second Maine, and the battle-flag by Captain Sullivan, of the Thirteenth New York, who followed the retreating enemy and secured it. Captain Sullivan found the field literally covered with the rebel dead, there being over eighty near the spot where the colors fell.

The gallant men of the famous Light Brigade, as already stated, had the important position of the extreme left of our line. Their right rested near the new-Bridge road, and their left extended into the woods, joining Martindale's right. They were somewhat sheltered by a ditch-fence, and when in position looked up the hill through an open field, on the top of which the enemy took position. They formed in line of battle, the Forty-fourth New York supported by the Sixteenth Michigan, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania by the Twelfth New York. (The Seventeenth New York, of this brigade, as noted elsewhere, had been sent on special duty to another point.) Allen's Massachusetts battery took up a position on the right of the brigade, and battered the enemy fiercely.

The action had become general along the whole line. Stonewall Jackson's column had formed a junction with Lee, and soon attacked our right with great vigor and pertinacity, but he met a galling fire from Edward's, Martin's and Weeden's batteries, which sent him reeling back in disorder. Again he gathered his columns, supported them by fresh troops, again advanced, extending his lines as if to flank our right, and renewed the attack with greater ferocity than ever, to be again repulsed with terrible slaughter. Sykes' regulars, and Warren's brigade, in which are the Duryea Zouaves and Bendix's Tenth New York regiment, played a brilliant part in this portion of the engagement, the Zouaves especially fighting with a desperation and tenacity only to be expected from such superior men. They suffered largely, their peculiar uniform being the especial mark of ten thousand rebel soldiers.

The flank movement of the enemy against our right did not succeed. We extended our line at the same time, and when Jackson was repulsed

the third time, he withdrew from that part of the field and did not renew the attempt.

The tactics of the enemy were soon apparent. It was in massing troops and making sudden onslaughts on this and then on that portion of our columns, by which he expected to break them somewhere, and defeat if not rout us. His next movement was against our centre. Part of Jackson's column, re-enforced by a large body from Hill's division, now made a desperate onset against the centre, the North Carolina regiments being placed in front, and literally compelled to fight. Here the conflict was long and bloody, and raged for nearly two hours with great violence. The columns surged backward and forward, first one yielding and then the other. An idea of the great magnitude of this portion of the fight may be obtained, when I say that this part of the line was successively re-enforced by McCall's reserves, the brigades of General Newton, Colonel Bartlett and Colonel Taylor, of Slocum's division, and it was not until the last fresh brigade was hurled against them that they were beaten back. In this part of the engagement we took about fifty prisoners, who said that in just that part of the engagement, the entire force of Longstreet's and Hill's divisions, and a part of Jackson's column, participated. Probably the most desperate fighting of the day took place upon this part of our lines and at this time. Here it was that we suffered our heaviest losses, and the field presented a most sanguinary hue. The fighting was principally done by musketry; a thick pine woods intervening between our batteries and the enemy preventing the former from getting the range of the latter. Many of our regiments suffered here to the extent of one-third of their men; but nearly all of them stood their ground with firmness, behaving most gallantly. Particularly was this the case with the Ninth Massachusetts, the Fourth Michigan, the Fourteenth New York, of Griffin's brigade, the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, of General Newton's brigade, and the Sixteenth New York, of Colonel Bartlett's brigade. The Sixty-second Pennsylvania, of Griffin's brigade, met an overwhelming force of the enemy, who took them on the flank, and, after a desperate resistance, they succeeded in repulsing the regiment, killing the Colonel—Samuel W. Black, and wounding Lieutenant-Colonel Sweitzer. The regiment broke and retreated, and was the first one to come off the field in disorder, the men frightened and panic stricken at the death of their beloved colonel. The regiment was not re-formed.

Finding he could not force our centre, the enemy gradually threw his columns against our left, pressing Martindale's right wing very hard, where he met a gallant resistance from the Twenty-second Massachusetts and Second Maine regiments, as brave veterans as ever shouldered a musket.

Suddenly the everlasting roar of musketry increased in volume toward the extreme left, and the conflict seemed to grow fiercer than at any

previous time. This was about six o'clock, and as I galloped over the field, I looked back and around upon the most sublime scene that the fierce grandeur and terrible reality of war ever portrayed. The thousand continuous volleys of musketry seemed mingled into the grand roar of a great cataract, while the louder and deeper discharges of artillery bounded forth over those hills and down that valley, with a volume that seemed to shake the earth beneath us. The canopy of smoke was so thick that the sun was gloomily red in the heavens, while the clouds of dust in the rear, caused by the commotion of advancing and retreating squadrons of cavalry, was stifling and blinding to a distressing degree. That memorable scene will never be effaced from my recollection, and it seemed most like a battle-field, of any representation, either real or upon canvas, that I ever saw.

For one hour and a half, our left line withstood this terrible shock of battle. Brigade after brigade of the enemy was hurled against our devoted, daring, dying heroes. Butterfield, with hat in hand, rallied, cheered and led his men forward again and again. Though decimated at every discharge, losing heavily in officers, and with an overwhelming force in front, they still continued to fight. The gallant Col. McLane and Major Nagle, of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, fell death-stricken, while line officers were stricken down by scores, and men by the hundred. But they wavered not. Without a single re-enforcement, from first to last, this gallant brigade fought on, cleared its front from the enemy time after time, until suddenly they found themselves out-flanked on the right, the enemy breaking through Martindale's left, and coming surging down the hill, to cut off and capture the struggling brigade. They thus saw it was in vain to longer continue. The right was giving away rapidly, and black crowds of retreating men could be seen making their way toward the river. "Once more, my gallant men," cried the brave Butterfield, and rallying again, the men cut their way through the opposing host, which now assailed them in front, in flank, and in rear, and fell back upon the river, crossing upon the remains of Emerson's bridge, which had been blown up by our own forces during the fight, and gathering together their scattered columns in the camp of Smith's division, found that they numbered only fifteen hundred, with Lieut.-Col. James C. Rice, who had again signaled himself for heroic bravery, *as the senior officer in command*. A part of the brigade had been withdrawn by the right flank, and with them Gen. Butterfield, who, notwithstanding the thousand dangers that he risked, escaped unharmed, one bullet having passed through the rim of his hat, and another bent his sword double.

When the left gave way, the centre and finally the right was also pressed back, and the retreating columns soon became mingled into one black mass of troops. The infantry supports having fallen back, Allen's, Weeden's,

Hart's and Edward's batteries were left exposed, and all of them lost a part of their armament. Most of Martindale's brigade were rallied within thirty rods of the enemy, under a heroic call from Col. Roberts, of the Second Maine; but he was not supported, and then continued to fall back with the troops. When the order to fall back reached the middle hospital—one of three houses about equidistant from each other, on the road to Woodbury's bridge—quite a stampede took place among the stragglers who had there congregated, most of them being men who had been detailed to bring in the wounded from their regiments, and who had failed to return. They made a rush for the bridge, followed by some of the troops, but before they reached the last hospital near the end of the bridge, they were speedily and summarily checked. About seven o'clock, Meagher's and French's brigades crossed the bridge, and advanced on the double-quick up the hill, forming in line of battle beyond the hospital, and swooping up the stragglers with a round turn. Griffin's and Martin's batteries likewise did splendid service in checking the advance of the enemy, pouring canister into their ranks with terrible effect. Probably the greatest carnage of this bloody day was produced by the incessant discharges of double-shotted canister from the bronze Napoleons of Martin's battery. He had taken up a position in the hollow, between two small hills. The enemy advanced from the opposite side in solid column, on the double-quick, with arms at right shoulder shift, not being able to see the battery until they reached the crest of the hill, within a hundred yards of it, when Martin opened a bitter surprise upon them, sweeping them from the field like chaff before a storm. Twice again they formed and advanced, their officers behaving splendidly. But it was useless. Martin's fierce leaden rain being too terrible to withstand. The advance of the fresh troops having checked the enemy, and night coming on, the conflict ceased, and both parties quietly lay on their arms.

The brigades of Gens. French and Meagher *did not get into action*. They formed in the rear of our broken columns, and did excellent service in checking the flight of many panic-stricken stragglers and demoralized troops. The enemy quickly perceived the arrival of those fresh troops, and being at the same time subject to a galling fire of canister from Griffin's and Martin's batteries, soon withdrew his lines into the woods whence he had issued, and quiet soon prevailed. But in almost less time than it takes to write it, a scene of indescribable excitement, of mingled confusion and direful disorder had been obliterated—yes, literally crushed, and comparative order restored out of almost chaos, by the prompt, energetic and fearless action of brave officers. As the rushing and retreating tide began to pour precipitately towards the bridge, a dozen officers in my own sight drew their sabres and pistols, placed themselves in front of the straggling crowd, and by every device that physical and mental nature could invent, rallied and

formed column after column of men from the broken mass that swept over the plain.

There are some facts which my friend did not incorporate in his sketch. But there was no time or opportunity for him or others to indite history in the midst of public distress. Calamity brooded over all. Few had opportunity to rest, not many could find wherewith to appease hunger, and mind as well as body was afflicted. Both were jaded and reduced. Losses we were obliged to estimate. Official reports there were none. Of material, Fitz-John Porter's command lost twenty pieces of artillery, and the arms, with accoutrements, which belonged to men who were lost. Of dead, wounded and missing, there were seven thousand or upwards. Col. Edmund Pendleton, of a Louisiana regiment (Col. Pendleton formerly resided in Cincinnati), who was captured on Monday (June thirtieth), assured me that on that day the rebels captured four thousand five hundred prisoners. Our dead he estimated, from examination of the field, at three hundred. Of the wounded there is no account. It is reported that the rebel loss is still more awful.

It is claimed that the battle was badly managed. This is no time for criticism; besides, the data is not absolutely reliable. It is certain we were beaten in strategy and in grand tactics. Indeed, I am compelled to admit that the enemy there, as elsewhere, displayed skill in the science of battles, which does not always distinguish our leaders. They seldom risk battle with insufficient forces, and they handle masses in a masterly manner. Thus on Friday, while our men stood and fought in line for hours without respite, the rebel leaders incessantly rushed in fresh troops, relieving those who were jaded or beaten, so that it was painfully apparent, before our brave fellows gave way, that they must finally break before that ever-surging tide. One other error was perceptible. Our officers seemed to fight not so much to win victory as to display the courage and endurance of our soldiers. Instead of standing fast in secure cover of forests, that the enemy might be compelled to fight on our terms, they advanced into the open fields and were cut down by scores by the more crafty foe. But we were beaten. It was a melancholy satisfaction to know that we occupied the field of battle after the conflict was ended. We had about thirty thousand men engaged, perhaps thirty-five thousand. The enemy had four divisions employed, besides Jackson's admirable army of thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand disciplined troops.

We had fourteen batteries—eighty-four pieces—in the field, and often not half could be used to advantage. Martin's, Tidball's, and Weeden's were most serviceable. Tidball's was on the extreme right, and, to the enemy, was an object of special attention. Lieut. Dennison, son of Ex-Governor Denison, had charge of one section of the battery, and his captain

complimented him for his conduct. The conduct of the entire force that day was admirable. The regulars, who had previously complained of restraint, had full scope, and they re-established their ancient fame.

Duryea's Zouaves, clad in crimson breeches and red skull-caps emulated their regular comrades, winning the admiration of the army. But they suffered terribly, their conspicuous uniforms drawing upon them an awful fire wherever they appeared in the field. But volunteers and regulars alike won glory on that bloody field.

Meantime, while tumult raged over in the forest, excitement was scarcely less thrilling in front. Battle was imminent on the entire line all the day long. There were incessant flurries on the picket lines and no respite for any. Men stood in line of battle at the breastworks from day-break—well, they *have been under arms and under fire ever since*, as they had been during the twenty-seven preceding days and nights. The world never witnessed more devoted courage.

Smith's division at Gouldin's, on the edge of Chickahominy valley, and Sedgwick's on his left, occupied the most sensitive points on the whole line, since Fair Oaks. They threatened the key of the rebel position before Richmond. Hancock's and Burn's brigades held the most exposed lines. The former had taken a critical position in front of his intrenchments with a strong battery. It was altogether probable the enemy would attempt to drive him back. The afternoon was wearing away wearily without serious demonstrations, and we had begun to suspect the enemy of some sinister design in remaining so undemonstrative. It was probably four or five o'clock, however, when, without premonition, a strong force pressed strongly upon Gen. Burn's picket-line. He sent word instantly to Hancock to prepare for action. The latter was vigilant, but he had hardly received the message, before a rebel battery of heavy guns opened a furious storm of shell upon him. A moment later a strong brigade pounced upon his pickets, pressed them in irresistibly, and dashed at his battery. Burn was also at work. His pickets had fallen back to their strong supports, and a warm battle was in progress in the woods. The bullets rattled briskly among our camps, but the combatants generally remained invisible from the main line of battle. The scene was now exciting in the highest degree. Burn was working a dozen Napoleons and Parrots; Smith's batteries were hurling shells fast and furious, and the rebel guns were bowling away as merrily. The air was filled with bursting shells and suffused with sulphurous smoke, while the forests were obscured with musket-mist. Our picket-reserves, held their ground manfully, and the enemy was briskly driven back, however, our lads yelling at them triumphantly. Hancock was victorious after a bitter fight, in which two Georgia regiments were almost cut to pieces. Our loss,

though not half so great as that of the enemy, was not trifling. Among the prisoners captured by Hancock, was one of the smartest and most mischievous of Southern politicians, Col. J. Q. C. Lamar, of the First Georgia regiment, once member of Congress. His lieutenant-colonel was also captured.

But apprehensions about Porter's battle had distressed officers all along. It seemed apparent that if the enemy defeated him, ruin threatened us from the rear. An attack in front indicated a disposition on the part of the rebels to force the issue we now deprecated. It was a grateful relief to drive them back in front so easily. All our supports had been sent to Porter. We had no more than men enough to hold the front. It would have been madness to have contended with an equal force of disciplined troops in front and rear. There would have been no alternative but hasty retreat at the sacrifice of most of our equipage and the siege-train, with the butchery of thousands of our troops.

By this time, sunset, tidings of a gloomy character had been received from Porter. Not much later the extent of our misfortunes was partially comprehended by officers. For the first time we heard a whisper of a serious determination on the part of Gen. McClellan to "*change his base of operations (?) to James River.*" It was considered a most critical movement—especially under compulsion. You have already heard some, and you will hear many more explanations of this calamitous but necessitous plan, but I sincerely believe it never would have been attempted but for the attack on our right wing. This question, however, will be the subject of controversy; I shall, therefore, withhold consideration of it in detail until more favorable conditions offer.

Even before Porter had been driven back, I was struck with the singular operations at general headquarters. I discovered that they were being removed to Savage Station, and a competent officer explained gravely that it was thought advisable to go there, although it was in the rear of our *left* wing. After dark there were other ominous symptoms; general officers confided to their staffs their fears of coming disaster. Even with the best disciplined troops, and under favorable auspices, to change a plan of operations in the face of an enemy, is regarded by military authorities as one of the most dangerous enterprises. In our situation it was a case of desperation. With our force, we could not hold our positions against an enemy in front and rear longer than supplies on hand would last. An attempt to cut through lines of intrenchments and powerful redoubts, defended by a numerous and desperate enemy, would have been madness. We had no hope of reinforcements. Besides, it was now too late for them to form a junction with us, either by the Rappahannock route or by York River, since they would be cut off inevitably. There was but one extremely perilous alterna-

tive. The army must fall back on James River. A hope was entertained that the enemy would be deceived into the belief that we designed to fall back to the White House. Preparations were accordingly begun. Porter's command crossed the river without opposition. During the night, our bridges were blown up and the crossings were barricaded and defended. Keyes's line, which was on the extreme left resting upon White Oak Swamp, was prolonged, and our artillery and transportation trains were ordered to prepare to move forward. That night, Gen. Casey was also directed to destroy all public property at the White House that could not be removed, and to transport the sick and wounded to a place of safety, to retire himself, and rejoin the army on James River. Friday night was thus actively and mournfully passed. The troops were ignorant of the *status*, and it was desirable to conceal the truth from them. It was feared the enemy might attack on Saturday, and every preparation was made to resist successfully. Our defeated right was disposed on Trent's Bluffs, where the enemy's crossing *might* be successfully opposed, and by daylight our main body of supports, after a severe night, resumed their original position. The night of Friday, June twenty-seventh, was gloomy, but it was felicity itself, compared with those of Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

Saturday morning loomed upon us hotly and cheerlessly. Until nine o'clock not the sound of a hostile gun disturbed the dread silence. The profound stillness of morning became so oppressive that the dull report of a musket on the borders would have been comparative happiness. About nine o'clock this anxiety was relieved by an awful cannonade opened upon Smith's position from two forts in Garnett's field, a battery at Fitz John Porter's old position, and another below it, on the left bank of the Chickahominy, raking his intrenchments and compelling him to abandon the strongest natural position on our whole line. The fire was terrible. I can describe its lines fairly by comparing it with the right lines and angles of a chess-board. Smith fell back to the woods, a few hundred yards, and threw up breastworks out of range. The enemy content, with his success, ceased firing, and quiet was not disturbed again that day. The silence of the enemy was explained to me that night by a negro slave, who had escaped from his master at headquarters in Richmond. He said a despatch had been sent by Jackson to Magruder, who remained in command in front of Richmond, expressed thus: "*Be quiet. Every thing is working as well as we could desire!*" Ominous words!

I now proceeded to Savage Station. I shall not attempt to describe the sombre picture of gloom, confusion and distress, which oppressed me there. I found officers endeavoring to fight off the true meaning. Anxiety at headquarters was too apparent to one who had studied that branch of the army too sharply to be deluded by thin masks. Other external signs were

demonstrative. The wretched spectacle of mangled men from yesterday's battle, prone upon the lawn, around the hospital, the wearied, haggard, and smoke-begrimed faces of men who had fought, were concomitants of every battle-field, yet they formed the sombre coloring of the ominous picture before me. Then there were hundreds who had straggled from the field, sprawled upon every space where there was a shadow of a leaf to protect them from a broiling sun; a hurry and tumult of wagons and artillery trains, endless almost, rushing down the roads towards the new base, moving with a sort of orderly confusion, almost as distressing as panic itself. But I venture that few of all that hastening throng, excepting old officers, understood the misfortune. Strange to say, that even then, almost eleven o'clock, communication with White House by railroad and telegraph was uninterrupted, but soon after eleven the wires suddenly ceased to vibrate intelligibly.

From headquarters I passed along our lines. The troops still stood at the breastworks ready for battle; but it was evident they had begun to inquire into the situation. Some apprehensive officers had caught a hint of the mysteries which prevailed. The trains were ordered to move, troops to hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment. So passed that day, dreadful in its moral attributes as a day of pestilence, and when night closed upon the dreary scene, the enterprise had fully begun. Endless streams of artillery-trains, wagons, and funeral ambulances poured down the roads from all the camps, and plunged into the narrow funnel which was our only hope of escape. And now the exquisite truth flashed upon me. It was absolutely necessary, for the salvation of the army and the cause, that our wounded and mangled braves, who lay moaning in physical agony in our hospitals, should be *deserted* and left in the hands of the enemy. Oh! the cruel horrors of war. Do you wonder, my friends, that the features of youth wrinkle, and that the strong man's beard silvers soon, amid such scenes? The signature of age indites itself full soon upon the smoothest face of warriors and those who witness war's cruelty. Ah! well, another night of sorrow, without catastrophe. Officers were on horseback nearly all night, ordering the great caravan and its escorts. No wink of sleep again; no peace of mind for any who realized the peril of our country in those blank hours.

At daylight, Gen. McClellan was on the road. Thousands of cattle, of wagons, and our immense train of artillery, intermingled with infantry and great troops of cavalry, choked up the narrow road already. Gen. Sumner's, Heintzelman's, and Franklin's corps, under Sumner's command, had been left to guard the rear, with orders to fall back at daylight, and hold the enemy in check till night. A noble army for sacrifice, and some, oh! how many, must fall to save the rest. The very slightest movement from the front was critical. At no point along the line were we more than three-

fourths of a mile from the enemy, and in front of Sedgwick's line they were not over six hundred yards distant. The slightest vibration at any point was apt to thrill the rebel lines from centre to wings. But fortunately, by skillful secrecy, column after column was marched to the rear—Franklin first, Sedgwick next, then Richardson and Hooker, and lastly the knightly Kearney.

A mile had been swiftly traversed, when these splendid columns quickly turned at bay. The moment was most thrilling, most trying to stoutest nerves. The enemy, keen-scented and watchful, had discovered the retrograde, and quick as thought were swarming through our late impassable entanglements, and came yelling at our heels like insatiate savages. Full soon our camps had hived countless numbers, and red battle began to stamp his foot. Gallant Burns was first to feel the shock. One of his favorite regiments—Baxter's Philadelphia Fire Zouaves—had been assigned to support a battery. As the enemy advanced it opened hotly upon them, but undismayed, they pressed to the charge. Burns held firm his men until the enemy seemed almost ready to plunge upon the guns. Then waving his sword, he ordered his trusty fellows to fire. A basketful of canister, fearful volleys of musketry, and all who were left of that slaughtered column of rebels fled howling to the rear. Fresh masses poured out and were sent surging back again, until finally they stood aloof, content to watch and wait a happier moment to assail that desperate front. Meantime, almost every vestige of camp-furniture, which had been left in camp, had been examined by the enemy with disappointment and rage. We had destroyed all we could not transport.

Towards noon the line had retired several miles, and rested behind Savage Station, to destroy the public property which had accumulated there. A locomotive on the railway was started swiftly down the road, with a train of cars, and soon plunged madly into the Chickahominy, a mangled wreck. The match was applied to stores of every description, and ammunition was exploded, until nothing was left to appease the rebel appetite for prey. Destruction was complete, and the ruins were more touchingly desolate amid the mangled victims of war's ruthlessness, who lay on the hillside mourning the departure of friends with whom they had bravely fought. Would that such pictures could be sealed up in the book of memory, never to be opened to the human heart. Many a manly fellow has told me since that all human sorrow seemed condensed into that one woeful parting. If it were ever manful to shed tears, men might then have wept like Niobe. Let us draw the veil to hide the wounds more agonizing than rude weapon ever rent. Hundreds—I don't know how many—were left upon the green sward and in our too limited hospitals, to wait the cold charities of bitter enemies.

The advance column and all that mighty train had now been swallowed

in the maw of the dreary forest. It swept onward, onward, fast and furious like an avalanche. Every hour of silence behind was ominous, but hours were precious to us. Pioneer bands were rushing along in front, clearing and repairing our single road; reconnoissance officers were seeking new routes for a haven of rest and safety. The enemy was in the rear pressing on with fearful power. He *could press down flankward to our front*, cutting off our retreat. Would such be our fate? The vanguard had passed White Oak Bridge and had risen to a fine defensive post, flanked by White Oak Swamps, where part of the train at least could rest. How sadly the feeble ones needed it, those who having suspected their friends were about to abandon them, trusted rather to the strength of fear to lead them to safety, than to the fate which might await them at the hands of the foe. But the march was orderly as upon any less urgent day, only swifter—and marvellous, too, it seemed that such caravans of wagons, artillery, horsemen, soldiers, camp-followers, and all, should press through that narrow road with so little confusion.

Two miles beyond the bridge the column suddenly halted. A tremor thrilled along the line. A moment more, and the dull boom of a cannon and its echoing shell fell grimly upon our ears. Were we beleaguered? An hour later, and there was an ominous roar behind. The enemy was thundering on our rear. I know that the moment was painful to many, but no soldier's heart seemed to shrink from the desperate shock. Back and forth dashed hot riders. Messengers here, orders there, *composure and decision where it should be*, with determination to wrest triumph from the jaws of disaster. As yet every thing had prospered, and at noon a brighter ray flashed athwart our dreary horizon. Averill—our dashing "Ashby"—had moved with the vanguard, met eight companies of rebel cavalry, charged them, routed them, pursued them miles beyond our reach, and returned in triumph with sixty prisoners and horses, leaving nine dead foes on the field. He explained it modestly, but I saw old generals thank him for the gallant exploit—not the first of his youthful career. Gen. Keyes had sent a section of artillery with the vanguard, Averill's cavalry escorting it. The rebels charged at the guns, not perceiving our cavalry, which was screened by thickets. The artillery gave them shell and canister, which checked their mad career. Averill charged, and horse, rider and all were in one red burial blent. Dead horses are scattered over that field, and dead men lie under the shadows of the forests. We lost but one brave trooper.

Headquarters, which had tarried near the bridge, were now moved two miles beyond. Keyes's corps was forwarded, Sykes was guarding our flanks, Mcrell was moving behind Keyes, Fitz John Porter stood guard around the camp. Day was wearing away. An awful tumult in rear, as if the elements were contending, had been moving senses with exquisite

power. Foaming steeds and flushed riders dashed into camp. Stout Sumner was still holding his own. The enemy was raging around him like famished wolves. There seemed to be a foe behind every tree; but the old hero and his gallant soldiers fought like lions. You could see the baleful fires of cannon flashing against the dusky horizon, playing on the surface of the evening clouds like sharp magnetic lights. Long lines of musketry vomited their furoous volleys of pestilential lead through the forests, sweeping scores of brave soldiers into the valley of the shadow of death. And nature now, as if emulous of man's fury, flashed its red artillery, and rolled its grand thunder over the domes of Richmond, now miles to the right of us. Moment after moment elapsed before even practised soldiers could decide which was the power of God and which the conflict of man, so strangely similar were the twin reverberations. But the sharp glare of electricity recorded the truth in vivid lines of fire. No combination of the dreadful in art and the magnificent in nature was ever more solemnly impressive.

Nothing struck me so keenly during all that gloomy day and more desolate night, as the thinly disguised uneasiness of those to whom the country had entrusted its fate. It was well that soldiers who carry muskets did not read the agony traced upon the face of that leader whom they had learned to love. A few in that gloomy bivouac folded their arms to sleep, but most were too exhausted to enjoy that blessed relief. That dreadful tumult, but a few short miles in the distance, raged till long after the whip-poor-wil had commenced his plaintive song. Late at night, couriers, hot from the field, dashed in with glad tidings. Sumner had beaten the enemy at every point, until they were glad to cease attack. The warrior was advised by Gen. McClellan to retire quietly to our main body; but the old man, game as a king-eagle, begged to be permitted to drive the rebels home. Said a general to me: "Old Bull Sumner didn't want to quit. The game old fellow had to be choked off."

That battle in the forests was a contest of desperation. A haughty and revengeful foe, confident in victory and numbers, pressed us to the wall, and that spirit of resistance which should inflame every army of the North against those who war upon constitutional liberty, met them hand to hand, steel to steel, and drove them to their dens. It was a Sunday battle.

That night there was another strange meteorological phenomenon. I suppose it was about midnight. The lights at headquarters were still blazing. The Commander was yet working with unyielding devotion; aids were still riding fast, but all else was silent. I had just fallen into slumber—the first during two weary nights—when I was startled by what we all thought was the terrific uproar of battle. Again and again it thundered, and rolled sublimely away off on the borders of Chickahominy. For some moments we feared the enemy had crossed the river behind our rear-guard

and was destroying our right wing in the darkness. Many who suspected they might be victims of a delusion—most natural in that critical period, when nothing but the sound of cannon and musketry had been the most familiar sounds of our camps for months—criticised their senses sharply, but still the uproar was so wonderfully like battle, that we could not shake the opinion from our minds that a night-fight was going on. Five minutes elapsed, I suppose, before the ragged crown of a black cloud in the distance reared itself above the forests, and dispelled the gloomy deception.

Morning beamed upon us again brilliantly but hotly. We thanked Heaven that it had not rained. The enemy had not yet appeared in our front. Sumner had brought off his splendid command, Franklin was posted strongly on the south bank of White Oak Creek; Heintzelman was on his left; Keyes' corps was moving swiftly to James River, down the Charles City and Quaker road; Porter and part of Sumner's corps were following rapidly.

Moving to the rear to learn the fate of friends, the history of yesterday's bitter conflict was sketched for me in the haggard features of the weary men who had fallen exhausted in their forest bivouac. Brave old Sumner's face bore traces of the excoriating fire of battle, but his features were radiant with smiles. He was eloquent in his praises of his command. "Burns had borne the brunt of the fight, and he did it magnificently, sir." Sedgwick, who had been sick for days, had stemmed the torrent grimly. His first words were: "B., that was Burns' fight. He showed himself a splendid soldier. Let the world know his merits. He deserves all you can say." Sedgwick seldom praises men. But he is a gallant soldier himself, and he appreciates merit. I found General Burns stretched under a lofty pine, and his warriors were slumbering around him painfully. His eyes were hollow and blood-shot, his handsome features pale and thin, his beard and his clothing were clotted with blood, his face was bandaged, concealing a ragged and painful wound in his nether jaw—it was enough to make a Sphinx weep to look upon the work of an awful day upon such a man. His voice was husky from his exhortations and battle-cries, and tremulous with emotion, when, grasping my hand, he said with exquisite pathos: "My friend, many of my poor fellows lie in those forests. It is terrible to leave them there. Blakeney is wounded, McGonigle is gone, and many will see us no more. We are hungry and exhausted, and the enemy—the forest is full of people—are thundering at our heels. It is an awful affliction. We will fight them, feeble as we are—but with what hope!" To know such a man; to feel how keenly he realized the situation; to watch his quivering lips and sad play of features, usually so joyous—O friends! it was anguish itself. And there was a townsman of yours there, who won imperishable honor—William G. Jones, lieutenant-colonel, who but one short week ago took

command of the First California regiment. He handled it like a veteran, and behaved like a Bayard. His new command, fired by his enthusiasm and daring even beyond their old prowess, did deeds which General Sumner himself said entitled them to the glory of heroes. So hot was the fight and so hot the work, that Jones once fell headlong from his horse, from exhaustion, but recovering soon, he resumed his sword and again led his gallant fellows to the charge. General Burns speaks so warmly of the devotion and heroism of George Hicks, of Camblos, and Blakeney, and Griffiths, his staff and his colonels, Morehead, Baxter and Owens, their countrymen should know their worth. So Sedgwick speaks of his adjutant, Captain Sedgwick, and of Howe, his aid. So Sumner speaks of Clark, and of Kipp, and of Tompkins, and of all in his command. In that fray Sedgwick's division lost six hundred men, and four hundred more of various corps are not among their comrades. General Brooks also was wounded in the right leg, but not seriously. The enemy first attacked at Orchard Station, near Fair Oaks, in the morning, but were soon driven off. At about noon they returned in heavy force from the front of Richmond, while a strong column was thrown across Chickahominy, at Alexander's Bridge, near the railway-crossing. They first appeared in the edge of the woods south of Trent's, and opened upon our column on the Williamsburg road with shell. At the same time they trained a heavy gun upon our line from the bridge they had just crossed. They still seemed deluded with the belief that General McClellan intended to retreat to the Pamunkey, and all day long they had marched heavy columns from their camps in front of Richmond across New-Bridge, to strengthen Jackson still more. Happy delusion!

Their first shells exploded around and over the hospitals at Savage Station, but it is just to say it was not intentional. They next opened upon a cluster of officers, including Sumner, Sedgwick, Richardson, Burns, and their staffs, missing them fortunately, but covering them with dust. Our own batteries were now in full clamor, and both sides handled their guns skillfully. The object of the enemy seemed to be to break our right centre, and consequently Burns' brigade was the recipient of the principal share of their favor. As the afternoon wore away, the combatants drew closer together, and the conflict became one of the sharpest of the battles on Virginia soil. Two companies of one regiment stampeded. General Burns flung himself across their track, waved his bullet-shattered hat, expostulated, exhorted, entreated, threatened, imprecated, under a storm of lead, and at last, throwing his hat in an agony of despair upon the ground, begged them to rally once more, and preserve them and him from disgrace. The last appeal touched them. The men wheeled with alacrity, and fought like heroes until the carnage ceased. Each regiment distinguished itself so conspicuously, that in happier times their names will be inscribed in general

order. But there was such a number of regiments and officers engaged that the record would make a volume. Suffice it that none but those I expected, and who redeemed themselves subsequently, faltered in the fight. Sumner's corps held the field till Heintzelman's corps had retired, and then moved quietly and swiftly back, under cover of night and the forests, across White Oak Bridge.

Our trains had now passed White Oak Bridge. Such an achievement, in such order, under the circumstances, might well be regarded wonderful. The retreat was most ably conducted. Until this day (Monday), the enemy seems constantly to have operated upon the supposition that our army was intending to retire to the Pamunkey. They had been deluded into this belief by the Seventeenth New York and Eighteenth Massachusetts regiments, together with part of the First, Second and Sixth Regular cavalry, which had been sent out to Old Church on Thursday morning, to impress the enemy with that notion. (Par parenthèse, they retired safely to Yorktown, and are now at Malvern Hill.) But our true object must now have become apparent, and it was vitally necessary to get the trains through before the enemy could push columns down the Charles City, Central and New-Market roads. But until eight o'clock in the morning, we had no knowledge of any but the Quaker road to the point at which we now aimed—Hardin's Landing and Malvern Hill, in Turkey Bend. Sharp reconnoissance, however, had found another, and soon our tremendous land-fleet was sailing down two roads, and our long artillery train of two hundred and fifty guns and equipments were lumbering after them with furious but orderly speed. So perfect was the order—although to an unpractised eye it would have seemed the confusion of Babel—that the roads were blockaded but two or three times. The topography of the country had now become such, that infantry could march through the woods in parallel lines on both sides of the trains, while White Oak Swamp fortunately protected our flanks from cavalry. We were getting on admirably, and it was apparent that the whole army would be safely in position before sunset, unless the enemy should attack.

BATTLE AT WHITE OAK SWAMP.

At about ten o'clock, General McClellan pushed to the river, communicating with Commodore Rodgers, and had the gunboat fleet posted to aid us against the enemy. The case was desperate, but it was a relief to reach the river, where we could turn at bay, with our rear protected by the James, and flanks partially covered by gunboats. Tidings, however, had been received that the enemy was pushing swiftly upon us in several columns of immense numbers, apparently determined to crush us or drive us into the river that night. They opened fiercely with shell upon Smith's

division at White Oak Bridge. After burning down the house of a good secessionist, and breaking his leg, the enemy extended his line of fire, and soon engaged our entire rear-guard, striking at Slocum, who was guarding against a flank movement designed to cut our column in twain.

Long before this, our vanguard had debouched from the road into the field before Turkey Bend, and our reserve artillery was powerfully posted on Malvern Hill, a magnificent bluff covering Hardin's Landing, where our gunboats were cruising. Here was a glorious prospect. Though our gallant fellows were bravely holding the fierce enemy at bay to cover the swiftly escaping trains, it was clear our troubles were not ended. We had again deceived the enemy by going to Turkey Bend. He had imagined we were marching to New-Market, destined to a point on Cliff Bottom road, near Fort Darling. It was not far away, and the enemy was massing his troops upon us on the left and on our new front; for when we arrived at Malvern Hill, the wings of the army as organized were reversed, Keyes taking the right, Porter's corps the left, as we faced Richmond. Our line now described a great arc, and there was fighting around three-fourths of the perimeter.

General McClellan, who had already communicated with the gunboats, returned from the front to Malvern Hills, which were made his battle headquarters, and dispositions for a final emergency were made. Fitz-John Porter was marched from the valley under the hill to his post on the western crest of the hill, where he could rake the plains toward Richmond. Our splendid artillery was picturesquely poised in fan shape at salient points, and its supports were disposed in admirable cover in hollows between undulations of the bluff. Powerful concentrating batteries were also posted in the centre, so that, to use the language of Colonel Sweitzer: "We'll clothe this hill in sheets of flame before they take it." It was a magnificent spectacle. The roar of combat grew tremendous as the afternoon wore away. There was no time then nor afterwards to ascertain dispositions of particular organizations. They were thrown together wherever emergency demanded. White Oak Bridge, the Quaker road, Charles City road, the banks of Turkey Creek, were enveloped in smoke and flame; iron and lead crashed through forests and men like a destroying pestilence. A masked battery which had opened from the swamp under Malvern Hill, began to prove inconvenient to Porter. It ploughed and crashed through some of our wagons, and disturbed groups of officers in the splendid groves of Malvern mansion. The gunboat Galena, anchored on the opposite side of Turkey Island, and the Aroostook, cruising at the head of the island, opened their ports and plunged their awful metal into the rebel cover with Titanic force. Towards sunset the earth quivered with the terrific concussion of artillery, and huge explosions. The aerial auditorium seemed convulsed with the commotion of frightful sounds.

Shells raced like dark meteors athwart the horizon, crossing each other at eccentric angles, exploding into deadly iron hail and fantastic puffs of smoke, until ether was displaced by a vast cloud of white fumes, through which even the fierce blaze of a setting summer's sun could but grimly penetrate. Softly puffing above the dark curtain of forest which masked the battle-field, there was another fleece which struggled through the dense foliage like heavy mist-clouds, and streaming upward in curious eddies with the ever-varying current of the winds, mingled with and absorbed the canopy of smoke which floated from the surface of the plains and river. The battle-stained sun, sinking majestically into the horizon behind Richmond, burnished the fringe of gossamer with lurid and golden glory; and as fantastic columns capriciously whiffed up from the woods, they were suddenly transformed into pillars of lambent flame, radiant with exquisite beauty, which would soon separate into a thousand picturesque forms and fade into dim capacity. But the convulsion beneath was not a spectacle for curious eyes. The forms of smoke-masked warriors, the gleam of muskets on the plains where soldiers were disengaged, the artistic order of battle on Malvern Hill, the wild career of wilder horsemen plunging to and from and across the field, formed a scene of exciting grandeur. In the forest where eyes did not penetrate there was nothing but the exhilarating and exhausting spasm of battle. Baleful fires blazed among the trees, and death struck many shining marks. Our haggard men stood there with grand courage, fighting more like creatures of loftier mould than men. Worn and jaded, and hungry and thirsty, beset by almost countless foes, they cheered and fought and charged into the very jaws of death until veteran soldiers fairly wept at their devotion. It was wonderful how our noble fellows fought; wonderful how their hearts swelled with greatness; and, as the enemy, in very madness at the terrible bitterness with which they resisted, plunged fresh columns against them—one, two, three, *four, five* lines of battle, fresh men each time, and stronger than each predecessor, our glorious soldiers still fought and still repelled the revengeful foe. "History," said a general, "never saw more splendid self-immolation. It was agonizing to see the men stand in the ranks and fight till exhausted nature could do no more." At last deep darkness ended the fight. The enemy withdrew and sat himself down to watch his prey. We had beaten him back. But the morrow! Would the enemy strike our ragged columns again?

Perhaps one of the noblest spectacles in martial history was improvised in Fitz-John Porter's camp, when his veteran volunteers were ordered to the battle-field. They had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours. Thursday some of them had fought. Friday they fought all day long and into night. That night they marched across the river. Next day they marched again. That night they kept watch in White Oak Swamp. And Monday they

marched again. The fiery sun had parched their feet, hunger and thirst and labor had enfeebled their bodies, but Monday afternoon, when orders came to move again to the field, the color-bearers stepped to the front with their proud standards; the drums beat a rallying rataplan, and those devoted followers of the "banner of beauty and glory" swung aloft their hats and shouted with soul-stirring enthusiasm. The eyes of their generals flashed fire as their faces lighted up with sudden glory; and officers stepped together in clusters and swore solemnly that life should be sacrificed before that flag should fall. "My life," said one, "is nothing, if I have no country." And again the noble fellows shouted their war-notes. Weak as they were, I saw them move to the field at double-quick. When *they* fly, the army of the Potomac will be no more.

Night seemed to bring a little more relief. The enemy could not press us then. But would he to-morrow? It was believed he was massing all his power to crush us in combined attack. Oh! that our soldiers could rest a day, even. Alas! they could not rest *at night*. Their salvation, it seemed, depended more upon their labor now than upon their guns. Into the trenches, ye braves, and work till morn summons you to battle. And so they labored, some dropping listlessly in the trenches, exhausted nature refusing to endure more.

I cannot detail the battle of Monday. Brigades, and regiments, and companies, and fragments of each were fought as they could be used. It matters not who were here or there. It was a terrible battle. Gen. McCall was lost. Gen. Sumner was twice wounded, but not seriously. His wounds were bound on the field, and he remained in the saddle and in the fiery torrent. Col. Wyman, too, of the Eighteenth Massachusetts, was killed. Gen. Meade was severely wounded. How many others I cannot tell. It was a bloody day. There will be weeping at many a hearthstone, and many a loved one was lost who will be sought for long and never found.

Sumner, and Heintzelman, and Franklin, and Hooker, and Smith, and Sedgwick, and McCall—Hancock, and Davidson, and Meade, and Seymore, and Burns, and Sickles, and Sully, and Owens, and dead Wyman, and all the galaxy of brave leaders, won title to glorious honors. They *tell* me that the rebel Gen. Longstreet was wounded and two other generals lay dead on the field, with long lines of rebel officers and hecatombs of men. Melancholy satisfaction for such dead as ours.

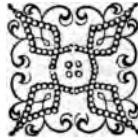
The enemy was beaten again, thank God! beaten badly, driven back, slaughtered fearfully. The gunboats had at least a moral agency in the fight. It did not appear that their guns could do more than protect the left flank, which was much, and the enemy was shy of that point.

Tuesday, the first of July, was not a cheerful day. The prospect was not happy. It was gloomy at headquarters. The troops were intrenching

the hill and standing to arms. The enemy were reported massing their forces. We were preparing to repel them. At noon silence was broken by hostile cannon in the extreme front. As afternoon wore away, the bombardment increased. At five o'clock there was a battle, and the Aroostook was hurling shell into the woods. At about seven o'clock the firing was heavy, but it was confined to a narrow circle. Ayres was driving the enemy from his batteries. Our boat pushed from the landing. At dark we moved from Harrison's Landing, seven miles below. The army had not moved there; the trains had. Soon after we steamed into the channel, the bombardment grew heavier. The gunboats were thundering into the forests.

When I left the prospect was cheerless. That night we met reënforcements. Before morning the army was strengthened. Pray God it was made strong enough to go to Richmond.

This retreat of Gen. McClellan was masterly. He carried all that army and all his trains successfully through one narrow road, while encompassed by enemies two-fold as strong as his army.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.



BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

[*N. Y. Tribune Account.*]

BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM, }
Wed. Ev., Sept. 17, 1862. }

FIERCE and desperate battle between two hundred thousand men has raged since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo—all over the field contested with an obstinacy equal even to Waterloo. If not wholly a victory to-night, I believe it is the prelude to a victory to-morrow. But what can be foretold of the future of a fight in which from five in the morning till seven at night the best troops of the continent have fought without decisive result?

I have no time for speculation—no time even to gather details of the battle—only time to state its broadest features, then mount and spur for New York.

After the brilliant victory near Middletown, Gen. McClellan pushed forward his army rapidly, and reached Keedysville with three corps on Monday night. That march has already been described. On the day following the two armies faced each other idly until night. Artillery was busy at intervals; once in the morning opening with spirit, and continuing for half an hour with vigor, till the rebel battery, as usual, was silenced.

McClellan was on the hill where Benjamin's battery was stationed, and found himself suddenly under a rather heavy fire. It was still uncertain whether the rebels were retreating or reinforcing. Their batteries would remain in position in either case, and as they had withdrawn nearly all their troops from view, there was only the doubtful indication of columns of dust to the rear.

On the evening of Tuesday, Hooker was ordered to cross the Antietam Creek with his corps, and feeling the left of the enemy, to be ready to attack next morning. During the day of apparent inactivity, McClellan, it may be supposed, had been maturing his plan of battle, of which Hooker's movement was one development.

The position on either side was peculiar. When Richardson advanced on Monday he found the enemy deployed and displayed in force on a crescent-shaped ridge, the outline of which followed more or less exactly the course of Antietam Creek. Their lines were then forming, and the revelation of force in front of the ground which they really intended to hold, was probably meant to delay our attack until their arrangements to receive it were complete.

During that day they kept their troops exposed and did not move them even to avoid the artillery-fire, which must have been occasionally annoying. Next morning the lines and columns which had darkened corn-fields and hill crests had been withdrawn. Broken and wooded ground behind the sheltering hills concealed the rebel masses. What from our front looked like only a narrow summit fringed with woods was a broad table-land of forest and ravine; cover for troops everywhere, nowhere easy access for an enemy. The smoothly sloping surface in front and the sweeping crescent of slowly mingling lines was all a delusion. It was all a rebel stronghold beyond.

Under the base of these hills runs the deep stream called Antietam Creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it, one on the Hagerstown road, one on the Sharpsburg pike, one to the left in a deep recess of steeply falling hills. Hooker passed the first to reach the ford by which he crossed, and it was held by Pleasanton with a reserve of cavalry during the battle. The second was close under the rebel centre, and no way important to yesterday's fight. At the third, Burnside attacked and finally crossed. Between the first and third lay most of the battle-lines. They stretched four miles from right to left.

Unaided attack in front was impossible. McClellan's forces lay behind low, disconnected ridges in front of the rebel summits, all or nearly all unwooded. They gave some cover for artillery, and guns were therefore massed on the centre. The enemy had the Shepherdstown road and the Hagerstown and Williamsport road both open to him in rear for retreat. Along one or the other, if beaten, he must fly. This among other reasons determined, perhaps, the plan of battle which McClellan finally resolved on.

The plan was generally as follows: Hooker was to cross on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left if possible, flanking his position, and to open the fight. Sumner, Franklin, and Mansfield were to send their forces also to the right, co-operating with and sustaining Hooker's attack while advancing also nearer the centre. The heavy work in the centre was left mostly to the batteries, Porter massing his infantry supports in the hollows. On the left, Burnside was to carry the bridge already referred to, advancing then by a road which enters the pike at Sharpsburg, turning at once the rebel flank and destroying his line of retreat. Porter and Sykes were held in reserve. It is obvious that the complete success of a plan contemplating widely divergent movements of separate corps, must largely depend on accurate timing—that the attacks should be simultaneous and not successive.

Hooker moved Tuesday afternoon at four, crossing the creek at a ford above the bridge and well to the right, without opposition. Fronting southwest, his line advanced not quite on the rebel flank but overlapping and threatening it. Turning off from the road after passing the stream, he sent

forward cavalry skirmishers straight into the woods and over the fields beyond. Rebel pickets withdrew slowly before them, firing scattering and harmless shots. Turning again to the left, the cavalry went down on the rebel flank, coming suddenly close to a battery which met them with unexpected grape and canister. It being the nature of cavalry to retire before batteries, this company loyally followed the law of its being, and came swiftly back without pursuit.

Artillery was sent to the front, infantry was rapidly deployed, and skirmishers went out in front and on either flank. The corps moved forward compactly, Hooker as usual reconnoitering in person. They came at last to an open grass-sown field inclosed on two sides with woods, protected on the right by a hill, and entered through a corn-field in the rear. Skirmishers penetrating these woods were instantly met by rebel shots, but held their ground, and as soon as supported, advanced and cleared the timber. Beyond, on the left and in front, volleys of musketry opened heavily, and a battle seemed to have begun a little sooner than it was expected.

General Hooker formed his lines with precision and without hesitation. Ricketts' division went into the woods on the left in force. Meade with the Pennsylvania reserves formed in the centre. Doubleday was sent out on the right, planting his guns on the hill, and opening at once on a rebel battery that began to enfilade the central line. It was already dark, and the rebel position could only be discovered by the flashes of their guns. They pushed forward boldly on the right after losing ground on the other flank, but made no attempt to regain their hold on the woods. The fight flashed and glimmered, and faded, and finally went out in the dark.

Hooker had found out what he wanted to know. When the firing ceased, the hostile lines lay close to each other—their pickets so near that six rebels were captured during the night. It was inevitable that the fight should recommence at daylight; neither side had suffered considerable loss; it was a skirmish, not a battle. "We are through for to-night, gentlemen," remarked the general, "but to-morrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the republic.

Not long after the firing ceased, it sprang up again on the left. Gen. Hooker, who had taken his headquarters in a barn which had been nearly the focus of the rebel artillery, was out at once. First came rapid and unusually frequent picket-shots, then several heavy volleys. The general listened a moment and smiled grimly. "We have no troops there. The rebels are shooting each other. It is Fair Oaks over again." So every body lay down again, but all the night through there were frequent alarms.

McClellan had been informed of the night's work, and of the certainties awaiting the dawn. Sumner was ordered to move his corps at once, and was expected to be on the ground at daylight. From the extent of the

rebel lines developed in the evening, it was plain that they had gathered their whole army behind the heights and were waiting for the shock.

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Ricketts's line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a ploughed field near the top of the slope where the corn-field began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods which stretched forward into the broad fields like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their general every where in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who under McDowell had broken at Manassas.

The half-hour passed, the rebels began to give way a little—only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, Forward, was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn-field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away; a regiment where a brigade had been; hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met at the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed; it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the corn-field from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened,

but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday: "Give me your best brigade instantly."

The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front through a storm of shot and bursting shell and crushing limbs, over the open field beyond and straight into the corn-field, passing as they went the fragments of three brigades shattered by the rebel fire and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops, led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

Gen. Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but, now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill from which the corn-field begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view—not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired then at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded ever in flame and smoke. They were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts and another regiment which I cannot remember—old troops all of them.

There for half an hour they held the ridge, unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere bent. Their general was severely wounded early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come—they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I cannot tell how few of Hartsuff's brigade were left when the work was done, but it was done. There was no more gallant, determined, heroic fighting in all this desperate day. Gen. Hartsuff is very severely wounded, but I do not believe he counts his success too dearly purchased.

The crisis of the fight at this point had arrived. Rickett's division, vainly endeavoring to advance and exhausted by the effort, had fallen back. Part of Mansfield's corps was ordered in to their relief, but Mansfield's troops came back again, and their general was mortally wounded. The left nevertheless was too extended to be turned, and too strong to be broken. Rickett sent word he could not advance, but could hold his ground. Doubleday had kept his guns at work on the right, and had finally silenced a rebel battery that for half an hour poured in a galling enfilading fire along Hooker's central line. There were woods in front of Doubleday's hill which the rebels held, but so long as those guns pointed towards them they did not care to attack.

With his left, then, able to take care of itself, with his right impregnable, with two brigades of Mansfield still fresh and coming rapidly up, and with

his centre a second time victorious, Gen. Hooker determined to advance. Orders were sent to Crawford and Gordon—the two Mansfield brigades—to move forward at once, the batteries in the centre were ordered to advance, the whole line was called on, and the general himself went forward.

To the right of the corn-field and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and firmly held, it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. He rode out in front of his furthest troops on a hill to examine the ground for a battery. At the top he dismounted and went forward on foot, completed his reconnoissance, returned, and remounted. The musketry fire from the point of woods was all the while extremely hot. As he put his foot in the stirrup a fresh volley of rifle bullets came whizzing by. The tall, soldierly figure of the general, the white horse which he rode, the elevated place where he was, all made him a most dangerously conspicuous mark. So he had been all day, riding often without a staff-officer or an orderly near him—all sent off on urgent duty—visible every where on the field. The rebel bullets had followed him all day, but they had not hit him, and he would not regard them.

Remounting on this hill, he had not ridden five steps when he was struck in the foot by a ball. Three men were shot down at the same moment by his side. The air was alive with bullets. He kept on his horse a few minutes, though the wound was severe and excessively painful, and would not dismount till he had given his last order to advance. He was himself in the very front. Swaying unsteadily on his horse, he turned in his seat to look about him. "There is a regiment to the right. Order it forward! Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry those woods and hold them—and it is our fight!"

It was found that the bullet had passed completely through his foot. The surgeon who examined it on the spot could give no opinion whether bones were broken, but it was afterward ascertained that though grazed they were not fractured. Of course the severity of the wound made it impossible for him to keep the field, which he believed already won, so far as it belonged to him to win it. It was nine o'clock. The fight had been furious since five. A large part of his command was broken, but with his right still untouched, and with Crawford's and Gordon's brigades just up; above all, with the advance of the whole central line, which the men had heard ordered with cheers, and with a regiment already on the edge of the woods he wanted, he might well leave the field, thinking the battle was won—that *his* battle was won, for I am writing only about the attack on the rebel left.

I see no reason why I should disguise my admiration of Gen. Hooker's bravery and soldierly ability. Remaining nearly all the morning on the right, I could not help seeing the sagacity and promptness of his movements

how completely his troops were kept in hand, how devotedly they trusted him, how keen was his insight into the battle, how every opportunity was seized and every reverse was checked and turned into another success. I say this the more unreservedly, because I have no personal relation whatever with him, never saw him till the day before the fight, and don't like his politics or opinions in general. But what are politics in such a battle?

Sumner arrived just as Hooker was leaving, and assumed command. Crawford and Gordon had gone into the woods, and were holding them stoutly against heavy odds. As I rode over toward the left I met Sumner at the head of his column, advancing rapidly through the timber, opposite where Crawford was fighting. The veteran general was riding alone in the forest, far ahead of his leading brigade, his hat off, his grey hair and beard and moustache strangely contrasting with the fire in his eyes and his martial air, as he hurried on to where the bullets were thickest.

Sedgwick's division was in advance, moving forward to support Crawford and Gordon. Rebel reinforcements were approaching also, and the struggle for the roads was again to be renewed. Sumner sent forward two divisions—Richardson and French—on the left. Sedgwick, moving in column of divisions through the woods in rear, deployed and advanced in line over the corn-field. There was a broad interval between him and the nearest division, and he saw that if the rebel line were complete, his own division was in immediate danger of being flanked. But his orders were to advance, and those are the orders which a soldier—and Sedgwick is every inch a soldier—loves best to hear.

To extend his own front as far as possible, he ordered the Thirty-fourth New York to move by the left flank. The manœuvre was attempted under a fire of the greatest intensity, and the regiment broke. At the same moment the enemy, perceiving their advantage, came round on that flank. Crawford was obliged to give way on the right, and his troops pouring in confusion through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it into disorder and back on the second and third lines. The enemy advanced, their fire increasing.

Gen. Sedgwick was three times wounded, in the shoulder, leg and wrist, but he persisted in remaining on the field so long as there was a chance of saving it. His adjutant-general, Major Sedgwick, bravely rallying and trying to re-form the troops, was shot through the body, the bullet lodging in the spine, and fell from his horse. Severe as the wound is, it is probably not mortal. Lieut. Howe, of Gen. Sedgwick's staff, endeavored vainly to rally the Thirty-fourth New York. They were badly cut up and would not stand. Half their officers were killed or wounded, their colors shot to pieces, the color-sergeant killed, every one of the color-guard wounded. Only thirty-two were afterward got together.

The Fifteenth Massachusetts went into action with seventeen officers and nearly six hundred men. Nine officers were killed or wounded, and some of the latter are prisoners. Capt. Simons, Capt. Saunders, of the sharpshooters, Lieut. Derby, and Lieut. Berry are killed. Capt. Bartlett and Capt. Jocelyn, Lieut. Spurr, Lieut. Gale, and Lieut. Bradley are wounded. One hundred and thirty-four men were the only remains that could be collected of this splendid regiment.

Gen. Dana was wounded. Gen. Howard, who took command of the division after Gen. Sedgwick was disabled, exerted himself to restore order; but it could not be done there. Gen. Sumner ordered the line to be reformed. The test was too severe for volunteer troops under such a fire. Sumner himself attempted to arrest the disorder, but to little purpose. Lieut. Col. Revere and Capt. Audenried of his staff were wounded severely, but not dangerously. It was impossible to hold the position. Gen. Sumner withdrew the division to the rear, and once more the corn-field was abandoned to the enemy.

French sent word he could hold his ground. Richardson, while gallantly leading a regiment under a heavy fire, was severely wounded in the shoulder. Gen. Meagher was wounded at the head of his brigade. The loss in general officers was becoming frightful.

At one o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their general away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

Doubleday held the right inflexibly. Sumner's headquarters were now in the narrow field where the night before Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been gained in front had been lost! The enemy's batteries, which if advanced and served vigorously might have made sad work with the closely-massed troops, were fortunately either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own, but another advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, commanding one division of the corps, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of the rebel hills, while Smith with the other division was ordered to retake the corn-fields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, and cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the corn-fields,

fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the Reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are everywhere upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men who beckon wearily for help which you cannot stay to give.

Gen. Smith's attack was so sudden that his success was accomplished with no great loss. He had gained a point, however, which compelled him to expect every moment an attack, and to hold which, if the enemy again brought up reserves, would task his best energies and best troops. But the long strife, the heavy losses, incessant fighting over the same ground repeatedly lost and won inch by inch, and more than all, perhaps, the fear of Burnside on the left and Porter in front, held the enemy in check. For two or three hours there was a lull even in the cannonade on the right, which hitherto had been incessant. McClellan had been over on the field after Sumner's repulse, but had speedily returned to his headquarters. Sumner again sent word that he was able to hold his position, but could not advance with his own corps.

Meanwhile where was Burnside, and what was he doing? On the right where I had spent the day until two o'clock, little was known of the general fortunes of the field. We had heard Porter's guns in the centre, but nothing from Burnside on the left. The distance was, perhaps, too great to distinguish the sound of his artillery from Porter's. There was no immediate prospect of more fighting on the right, and I left the field which all day long had seen the most obstinate contest of the war, and rode over to McClellan's headquarters. The different battle-fields were shut out from each other's view, but all partially visible from the central hill which Gen. McClellan had occupied during the day. But I was more than ever impressed, on returning, with the completely deceitful appearance of the ground the rebels had chosen, when viewed from the front.

Hooker's and Sumner's struggle had been carried on over an uneven and wooded surface, their own line of battle extending in a semi-circle not less than a mile and a half. Perhaps a better notion of their position can be got by considering their right, centre, and left as forming three sides of a square. So long, therefore, as either wing was driven back, the centre became exposed to a very dangerous enfilading fire, and the further the centre was advanced the worse off it was, unless the lines on its side and rear were firmly held. This formation resulted originally from the efforts of the enemy to turn both flanks. Hooker at the very outset threw his column so far into

the heart of the rebel lines that they were compelled to threaten him on the flank to secure their own centre.

Nothing of all this was perceptible from the hills in front. Some directions of the rebel lines had been disclosed by the smoke of their guns, but the whole interior formation of the country beyond the hills was completely concealed. When McClellan arranged his order of battle, it must have been upon information, or have been left to his corps and division commanders to discover for themselves.

Up to three o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that to the observer it appeared as if McClellan's plans must have been seriously disarranged. It is impossible not to suppose that the attacks on right and left were meant in a measure to correspond, for otherwise the enemy had only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops, and push them against Burnside.

Here was the difference between Smith and Burnside. The former did his work at once, and lost all his men at once—that is, all whom he lost at all; Burnside seems to have attacked cautiously in order to save his men, and sending successively insufficient forces against a position of strength, distributed his loss over a greater period of time, but yet lost none the less in the end.

Finally, at four o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin—to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and at any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the left, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from Gen. Sumner that if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve. Franklin, thereupon, was directed to run no risk of losing his present position, and instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breadth of the fields in front, supporting them with heavy columns of infantry, and attacking with energy the rebel batteries immediately opposed to him. His movement was a success, so far as it went, the batteries maintaining their new ground, and sensibly affecting the steadiness of the rebel fire. That being once accomplished, and all hazard of the right being again forced back having been dispelled, the movement of Burnside became at once the turning-point of success, and the fate of the day depended on him.

How extraordinary the situation was may be judged from a moment's consideration of the facts. It is understood that from the outset Burnside's attack was expected to be decisive, as it certainly must have been if things went well elsewhere, and if he succeeded in establishing himself on the

Sharpsburg road in the rebel rear. Yet Hooker and Sumner and Franklin and Mansfield were all sent to the right three miles away, while Porter seems to have done double duty with his single corps in front, both supporting the batteries and holding himself in reserve. With all this immense force on the right, but sixteen thousand men were given to Burnside for the decisive movement of the day.

Still more unfortunate in its results was the total failure of these separate attacks on the right and left to sustain, or in any manner coöperate with each other. Burnside hesitated for hours in front of the bridge, which should have been carried at once by a *coup de main*. Meantime Hooker had been fighting for four hours with various fortune, but final success. Sumner had come up too late to join in the decisive attack which his earlier arrival would probably have converted into a complete success; and Franklin reached the scene only when Sumner had been repulsed. Probably before his arrival the rebels had transferred a considerable number of troops to their right to meet the attack of Burnside, the direction of which was then suspected or developed.

Attacking first with one regiment, then with two, and delaying both for artillery, Burnside was not over the bridge before two o'clock—perhaps not till three. He advanced slowly up the slopes in his front, his batteries in rear covering, to some extent, the movements of the infantry. A desperate fight was going on in a deep ravine on his right; the rebel batteries were in full play and apparently very annoying and destructive, while heavy columns of rebel troops were plainly visible, advancing, as if careless of concealment, along the road and over the hills in the direction of Burnside's forces. It was at this point of time that McClellan sent him the order above given.

Burnside obeyed it most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced with rapidity and the most determined vigor straight up the hill in front, on top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of McClellan's position, and as Franklin on the other side sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries in the centre were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right, and every hill-top, ridge and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequalled scene shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all hidden, the fate of the Republic hanging on the hour—could any one be insensible of its grandeur?

There are two hills on the left of the road, the farthest the lowest. The

rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the farthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, advancing rapidly and steadily; their long, dark lines and broad masses plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hill-side.

The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men, flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or half a dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increase their pace. The guns on the hill above send an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He has formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them every where except in rear.

In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy columns; they will not give way before a bayonet-charge in line, and the rebels think twice before they dash into those hostile masses.

There is a halt, the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field, the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help.

McClellan's glass for the last half-hour has seldom been turned away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where fifteen thousand troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz-John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals. "They are the only reserves of the army; they cannot be spared."

McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when every thing may turn on one order given or withheld, when the his-

tory of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the general.

Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is: "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them, I cannot hold my position half an hour." McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: "Tell Gen. Burnside this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then as the messenger was riding away he called him back. "Tell him if he *cannot* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half an hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz-John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on; their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

The peril came very near, but it has passed and in spite of the peril, at the close the day was partly a success; not a victory, but an advantage had been gained. Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin held all the ground they had gained, and Burnside still held the bridge and his position beyond. Every thing was favorable for a renewal of the fight in the morning. If the plan of the battle is sound, there is every reason why McClellan should win it.

He may choose to postpone the battle to await his reinforcements. The rebels may choose to retire while it is possible. Fatigue on both sides may delay the deciding battle, yet if the enemy means to fight at all, he cannot afford to delay. His reinforcements may be coming, but where are his supplies? His losses are enormous. His troops have been massed in woods and hollows, where artillery has had its most terrific effect. Ours have been deployed and scattered. From infantry fire there is less difference. The following day the rebels were in full retreat; the battle was won.

OFFICIAL LIST OF LOSSES.

South Mountain our loss was 443 killed, 1,806 wounded; total, 2,249. At Antietam our losses were 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded, 1,043 missing; total, 12,469. Total in the two battles 14,718. We captured thirteen guns, seven caissons, nine limbers, two field forges, thirty-nine colors, and one signal flag; and 14,000 small arms were collected on the battle-field, and thousands carried away by citizens, &c.—*Gen. McClellan's Report, Sept. 29, 1862.*

BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.*

BY J. WHITELAW REID.

PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN., April 9, 1862.

FRESH from the field of the great battle, with its pounding and roaring of artillery, and its keener-voiced rattle of musketry still sounding in my wearied ears; with all its visions of horror still seeming seared upon my eye-balls, while scenes of panic-stricken rout and brilliant charges, and obstinate defences, and succor, and intoxicating success are burned alike confusedly and indelibly upon the brain, I essay to write what I know of the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

The sun never rose on a more beautiful morning than that of Sunday, April sixth. Lulled by the general security, I had remained in pleasant quarters at Crump's, below Pittsburg Landing, on the river. By sunrise I was roused by the cry: "They're fighting above." Volleys of musketry could sure enough be distinguished, and occasionally the sullen boom of artillery came echoing down the stream. Momentarily the volume of sound increased, till it became evident it was no skirmish that was in progress, and that a considerable portion of the army must be already engaged. Hastily springing on the guards of a passing steamboat, I hurried up.

The sweet spring sunshine danced over the rippling waters, and softly lit up the green of the banks. A few fleecy clouds alone broke the azure above. A light breeze murmured among the young leaves; the blue-birds were singing their gentle treble to the stern music that still came louder and deeper to us from the bluffs above, and the frogs were croaking their feeble imitation from the marshy islands that studded the channel.

Even thus early the west bank of the river was lined with the usual fugitives from action hurriedly pushing onward, they knew not where, except down stream and away from the fight. An officer on board hailed numbers of them and demanded their reason for being there, but they all gave the same response: "We're clean cut to pieces, and every man must save himself."

At the Landing appearances became still more ominous. Our two Cincinnati wooden gunboats, Tyler and Lexington, were edging uneasily up and down the banks, eager to put in their broadsides of heavy guns, but unable to find where they could do it. The roar of battle was startlingly close, and showed that the rebels were in earnest in their attempt to carry out their threat of driving us into the river. The landing and bluff above were

* This battle is also known by the name of Shiloh.

covered with cowards who had fled from their ranks to the rear for safety, and who were telling the most fearful stories of the rebel onset and the sufferings of their own particular regiments. Momentarily fresh fugitives came back, often guns in hand, and all giving the same accounts of thickening disasters in front.

Hurrying out toward the scene of action, I was soon convinced that there was too much foundation for the tales of the runaways. Sherman's and Prentiss' entire divisions were falling back in disorder, sharply pressed by the rebels in overwhelming numbers, at all points. McClelland's had already lost part of its camps, and it, too, was falling back.

POSITION OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS.

And first, of our positions. Let the reader understand that the Pittsburg Landing is simply a narrow ravine, down which a road passes to the river-bank, between high bluffs on either side. There is no town at all—two log-huts comprise all the improvements visible. Back from the river is a rolling country, cut up with numerous ravines, partially under cultivation, but perhaps the greater part thickly wooded with some underbrush. The soil is clayey, and roads on Sunday morning were good. From the Landing a road leads direct to Corinth, twenty miles distant. A mile or two out this road forks: one branch is the lower Corinth road, the other the ridge Corinth road. A short distance out, another road takes off to the left, crosses Lick Creek, and leads back to the river at Hamburg, some miles further up. On the right, two separate roads lead off to Purdy, and another a new one, across Snake Creek to Crump's Landing on the river below. Besides these, the whole country inside our lines is cut up with roads leading to our different camps; and beyond the lines is the most inextricable maze of cross-roads, intersecting everything and leading everywhere, in which it was ever my ill-fortune to become entangled.

On and between these roads, at distances of from two to four or five miles from Pittsburg Landing, lay five divisions of Major-General Grant's army that Sunday morning. The advance line was formed by three divisions—Brig.-Gen. Sherman's, Brig.-Gen. Prentiss's, and Maj.-Gen. McClelland's. Between these and the Landing lay the two others—Brig.-Gen. Hurlbut's and Major-Gen. Smith's, commanded, in the absence (from sickness) of that admirable officer, by Brig.-Gen. W. H. L. Wallace.

Our advance line, beginning at the extreme left, was thus formed. On the Hamburg road, just this side the crossing of Lick Creek and under bluffs on the opposite bank that commanded the position, lay Col. D. Stuart's brigade of Gen. Sherman's division. Some three or four miles distant from this brigade, on the lower Corinth road and between that and the one to

Purdy, lay the remaining brigades of Sherman's division. McDowell's forming the extreme right of our whole advance line, Buckland's coming next to it, and Hildebrand's next. To the left of Hildebrand's brigade, though rather behind a portion of Sherman's line, lay Major-General McClelland's division, and between it and Stuart's brigade, already mentioned as forming our extreme left, lay Brig.-Gen. Prentiss's division, completing the front.

Back of this line, within a mile of the Landing, lay Hurlburt's division, stretching across the Corinth road, and W. H. L. Wallace's to the right.

Such was the position of our troops at Pittsburg Landing; at daybreak Sunday morning, Major-General Lew. Wallace's division lay at Crump's Landing, some miles below, and was not ordered up till about half past seven o'clock that day.

It is idle to criticise arrangements now—it is so easy to be wise after a matter is over—but the reader will hardly fail to observe the essential defects of such disposition of troops for a great battle. Nearly four miles intervened between the different parts of Sherman's division. Of course to command the one, he must neglect the other. McClelland's lay partially behind Sherman, and therefore, not stretching far enough to the left, there was a gap between him and Prentiss, which the rebels did not fail speedily to find. Our extreme left was commanded by unguarded heights, easily approachable from Corinth. And the whole arrangement was confused and ill-adjusted.

THE REBEL PLAN OF ATTACK.

During Friday and Saturday the rebels had marched out of Corinth, about sixty thousand strong, in three great divisions. Sidney Johnston had general command of the whole army. Beauregard had the centre; Braxton Bragg and Hardee the wings. Polk, Breckinridge, Cheatham and others held subordinate commands.

Their general plan of attack is said by prisoners to have been to strike our centre first, (composed, as the reader will remember, of Prentiss's and McClelland's divisions,) pierce the centre, and then pour in their troops to attack on each side the wings into which they would thus cut our army.

To accomplish this, they should have struck the left of the three brigades of Sherman's division which lay on our right, and the left of McClelland's, which came to the front on Sherman's left. By some mistake, however, they struck Sherman's left alone, and that a few moments after a portion of their right wing had swept up against Prentiss.

THE BATTLE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 6.—OUR MEN SURPRISED.

Almost at dawn, Prentiss's pickets were driven in; a very little later Hildebrand's (in Sherman's division) were; and the enemy were in the camps almost as soon as were the pickets themselves.

Here began scenes which, let us hope, will have no parallel in our remaining annals of the war. Some, particularly among our officers, were not yet out of bed. Others were dressing, others washing, others cooking, a few eating their breakfasts. Many guns were unloaded, accoutrements lying pell-mell, ammunition was ill-supplied—in short, the camps were virtually surprised—disgracefully, it might be added, unless some one can hereafter give some yet undiscovered reason to the contrary—and were taken at almost every possible disadvantage.

The first wild cries from the pickets rushing in, and the few scattering shots that preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their peril; an instant afterward, shells were hurtling through the tents, while, before there was time for thought of preparation, there came rushing through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole fronts of the division-camps and bending down on either flank, the fine, dashing, compact columns of the enemy.

Into the just-aroused camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they came, and springing toward our laggards with the bayonet. Some were shot down as they were running, without weapons, hatless, coatless, toward the river. The searching bullets found other poor unfortunates in their tents, and there, all unheeding now, they still slumbered, while the unseen foe rushed on. Others fell, as they were disentangling themselves from the flaps that formed the doors to their tents; others as they were buckling on their accoutrements; a few, it was even said, as they were vainly trying to impress on the cruelly-exultant enemy their readiness to surrender.

Officers were wounded in their beds, and left for dead, who, through the whole two days' fearful struggle, lay there gasping in their agony, and on Monday evening were found in their gore, inside their tents, and still able to tell the tale.

Such were the fearful disasters that opened the rebel onset on the lines of Prentiss's division. Similar were the fates of Hildebrand's brigade in Sherman's division.

Meantime what they could our shattered regiments did. Falling rapidly back through the heavy woods till they gained a protecting ridge, firing as they ran, and making what resistance men thus situated might, Sherman's men succeeded in partially checking the rush of the enemy, long enough to form their hasty line of battle. Meantime the other two brigades of the

division (to the right) sprang hastily to their arms, and had barely done so when the enemy's lines came sweeping up against their fronts too, and the battle thus opened fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right.

Hildebrand's brigade had been compelled to abandon their camps without a struggle. Some of the regiments, it is even said, ran without firing a gun. It is certain that parts of regiments, both here and in other divisions, ran disgracefully. Yet they were not wholly without excuse. They were raw troops, just from the usual idleness of our "camps of instruction;" hundreds of them had never heard a gun fired in anger; their officers, for the most part, were equally inexperienced; they had been reposing in fancied security, and were awaked, perhaps from sweet dreams of home and wives and children, by the stunning roar of cannon in their very midst, and the bursting of bomb-shells among their tents—to see only the serried columns of the magnificent rebel advance, and through the blinding, stifling smoke, the hasty retreat of comrades and supports, right and left. Certainly, it is sad enough, but hardly surprising, that under such circumstances, some should run. Half as much caused the wild panic at Bull Run.

But they ran, and the enemy did not fail to profit by the wild disorder. As Hildebrand's brigade fell back, McClelland threw forward his left to support it. Meanwhile Sherman was doing his best to rally his troops. Dashing along the lines, encouraging them everywhere by his presence, and exposing his own life with the same freedom with which he demanded the offer of theirs, he did much to save the division from utter destruction. Buckland and McDowell held their ground fiercely for a time. At last they were compelled to retire their brigades from their camps across the little ravine behind; but here again they made a gallant defence, while what was left of Hildebrand's was falling back in such order as it might, and leaving McClelland's left to take their place, and check the wave of rebel advance.

PRENTISS'S DIVISION.

Prentiss was faring scarcely so well. Most of his troops stood their ground, to be formed into line, but strangely enough, the line was drawn up in an open space, leaving to the enemy the cover of the dense scrub-oak in front, from which they could pour in their volleys in comparative safety.

The men held their position with an obstinacy that adds new laurels to the character of the American soldier, but it was too late. Down on either flank came the overwhelming enemy. Fiercely pushed in front, with a wall of bayonets closing in on either side, like the contracting iron chamber of the Inquisition, what could they do but what they did? Speedily their re-

sistance became less obstinate, more and more rapidly they fell back, less and less frequent became their returning volleys.

The enemy pushed their advantage. They were already within our lines; they had driven one division from all its camps, and nearly opened, as they supposed, the way to the river. Just here—between nine and ten o'clock—McArthur's brigade of W. H. L. Wallace's division came up to give some assistance to Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme left, now in imminent danger of being cut off by Prentiss's defection. McArthur mistook the way, marched too far to the right, and so, instead of reaching Stuart, came in on the other side of the rebels, now closely pushing Prentiss. His men at once opened vigorously on the enemy, and for a time they seemed likely still to save our imperilled division. But coming unawares, as they seem to have done, upon the enemy, their positions were not well chosen, and all had to fall back together.

Gen. Prentiss seems here to have become separated from a large portion of his command. The division fell into confusion; fragments of brigades and regiments continued the fight, but there was no longer concert of action or continuity of lines of defence. Most of the troops drifted back behind the new lines that were being formed; many, as they continued an isolated struggle, were surrounded and taken prisoners.

Practically, by ten o'clock the division was gone. Gen. Prentiss and the few troops that surrounded him maintained a detached position some hours longer, till they were completely cut off and surrounded; and the rebels signalized their success by marching three regiments, with a division general, as prisoners to their rear.

By ten o'clock, however, this entire division was virtually *hors du combat*. A deep gap in our front line was made, the rebels had nearly pierced through, and were only held back by McArthur's brigade, and the rest of W. H. L. Wallace's division, which hurried over to its assistance.

For the present let us leave them there. They held the line from this time until four.

SHERMAN'S DIVISION.—M'CLERNAND'S.

We left Sherman's brigades maintaining a confused fight, Hildebrand's about gone, Buckland's and McDowell's holding their ground more tenaciously. The firing aroused McClermand's division. At first they supposed it to be a mere skirmish; perhaps even only the irregular discharge of muskets by guards and pickets, to clean out their guns—a practice which, to the disgrace of our discipline be it said, was well nigh universal—and rendered it almost impossible at any time to know whether firing meant anything at all, beyond ordinary disorder of our own soldiers. But the continued rattle of musketry soon undeceived them, and almost as soon the advance of the

rebels, pouring after Hildebrand, was upon them. The division, it will be remembered, lay a short distance in the rear, and with one brigade stretching out to the left of Sherman's line. Properly speaking, merely from the location of the camp, McClelland did not belong to the front line at all. Two-thirds of his division were entirely behind Sherman. But as the latter fell back, McClelland had to bear the shock of battle.

As already stated, McClelland was first called into action shortly after the surprise of Sherman's left brigade, (Hildebrand's)—about seven in the morning—by having to move up his left brigade to support Sherman's retreating left and preserve the line. Then, as Sherman's other brigades fell back, McClelland's moved up and engaged the enemy in support. Gradually the resistance in Buckland's brigade and what was still left to its right of Hildebrand's, became more confused and irresolute. The line wavered, the men fell back in squads and companies, they failed to rally promptly at the call of their officers. As they retreated, the woods behind them became thinner and there was less protection from the storm of grape that swept as if on blasts of a hurricane among the trees. Lieut.-Col. Canfield, commanding the Seventy-second Ohio, was mortally wounded and borne dying from the field. Col. Sullivan of the Forty-eighth Ohio, was wounded, but continued at the head of his men. Company officers fell and were carried away from their men. At one of our wavering retreats, the rebels, by a sudden dash forward, had taken part of Waterhouse's battery, which McClelland had sent them over. Beer's battery too was taken, and Taylor's Chicago Light Artillery was so terribly pounded as to be forced to retire with heavy loss. As the troops gave way, they came out from the open woods into old fields, completely raked by the enemy's fire. For them all was lost, and away went Buckland's and Hildebrand's brigades, Ohioans and Illinoisans together, to the rear and right, in such order as they might.

McDowell's brigade had fallen back less slowly than its two companions of the same division, but it was now left entirely alone. It had formed our extreme right, and of course had no support there; its supporting brigades on the left had gone; through the space they occupied the rebels were pouring; they were in imminent danger of being entirely cut off, and back they fell too, still farther to the right and rear, among the ravines that border Snake Creek.

And here, so far as Sunday's fight is concerned, the greater part of Sherman's division passes out of view. The general, though wounded by a musket ball through the hand, was yet indefatigable in collecting and reorganizing his shattered columns of raw troops, by which a straggling contest was for a while kept up.

ATTACK ON M'CLERNAND'S RIGHT AND SHERMAN'S LEFT.

As Sherman fell back McClermand was compelled to bring in his brigades again to protect his left from the assaults of the enemy, who now hurled themselves furiously against him, being encouraged by their success over Prentiss. At this juncture the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa were brought up, but being raw troops and subjected to a heavy fire they soon fled in confusion over the field. McClermand's division, to meet the new exigency, changed front and faced along the Corinth road. Here they maintained the unequal contest till 10 o'clock. Sherman having now fallen back, a rebel brigade gained the road farther out and attempted to flank McClermand's right. Dresser's battery of rifled guns being opportunely posted opened on their exposed ranks with fearful slaughter, and drove them back.

The rebel troops were skillfully handled and the arrival of fresh regiments eventually compelled our forces to give way. The loss in officers was here severe; guns and caissons were lost and batteries were broken up. The soldiers had fought bravely, but had been overpowered by force of numbers. By eleven o'clock these troops were in line with Hurlbut's, and again fought desperately, and again fell back near the camps of W. H. L. Wallace. Gen. Grant did not arrive on the field till near this hour, and up to this time each general had acted as he thought best.

In selecting the grounds for the camps of our army an important road, leading direct from Corinth to Hamburg, on the Tennessee, a few miles above the left wing of our forces, had been entirely overlooked and forgotten; to this fact may be mainly attributed our surprise and discomfiture. It was by this road that a couple of brigades advanced and secured a commanding position, from which they could not be dislodged. From the batteries of the enemy posted there, our forces, consisting of Stuart's brigade, sustained a galling fire—they formed a cover to the rebel infantry which now poured in masses upon our broken ranks, who retired one-fourth of a mile to the next ridge, where, when forming a new line of battle, some rebel cavalry that had got on their flank was seen advancing, and a new front was given our lines—the rebel infantry still following up their advantages again threatened a flank attack. When aid being sent for, Gen. McArthur came up with his brigade, but losing their way, having borne too much to the right got nearly surrounded, but by vigorously engaging the enemy he succeeded in falling back to a good position, having meanwhile been severely wounded. This movement proved of little aid to the hard pressed command, and they were once more forced to retreat.

DESPERATE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS.

This clears our entire front line of divisions. The enemy has full possession of all Sherman's, Prentiss's, and McClelland's camps. By ten o'clock our whole front, except Stuart's brigade, had given way, and the burden of the fight was resting on Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace. Before twelve, Stuart, too, had come back, and for the time absolutely only those two divisions stood between our army and destruction or surrender.

Still all was not lost. Hurlbut and Wallace began making a most gallant stand; and meantime most of the troops from the three driven divisions were still to some extent available. Many of them had wandered down the river—some as far as Crump's Landing, and some even to Savannah. These were brought back again on transports. Lines of guards were extended to prevent skulkers from getting back to the Landing, and especially to stop the shrewd dodge among the cravens of taking six or eight able-bodied soldiers to assist some slightly-wounded fellow into the hospital; and between this *cordon* and the rear of the fighting divisions the fragments of regiments were reorganized after a fashion, and sent back to the field. Brigades could not be got together again, much less divisions, but the regiments pieced together from the loose squads that could be gathered and officered, often by men who could find scarcely a soldier of their own commands, were hurried to the front, and many of them did good service.

Our weakest point was the right, and to turning this the rebels did not seem to have paid so much attention on Sunday, caused no doubt by their extravagant success in the early part of that day in their attack on Prentiss's division.

According to general understanding, in the event of an attack at Pittsburg Landing, Major-Gen. Lew. Wallace was to come in on our right and flank the rebels by marching across from Crump's Landing below. Yet strangely enough, Wallace, though with his division all drawn up and ready to march anywhere at a moment's notice, was not ordered to Pittsburg Landing till nearly if not quite twelve o'clock. Then through misdirection as to the way to come in on the flank, four miles of marching were lost, and the circuitous route made it twelve miles more, before they could reach the scene of battle. Meantime our right was almost wholly unprotected. Fortunately, as I said, however, the rebels do not seem to have discovered the full extent of this weakness, and their heaviest fighting was done on the centre and left, where we still preserved our line.

HURLBUT'S DIVISION.

Hurlbut's division, it will be remembered, stretched across the Corinth road, facing rather to our left. W. H. L. Wallace's other brigades had gone over to assist McArthur, and the division, thus reunited, steadily closed the line, where Prentiss's division and Stuart's brigade, in their retreat, had left it open.

Hurlbut had been encamped in the edge nearest the river of a stretch of open fields, backed with heavy timber.

As Prentiss fell back, Hurlbut's left aided Wallace in sustaining the rebel onset, and when McClernand gave way, the remainder of the division was thrown forward. The position beyond the camps, however, was not a good one, and the division was compelled to fall back, through its camps to the thick woods behind. Here, with open fields before them, they could rake the rebel approach. Nobly did they stand their grounds. From ten to half-past three they held the enemy in check, and through nearly that whole time were actively engaged. Hurlbut himself displayed the most daring and brilliant gallantry, and his example, with that of the brave officers under him, nerved the men to the sternest endurance. Three times during those long hours the heavy rebel masses on the left charged upon the division, and three times were they repulsed, with terrible slaughter.

But there is still much in the Napoleonic theory that Providence has a tendency, at least, to go with the heaviest battalions. The battalions were against us. The rebel generals, too, handled their forces with a skill that extorted admiration in the midst of our sufferings. Repulse was nothing to them. A rush on our lines failed; they took their disordered troops to the rear, and sent up fresh troops, who unknowing the fearful reception awaiting them, were ready to try it again. The jaded division was compelled to yield, and after six hours' magnificent fighting, it fell back out of sight of its camps, and to a point within half a mile of the Landing.

WALLACE'S DIVISION—ITS GENERAL MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Let us turn to the fate of Hurlbut's companion division—that of Brig. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, which included the Second and Seventh Iowa, Ninth and Twenty-eighth Illinois, and several of the other regiments composing Maj.-Gen. Smith's old division; with also three excellent batteries, Stone's, Richardson's and Weber's (all from Missouri,) forming an artillery battalion, under the general management of Major Cavender.

Here, too, the fight began about ten o'clock, as already described. From that time until four in the afternoon, they manfully bore up. The musketry fire was absolutely continuous; there was scarcely a moment that some part

of the line was not pouring in its rattling volleys, and the artillery was admirably served, with but little intermission through the entire time.

Once or twice the infantry advanced, attempting to drive the continually increasing enemy, but though they could hold what they had, their numbers were not equal to the task of conquering any more.

Four separate times the rebels attempted in turn to charge on them. Each time the infantry poured in its quickest volleys, the artillery redoubled its exertions, and the rebels retreated with heavy slaughter. The division was eager to remain, even when Hurlbut fell back, and the fine fellows with the guns were particularly indignant at not being permitted to pound away. But their supports were gone on either side; to have remained in isolated advance would have been madness. Just as the necessity for retreating was becoming apparent, Gen. Wallace, whose cool, collected bravery had commanded the admiration of all, was mortally wounded, and borne away from the field. At last the division fell back. Its soldiers claim—justly, I believe—the proud distinction of being the last to yield, in the general break of our lines, that gloomy Sunday afternoon, which, at half-past four o'clock, had left most of our army within half a mile of the Landing, with the rebels up to a thousand yards of their position.

Capt. Stone could not resist the temptation of stopping, as he passed what had been Hurlbut's headquarters, to try a few parting shots. He did fine execution, but narrowly escaped losing some guns, by having his wheel-horses shot down. Capt. Walker did lose a twenty-pounder through some breakage in the carriage. It was recovered again on Monday.

THE CLOSE OF SUNDAY'S FIGHT.

We have reached the last act in the tragedy of Sunday. It is half-past four o'clock. Our front line of divisions has been lost since half-past ten. Our reserve line is now gone, too. The rebels occupy the camps of every division save that of W. H. L. Wallace. Our whole army is crowded in the region of Wallace's camps, and to a circuit of one-half to two-thirds of a mile around the Landing. We have been falling back all day. We can do it no more. The next repulse puts us into the river, and there are not transports enough to cross a single division till the enemy would be upon us.

Lew. Wallace's division might turn the tide for us—it is made of fighting men—but where is it? Why has it not been thundering on the right for three hours past? We do not know yet that it was not ordered up till noon. Buell is coming, but he has been doing it all day, and all last week. His advance-guard is across the river now, waiting ferriage; but what is an advance-guard, with sixty thousand victorious foes in front of us?

We have lost nearly all our camps and camp equipage. We have lost

nearly half our field artillery. We have lost a division general and two or three regiments of our soldiers as prisoners. We have lost—how dreadfully we are afraid to think—in killed and wounded. The hospitals are full to overflowing. A long ridge bluff is set apart for surgical uses. It is covered with the maimed, the dead and dying. And our men are discouraged by prolonged defeat. Nothing but the most energetic exertion, on the part of the officers, prevents them from becoming demoralized. Regiments have lost their favorite field officers; companies the captains whom they have always looked to, with that implicit faith the soldier learns, to lead them to battle.

Meanwhile there is a lull in the firing. For the first time since sunrise you fail to catch the angry rattle of musketry or the heavy booming of the field-guns. Either the enemy must be preparing for the grand, final rush that is to crown the day's success, or they are puzzled by our last retreat, and are moving cautiously lest we spring some trap upon them. Let us embrace the opportunity, and look about the Landing. We pass the old log house, lately post-office, now full of wounded and surgeons, which constitutes the "Pittsburg" part of the Landing. Gen. Grant and staff are in a group beside it. The general is confident. "We can hold them off till to-morrow; then they'll be exhausted, and we'll go at them with fresh troops." A great crowd is collected around the building—all in uniforms, most of them with guns. And yet we are needing troops in the front so sorely!

COWARDS.

On the bluffs above the river is a sight that may well make our cheeks tingle. There are not less than five thousand skulkers lining the banks! Ask them why they don't go to their places in the line: "Oh! our regiment is all cut to pieces." "Why don't you go to where it is forming again?" "I can't find it," and the hulk looks as if that would be the very last thing he would want to do.

Officers are around among them, trying to hunt up their men, storming, coaxing, commanding—cursing I am afraid. One strange fellow—a major, if I remember aright—is making a sort of elevated, superfine Fourth of July speech to everybody that will listen to him. He means well, certainly: "Men of Kentucky, of Illinois, of Ohio, of Iowa, of Indiana, I implore you, I beg of you, come up now. Help us through two hours more. By all that you hold dear, by the homes you hope to defend, by the flag you love, by the States you honor, by all your love of country, by all your hatred of treason, I conjure you, come up and do your duty now!" And so on for quantity. "That feller's a good speaker," was the only response I heard, and the fellow who gave it nestled more snugly behind his tree as he spoke.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. BUELL.

Looking across the Tennessee we see a body of cavalry, awaiting transportation over. They are said to be Buell's advance, yet they have been there an hour or two alone. But suddenly there is a rustle among the run-aways. It is! it is! You see the gleaming of the gun-barrels, you catch amid the leaves and undergrowth down the opposite side of the river glimpses of the steady, swinging tramp of trained soldiers. A division of Buell's army is here! And the men who have left their regiments on the field send up three cheers for Buell. *They cheering!* May it parch their throats, as if they had been breathing the simoom!

Here comes a boat across with a lieutenant and two or three privates of the Signal Corps. Some orders are instantly given the officer and as instantly telegraphed to the other side by the mysterious wavings and raisings and droppings of the flags. A steamer comes up with pontoons on board, with which a bridge could be speedily thrown across. Unaccountably enough, to onlookers, she slowly reconnoiters and steams back again. Perhaps, after all, it is better to have no bridge there. It simplifies the question, takes escape out of the count, and leaves it victory or death—to the cowards that slink behind the bluffs as well as to the brave men who peril their lives to do the state some service on the fields beyond. Preparations go rapidly forward for crossing the division (Gen. Nelson's, which has the advance of Buell's army) on the dozen or so transports that have been tied up along the bank.

We have spent but a few minutes on the bluff, but they are the golden minutes that count for years. Well was it for that driven, defeated, but not disgraced army of Gen. Grant's that those minutes were improved. Col. Webster, Chief of Staff, and an artillery officer of no mean ability, had arranged the guns that he could collect of those that remained to us in a sort of semi-circle, protecting the Landing, and bearing chiefly on our centre and left, by which the rebels were pretty sure to advance. Corps of artillerymen to man them were improvised from all the batteries that could be collected. Twenty-two guns in all were placed in position. Two of them were heavy siege-guns, long thirty-twos.

Remember the situation. It was half-past four o'clock—perhaps a quarter later still. Every division of our army on the field had been repulsed. The enemy were in the camps of four out of five of them. We were driven to within little over half a mile of the Landing. Behind us was a deep, rapid river. Before us was a victorious enemy. And still there was an hour for fighting. "Oh! that night or Blucher would come!" Oh! that night or Lew. Wallace would come! Nelson's division of Gen. Buell's army evidently couldn't cross in time to do us much good. We didn't yet know

why Lew. Wallace wasn't on the ground. In the justice of a righteous cause, and in that semi-circle of twenty-two guns in position, lay all the hope we could see.

Suddenly a broad, sulphurous flash of light leaped out from the darkening woods; and through the glare and smoke came whistling the leaden hail. The rebels were making their crowning efforts for the day, and as was expected when our guns were hastily placed, they came from our left and centre. They had wasted their fire at one thousand yards. Instantaneously our deep-mouthed bull-dogs flung out their sonorous response. The rebel artillery opened, and shell and round-shot came tearing across the open space back of the bluff. May I be forgiven for the malicious thought, but I certainly did wish one or two might drop *behind* the bluff among the crowd of skulkers hovering under the hill at the river's edge.

Very handsome was the response our broken infantry battalions poured in. The enemy soon had reason to remember that, if not

"Still in their ashes live the wonted fires,"

at least still in the fragments lived the ancient valor that had made the short-lived rebel successes already cost so dear.

THE GUNBOATS OPEN FIRE.

The rebel infantry gained no ground, but the furious cannonading and musketry continued. Suddenly new actors entered on the stage. Our Cincinnati wooden gunboats, the A. O. Taylor and the Lexington, had been all day impatiently chafing for their time to come. The opportunity was theirs. The rebels were attacking on our left, lying where Stuart's brigade had lain on Licking Creek in the morning, and stretching thence in on the Hamburg road, and across toward our old centre as far as Hurlbut's camps. Steaming up to the mouth of the little creek, the boats rounded to. There was the ravine, cut through the bluff as if on purpose for their shells.

Eager to avenge the death of their commanding general, (now known to have been killed a couple of hours before), and to complete the victory they believed to be within their grasp, the rebels had incautiously ventured within reach of their most dreaded antagonists, as broadside after broadside of seven-inch shells and sixty-four-pound shot soon taught them. This was a foe they had hardly counted on, and the unexpected fire in flank and rear sadly disconcerted their well-laid plans. The boats fired admirably, and with a rapidity that was astonishing. Our twenty-two land-guns kept up their stormy thunder; and thus, amid a crash and roar and scream of shells and demon-like hiss of Minie-balls, that Sabbath evening wore away. We held the enemy at bay; it was enough. The prospect for the morrow was

foreboding; but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We had had plenty of evil that day—of course, therefore, the text was applicable. Before dark the Thirty-sixth Indiana, from Nelson's advance brigade, had crossed, advanced into line with Grant's forces at the double-quick, and had put in fourteen rounds as an earnest of what should be forthcoming on the morrow.

The enemy suddenly slackened his fire. His grand object had been defeated; he had not finished his task in a day; but there is evidence that officers and men alike shared the confidence that their morning assault would be final.

THE NIGHT BETWEEN TWO BATTLES.

As the sounds of battle died away, and division generals drew off their men, Buell had arrived, and Lew. Wallace had been heard from. Both would be ready by morning. It was decided that as soon as possible after daybreak we should attack the enemy, now snugly quartered in our camps. Lew. Wallace, who was coming in on the new road from Crump's Landing, and crossing Snake Creek just above the Illinois Wallace's (W. H. L.) camps, was to take the right and sweep back toward the position from which Sherman had been driven on Sunday morning. Nelson was to take the extreme left. Buell promised to put in Tom. Crittenden next to Nelson, and McCook next to him by a seasonable hour in the morning. The gap between McCook and Lew. Wallace was to be filled with the reorganized divisions of Grant's old army; Hurlbut coming next to McCook, then McClelland, and Sherman closing the gap between McClelland and Lew. Wallace.

Stealthily the troops crept to their new positions and lay down in line of battle on their arms. All through the night Buell's men were marching up from Savannah to the point opposite Pittsburg Landing, and being ferried across, or were coming up on transports. By an hour after dark Lew. Wallace had his division in. Through the misdirection he had received from Gen. Grant at noon, he had started on the Snake Creek road proper, which would have brought him in on the enemy's rear, miles from support, and where he would have been gobbled at a mouthful. Getting back to the right road had delayed him. He at once ascertained the position of certain rebel batteries which lay in front of him on our right, that threatened absolutely to bar his advance in the morning, and selected positions for a couple of his batteries, from which they could silence the one he dreaded. Placing these in position, and arranging his brigades for support, took him till one o'clock in the morning. Then his wearied men lay down to snatch a few hours of sleep before entering into the valley of the Shadow of Death on the morrow.

By nine o'clock all was hushed near the Landing. The host of combatants that three hours before had been deep in the work of human destruction had all sunk silently to the earth, "the wearied to sleep, the wounded to die." The stars looked out upon the scene, and all breathed the natural quiet and calm of a Sabbath evening. But presently there came a flash that spread like sheet-lightning over the ripples of the river-current, and the roar of a heavy naval gun went echoing up and down the bluffs, through the unnatural stillness of the night. Others speedily followed. By the flash you could just discern the black outline of the piratical-looking hull, and see how the gunboat gracefully settled into the water at the recoil; the smoke soon cast up a thin veil that seemed only to soften and sweeten the scene; from the woods away inland you caught faintly the muffled explosion of the shell, like the knell of the spirit that was taking its flight.

THE BATTLE ON MONDAY, APRIL 7.—OUR MUSTER-ROLL.

I have given the line of battle agreed upon for our forces on Monday: Right wing, Major-Gen. Lew. Wallace; left wing, Brig-Gen. Nelson. Between these, beginning at the left, Brig-Gens. Tom. Crittenden, A. McD., McCook, Hurlbut, McClernand and Sherman. In the divisions of the three latter were to be included also the remains of Prentiss's and W. H. L. Wallace's commands—shattered, disorganized, and left without commanders, through the capture of one, and the probably mortal wound of the other.

Buell's three divisions were not full when the battle opened Monday morning, but the lacking regiments were gradually brought into the rear.

THE WORK OF SUNDAY NIGHT.

Between the bombardment of the gunboats and a heavy thunder-storm that passed little rest was got by our troops, but the welcome rain soothed the wounded heroes and laid the dust for the coming conflict. Buell's army, meanwhile, were crossing the river and marching to their several allotted posts in line of battle. They moved quietly along like veterans who understood and were resolved to do their work bravely and well. The firing at intervals of the gunboats through the night had had a most excellent effect. They had cut the coils that bound us so closely on Sabbath Eve, and compelled the enemy to retire out of their range, thus compelled to leave half the ground they gained in the conflict of the first day.

Less easily accounted for was a movement of theirs on our right. They had held here a steep bluff, covered with underbrush, as their advanced line. Through the night they abandoned this, which gave them the best position

for opposing Lew. Wallace, and had fallen back across some open fields to the scrub-oak woods beyond. The advantage of compelling our advance over unprotected openings, while they maintained a sheltered position, was obvious, but certainly not so great as holding a height which artillery and infantry would make as difficult to take as many a fort. Nevertheless they fell back.

To those who had looked despairingly at the prospects Sunday evening, it seemed strange that the rebels did not open out on us by day-break again. Their retreat before the bomb-shells of the gunboats, however, explained the delay. Our own divisions were put in motion almost simultaneously. By seven o'clock Lew. Wallace opened the ball by shelling, from the positions he had selected the night before, the rebel battery, of which mention has been made. A brisk artillery duel, a rapid movement of infantry across a shallow ravine, as if to storm, and the rebels enfiladed and menaced in front, limbered up and made the opening of their Monday's retreating.

NELSON'S ADVANCE.

To the left we were slower in finding the enemy. They had been compelled to travel some distance to get out of gunboat range. Nelson moved his division about the same time Wallace opened on the rebel battery, forming in line of battle, Ammon's brigade on the extreme left, Bruce's in the centre, and Hazen's to the right. Skirmishers were thrown out, and for nearly or quite a mile the division thus swept the country, pushing a few outlying rebels before it, till it came upon them in force. Then a general engagement broke out along the line, and again the rattle of musketry and thunder of artillery echoed over the late silent fields. There was no straggling this morning. These men were better drilled than many of those whose regiments had broken to pieces on the day before, and strict measures were taken, at any rate, to prevent the miscellaneous thronging back to places of safety in the rear. They stood up to their work and did their duty manfully.

It soon became evident that, whether from change of commanders or some other cause, the rebels were pursuing a different policy in massing their forces. On Sunday the heaviest fighting had been done on the left. This morning they seemed to make less determined resistance here, while toward the centre and right the ground was more eagerly contested, and the struggle longer prolonged.

Till half-past ten o'clock, Nelson advanced slowly but steadily, sweeping his long lines over the ground of our sore defeat on Sunday morning, and forward over scores of rebel dead, resistlessly pressing back the jaded and wearied enemy. The rebels had received but few reinforcements during

the night, their men were exhausted with their desperate contest of the day before, and manifestly dispirited by the evident fact that notwithstanding their well-laid plans of destruction in detail, they were fighting Grant and Buell combined.

Gradually, as Nelson pushed forward his lines under heavy musketry, the enemy fell back, till about half-past ten, when, under cover of the heavy timber and a furious cannonading, they made a general rally. Our forces, flushed with their easy victory, were scarcely prepared for the sudden onset, where retreat had been all they had been seeing before. Suddenly the rebel masses were hurled against our lines with tremendous force. Our men halted, wavered, and fell back. At this critical juncture Capt. Terrell's regular battery came dashing up. Scarcely taking time to unlimber, he was loading and sighting his pieces before the caissons had turned, and in an instant was tossing shell from twenty-four-pound howitzers into the compact and advancing rebel ranks.

Here was the turning-point of the battle on the left. The rebels were only checked, not halted. On they came. Horse after horse from the batteries was picked off. Every private at one of the howitzers fell, and the gun was worked by Capt. Terrell himself and a corporal. Still the rebels advanced, till, in the very nick of time, a regiment dashed up from our line, and saved the disabled piece. Then for two hours artillery and musketry at close range. At last they began to waver. Our men pressed on, pouring in deadly volleys. Just then Buell, who assumed the general direction of his troops in the field, came up. At a glance he saw the chance. "Forward at double-quick by brigades!" Our men leaped forward as if they had been tied, and were only too much rejoiced at suddenly finding themselves able to move. For a quarter of a mile the rebels fell back. Faster and faster they ran, less and less resistance was made to the advance. At last the front camps on the left were reached, and by half-past two that point was cleared. The rebels had been steadily swept back over the ground they had won, with heavy loss as they fell into confusion; we had retaken all our own guns lost here the day before, and one or two from the rebels were left as trophies, to tell in after days how bravely that great victory over treason in Tennessee was won.

ADVANCE OF CRITTENDEN'S DIVISION.

I have sketched the advance of Nelson. Next to him came Crittenden. He too swept forward over his ground to the front some distance before finding the foe. Between eight and nine o'clock, however, while keeping Smith's brigade on his left up even with Nelson's flank, and joining Boyle's brigade to McCook on the right, in the grand advance, they came upon the

enemy with a battery in position, and well supported. Smith dashed his brigade forward; there was sharp, close work with musketry, and the rebels fled, leaving us three pieces—a twelve-pounder howitzer, and two brass six-pounders. But they cost the gallant thirteenth Ohio dear. Major Ben. Piatt Runkle fell mortally wounded. Softly may he sleep, and green grow the laurels over his honored grave. None worthier wear them living.

For half an hour perhaps the storm raged around these captured guns. Then came the reflex rebel wave that had hurled Nelson back. Crittenden, too, caught its full force. The rebels swept up to the batteries, around them, and on down after our retreating column. But the two brigades, like those of Nelson to their left, took a fresh position, faced the foe, and held their ground. Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries now began shelling the infantry that alone opposed them. Before abandoning the guns so briefly held, they had spiked them *with mud*, and the novel expedient was perfectly successful. From that time till after one o'clock, while the fight raged back and forth over the same ground, the rebels did not succeed in firing a shot from their mud-spiked artillery.

At last our brigades began to gain the advantage again. Crittenden pushed them steadily forward. Mendenhall and Bartlett poured in their shell. A rush for the contested battery, and it is ours again. The rebels retreated toward the left. Smith and Boyle, holding the infantry well in hand, Mendenhall again got their range, and poured in shell on the new position. The fortune of the day was against them as against their comrades to Nelson's front, and they were soon in full retreat.

Just then Brig.-Gen. Thomas J. Woods' advance brigade from his approaching division came up. It was too late for the fight, but it relieved Crittenden's weary fellows, and pushed on after the rebels, until they were found to have left our most advanced camps.

M'COOK'S ADVANCE.

Thus the left was saved. Meanwhile McCook, with as magnificent regiments as ever came from the Army of the Potomac, or from any army of volunteers in the world, was doing equally well toward the centre. His division was handled in such a way as to save great effusion of blood, while equally important results were attained. Thus the reserves were kept as much as possible from under fire, while those to the front were engaged. The lists of killed and wounded will show that, while as heavy fighting was done here as anywhere on the right or centre, the casualties are fewer than could have been expected.

It would scarcely be interesting to prolong details where the course of one division so nearly resembled that of the others. But let me sketch the

close. An Illinois battery, serving in the division, was in imminent danger. The Sixth Indiana was ordered to its relief. A rapid rush; close musketry firing; no need of bayonets here; the battery is safe. The enemy are to the front and right. Advancing and firing right oblique, the Sixth pushes on. The rebel colors fall. Another volley; they fall again. Another volley; yet once more the colors drop. There is fatality in it; so the rebels seem to think at least, as they wheel and disappear.

And then Rousseau's brigade is drawn off, in splendid style, as if coming in from parade, conscious of some grand master of reviews watching their movements. So there was—the rebel general. As he saw the brigade filing back, he pushed his forces forward again. Kirk's brigade advanced to meet them, coming out of the woods into an open field to do so. They were met by a tremendous fire, which threw a battalion of regulars in front of them (under Major Oliver, I think) into some confusion. They retire to reform, and meanwhile down drops the brigade, flat on the ground. Then, as the front is clear, they spring up, charge across the open field—never mind the falling—straight on, on to the woods, under cover, with the enemy driven back by the impetuous advance. And now he rallies. Fierce musketry firing sweeps the woods. They advance—thirty rods perhaps—when the Twenty-ninth Indiana gets into a marsh, and falls partially to the rear. Heavier comes the leaden hail. Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth both fall back fifteen or twenty rods; they rally and advance; again they are hurled back; again they start forward; and this time they come in on the vulnerable points. The enemy flees. Col. Waggoner's Fifteenth Indiana comes up to the support; the enemy disappear; fresh troops take their places, and for them the fight is ended. I might describe similar deeds of the brave Willich's and Harrison's regiments, but "from one learn all."

M'CLERNAND AND HURLBUT.

Farther to the right, McClermand and Hurlbut were gallantly coming on with their jaded men. The soldiers *would fight*—that was the great lesson of the battle. If surprised, and driven off in consequence of surprise, that can hardly be wholly charged on them. Four times McClermand regained and lost again the ground to the front of his division. Similar were Hurlbut's fortunes.

But I must abandon these details. Beginning at the left, we have followed the wave of successes that swept us forward again, from spot to spot, over the hard-lost fields of Sunday—our pæans of victory, the wild cheers of our successful soldiers, sounding the requiem of the fallen rebels, who have atoned for their treason by the brave man's death. Nelson, Crittenden, McCook, Hurlbut, McClermand have borne their divisions through the fray.

It lasted longer on the right, and was as rarely interesting as the chess-game of a master. Let us trace it through.

LEW. WALLACE'S MOVEMENTS.

In speaking of the beginning of Monday's battle, I mentioned Maj.-Gen. Lew. Wallace's opening the ball at seven o'clock, by shelling with enfilading fires a rebel battery. A few shots demonstrated to the rebels that their position was untenable. The instant Sherman came in to protect his left, Wallace advanced his infantry. The rebel battery at once limbered up and got out of the way. The advance had withdrawn the division from Sherman. Making a left half-wheel, to get back into the neighborhood of our line, they advanced some two hundred yards, which brought them to a little elevation, with a broad open stretch to the front.

As the division halted on the crest of the swell, there passed before them a rare vision. Away to the front were woods. Through the edge of the timber, skirting the fields, the head of a rebel column appeared, marching past in splendid style on the double-quick. Banner after banner appeared; the "stars and bars" formed a long line, stretching parallel with Wallace's line of battle. Regiment after regiment followed on, the line lengthened, and doubled and trebled; the head of the column was out of sight, and still they came. Twenty regiments were counted passing through these woods. The design was plain. The rebels had abandoned the idea of forcing their way through our left, and now the manifest attempt was to turn our right.

Batteries were ordered up—Thompson's and Thurder's—and the whole column was shelled as it passed. The rebels rapidly threw their artillery into position, and a brisk cannonading began. After a time, while the fight still rested with the artillery, the rebels opened a new and destructive battery to the right, which our men soon learned to know as "Watson's Louisiana Battery," from the marks on the ammunition-boxes they forced it from time to time to leave behind.

Batteries, with a brigade of supporting infantry, were now moved forward over open fields under heavy fire, to contend against this new assailant. The batteries opened, the sharpshooters were thrown out to the front to pick off the rebel artillerists, the brigade was ordered down on its face to protect it from the flying shell and grape. For an hour and a half the contest lasted, while the body of the division was still delayed, waiting for Sherman. By ten o'clock Sherman's right, under Col. Marsh, came up. He started to move across the fields. The storm of musketry and grape was too much for him, and he fell back in good order. Again he started on the double, and gained the woods. The Louisiana battery was turned; Marsh's position left it subject to fire in flank and front, and it fled. The other rebel batteries at once did

the same; and Wallace's division, up in an instant, now that a master move had swept the board, pushed forward. Before them were broad fallow fields, then a woody little ravine, then corn-fields, then woods.

The left brigade was sent forward. It crossed the fallow fields, under ordinary fire, then gained the ravine, and was rushing across the corn-fields, when the same Louisiana steel rifled guns opened on them. Dashing forward they reached a little ground-swell, behind which they dropped like dead men, while skirmishers were sent forward to silence the troublesome battery. The skirmishers crawled forward till they gained a little knoll, not more than seventy-five yards from the battery. Of course the battery opened on them. They replied, if not so noisily, more to the purpose. In a few minutes the battery was driven off, with artillerymen killed, horses shot down, and badly crippled every way. But the affair cost us a brave man—Lieut.-Col. Garber—who could not control his enthusiasm at the conduct of the skirmishers, and in his excitement incautiously exposed himself. All this while rebel regiments were pouring up to attack the audacious brigade that was supporting the skirmishers, and fresh regiments from Wallace's division came up in time to checkmate the game.

But the battery was silenced. "Forward," was the division order. Rushing across the corn-fields under heavy fire, they now met the rebels face to face in the woods. The contest was quick, decisive. Close, sharp, continuous musketry for a few minutes, and the rebels fell back.

Here, unfortunately Sherman's right gave way. Wallace's flank was exposed. He instantly formed Col. Wood's (Seventy-sixth Ohio) in a new line of battle, in right angles with the real one, and with orders to protect the flank. The Eleventh Indiana was likewise here engaged in a sharp engagement with the enemy attempting to flank, and for a time the contest waxed fierce. But Sherman soon filled the place of his broken regiments; again Wallace's division poured forward, and again the enemy gave way.

By two o'clock the division was into the woods again, and for three-quarters of a mile it advanced under a continuous storm of shot. Then another contest or two with batteries—always met with skirmishers and sharp-shooting—then, by four o'clock, two hours later than on the right, a general rebel retreat—then pursuit, recall, and encampment on the old grounds of Sherman's division, in the very tents from which those regiments were driven that hapless Sunday morning.

The camps were regained. The rebels were repulsed. Their attack had failed. We stood where we began. Rebel cavalry were within half a mile of us. The retreating columns were within striking distance. *But we had regained our camps.* And so ended the battle of Pittsburg Landing.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY J. WHITELAW REID.

FIELD OF BATTLE, NEAR GETTYSBURG, July, 1863.

A thousand rumors are afloat. Washington has had on an old fashioned scare. Hooker is superseded! and why? Go ask the Commander-in-Chief. Amid this turmoil and excitement I left for the contemplated field of battle. Where headquarters were no one knew—somewhere in Maryland or Pennsylvania—in the direction of the invading and confident legions of the enemy. Baltimore reached, and there a panic also; trains go and come uncertainly in every direction. I went towards Westminster and over the roads where eighteen hours ago the rebels had swarmed along. Away on the left loomed up amid the driving mists, South Mountain, historic evermore, and fitting monument for its own and the contiguous field of Antietam. Moving along up a winding turnpike, upturned and bent about by a billowy country that, in its cultivation, gave evidence of proximity to Pennsylvania farmers; here the army had but just moved up the valley of the Monocacy heading towards Taneytown, where now was headquarters; and fortunate was I in finding it. A horseman galloped up and hastily dismounted, bringing tidings of a battle near Gettysburg, close by the southern line of Pennsylvania, and that Maj.-Gen. Reynolds was already killed. In company with other members of the press we mount and spur for Gettysburg—we shall precede headquarters but a little—a long weary struggle, with an already jaded horse past the solid columns and their straggling infantry, past artillery and army equipage that blockades, crowds and surges along in hot haste the narrow way to the scene of conflict—on climbing eagerly the hills that are crossed by this highway, we strain our eyes to catch the first glimpses of the nearing field of battle. A little further on, a turn to the left, another slope ascended, and now in front on a gradual declivity stands an orchard of gnarled old leafy trees, beyond the valley a range of hills but little lower than that on which we stand; on this slope, half hidden among the cluster of trees, is a large cupola-crowned brick building—the Theological Seminary; between this and us a half dozen spires and roofs of houses, distinguishable amid the luxuriant foliage, streets marked by the lines of trees—and this is Gettysburg! No sound of bells or children's merry-making greets our ears—only now and then a blue, circling curl of smoke rises and fades from view. We are standing on Cemetery Hill—the key to the whole position. Passing a small frame dwelling and looking in, saw the wreck of yesterday's battle; the floor was covered with the wounded

and dying. In an upper room lay Gen. Wadsworth, wounded in the front of yesterday's fight.

THE BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY.

I have conversed with four of the most prominent generals employed in that action and any number of subordinates. In the early part of this day Maj.-Gen. Reynolds, commanding the First Corps, moved in solid column and entered the streets of Gettysburg. On the other edge of the town the retiring pickets of the enemy were encountered by our advancing skirmishers. A sharp contest ensued; our advance lines were driven in; this fired the column, and Gen. Reynolds with little or no reconnoissance marched impetuously forward.

It was fifteen minutes past ten o'clock. The fire of the rebel skirmishers rattled along the front, but, shaking it off as they had the dew from their night's bivouac, the men pushed hotly on.

Meantime Gen. Reynolds, on receiving his first notice an hour ago from Buford's cavalry, that the rebels were in the vicinity of Gettysburg, had promptly sent word back to Gen. Howard, and asked him, as a prudential measure, to bring up the Eleventh corps as rapidly as possible. The Eleventh had been coming up on the Emmetsburg road. Finding it crowded with the train of the First, they had started off on a by-way, leading into the Taneytown road, some distance ahead; and were still on this by-way eleven miles from Gettysburg, when Reynold's messenger reached them. The fine fellows, with stinging memories of not wholly merited disgrace at Chancellorsville, started briskly forward, and a little after one their advance brigade was filing through the town to the music of the fire above. Gen. Reynold's corps consists of three divisions—Wadsworth's, Doubleday's, and Robinson's. Wadsworth's (composed of Meredith's and Cutler's brigades—both mainly Western troops) had the advance, with Cutler on the right and Meredith on the left. Arriving at the Theological Seminary, above the town, the near presence of the enemy became manifest, and they placed a battery in position to feel him out, and gradually moved forward.

An engagement, of more or less magnitude, was evidently imminent. Gen. Reynolds rode forward to select a position for a line of battle. Unfortunate—sadly unfortunate again—alike for him, with all a gallant soldier's possibilities ahead of him, and for the country, that so sorely needed his well-tried services. He fell, almost instantly, pierced by a ball from a sharpshooter's rifle, and was borne, dying or dead, to the rear. Gen. Doubleday was next in command.

The enemy were seen ready. There was no time to wait for orders from the new corps commander; instantly, right and left, Cutler and Meredith wheeled into line of battle on the double-quick. Well-tried troops,

those; no fear of *their* flinching; veterans of a score of battles—in the war some of them from the very start; with the first at Philippi, Laurel Hill, Carrick's Ford, Cheat Mountain and all the Western Virginia campaign; trusted of Shields at Winchester, and of Lander at Romney and Bloomery Gap; through the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, and with the army of the Potomac in every march to the red slaughter sowing that still had brought no harvest of victory. Meredith's old Iron Brigade was the Nineteenth Indiana, Twenty-fourth Michigan, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin—veterans all, and well mated with the brave New Yorkers whom Wadsworth led.

Cutler, having the advance, opened the attack; Meredith was at it a few minutes later. Short, sharp fighting, the enemy handsomely repulsed, three hundred rebel prisoners taken, General Archer himself reported at their head—such was the auspicious opening. No wonder the First determined to hold its ground.

Yet they were ill-prepared for the contest that was coming. Their guns had sounded the tocsin for the Eleventh, but so they had too for Ewell, already marching down from York to rejoin Lee. They were fighting two divisions of A. P. Hill's now—numerically stronger than their dwindled three. Their batteries were not up in sufficient numbers; on Meredith's left—a point that especially needed protection, there were none at all. A battery with Buford's cavalry stood near. Wadsworth cut red tape and in an instant ordered it up. The captain, preferring red tape to red fields, refused to obey. Wadsworth ordered him under arrest, could find no officer for the battery, and finally fought it under a sergeant. Sergeant and captain there should henceforth exchange places.

The enemy repulse!, the First advanced their lines and took the position lately held by the rebels. Very heavy skirmishing, almost developing at times into a general musketry engagement, followed. Our men began to discover that they were opposing a larger force. Their own line, long and thin, bent and wavered occasionally, but bore bravely up. To the left, where the fire seemed the hottest, there were no supports at all, and Wadsworth's division, which had been in the longest, was suffering severely.

About one o'clock Maj.-Gen. Howard, riding in advance of his hastening corps, arrived on the field and assumed command. Carl Schurz was thus left in command of the Eleventh, while Doubleday remained temporarily Reynold's successor in the First.

The advance of the Eleventh soon came up and was thrown into position to the right of the First. They had little fighting immediately—but their time was coming. Meantime the First, that had already lost its general commanding and had held its ground against superior numbers, without supports, from ten till nearly two, took fresh courage as another corps came

up, and all felt certain of winning the day. But alas! the old, old game was playing. The enemy was concentrating faster than we.

About half-past two that afternoon, standing where we now stand, on Cemetery Hill, one might have seen a long, gray line creeping down the pike and near the railroad on the north-east side of the town. Little pomp in their march, but much haste; few wagons, but the ammunition trains all up; and the battle-flags that float over their brigades are not our flags. It is the road from *York*—these are Stonewall Jackson's men—led now by Stonewall Jackson's most trusted and loved Lieutenant, Gen. Ewell. That gray serpent, bending in and out through the distant hills, decides the day.

They are in manifest communication with Hill's corps, now engaged, fully advised of their early losses, and of the exact situation. They bend up from the York road, debouch in the woods near the crest of the hill, and by three o'clock, with the old yell and the old familiar tactics, their battle-line comes charging down.

Small resistance is made on our right. The Eleventh does not flee wildly from its old antagonists, as at their last meeting, when Stonewall Jackson scattered them as if they had been pigmies, foolishly venturing into the war of the Titans. It even makes stout resistance for a little while; but the advantage of position, as of numbers, is all with the rebels, and the line is forced to retire. It is done deliberately and without confusion, till they reach the town. Here the evil genius of the Eleventh falls upon it again. To save the troops from the terrible enfilading fire through the streets, the officers wheel them by detachments into cross-streets, and attempt to march them thus around one square after another, diagonally, through the town. The Germans are confused by the manœuvre; perhaps the old panic at the battle-cry of Jackson's flying corps comes over them; at any rate they break in wild confusion, some pouring through the town a rout, and are with difficulty formed again on the heights to the southward. They lose over one thousand two hundred prisoners in twenty minutes. One of their generals, Schempelfennig, an old officer in the Russian service in the Crimean war, is cut off, but he shrewdly takes to cover, conceals himself somewhere in the town, and finally escapes.

But while our right is thus suddenly wiped out, how fares it with the left—Robinson and Doubleday, and sturdy Wadsworth, with the Western troops? Sadly enough.

By half-past three, as they counted the time, the whole of A. P. Hill's corps, acting in concert now with Ewell, precipitated itself upon their line. These men are as old and tried soldiers as there are in the war, and they describe the fire that followed as the most terrific they have ever known. In a single brigade, (Cutler's,) in twenty minutes, every staff-officer had his horse shot under him, some of them two and three. In thirty minutes not

a horse was left to general or staff, save one, and that one—as if the grim mockery of war there sought to outdo itself—had his tail shot off! Gen. Cutler himself had three horses shot under him.

Few troops could stand it. All of the First corps could not. Presently the thin line of fire began to waver and bend and break under those terrible volleys from the dark woods above. The officers, brave almost always to a fault, sought to keep them in. One—his name deserves to be remembered—Capt. Richardson, of the Seventh Wisconsin, seized the colors of a retreating Pennsylvania regiment, and strove to rally the men around their flag.

The right of the corps gave way. The fierce surge of Ewell's attack had beaten up to their front, and, added to Hill's heavy fire, forced them slowly back.

Wadsworth still holds on—for a few minutes more his braves protract the carnival of death. Doubleday managed to get three regiments over to their support; Colonel Biddle's Pennsylvania regiment came in and behaved most gallantly. Colonel Stephenson, who all the day had been serving in the hottest of the fight as aid to Meredith, relieved a wounded colonel, and strove to rally his regiment. Meredith himself, with his Antietam wound hardly yet ceasing to pain him, is struck again, a mere bruise, however—on the head, with a piece of shell. At the same instant his large, heavy horse falls, mortally wounded, bears the general under him to the ground, and beats him there with his head and shoulders in his death convulsions.

It is idle fighting Fate. Ewell turned the scale with the old, historic troops; brave men may now well retire before double their number equally brave. When the Eleventh corps fell back, the flank of the First was exposed; when the right of the First fell back, Wadsworth's flank was exposed, already flushed with their victory, rebels were pouring up against front and both flanks of the devoted brigades. They had twice cleared their front of rebel lines; mortal men could now do no more. And so, "slowly and sullenly firing," the last of them came back.

Meantime, the fate of the army had been settled. It was one of those great crises that come rarely more than once in a lifetime. For Major-Gen. Howard, brave, one-armed, Christian fighting hero, the crisis had come.

His command—two corps of the grand army of the Potomac—were repulsed, and coming back in full retreat, a few sturdy brigades in order, the most in sad confusion. One cavalry charge, twenty minutes' well-directed cannonading, might wipe out nearly a third of the army, and leave Meade powerless for the defence of the North. These corps must be saved, and saved at once.

At this juncture Maj.-Gen. Hancock arrived and took command, and in conjunction with Gen. Howard the Cemetery Hill was instantly selected. The troops were taken to the rear and re-formed under cover. Batteries

hurried up, and when the rebel pursuit had advanced half-way through the town a thunderbolt leaped out from the whole length of that line of crest and smote them where they stood. The battle was ended, the corps were saved.

The last desperate attack lasted nowhere along the line over forty minutes; with most of it hardly over half so long. One single brigade, that "iron" column that held the left, went in one thousand eight hundred and twenty strong. It came out with seven hundred men. A few were prisoners; a few concealed themselves in houses and escaped—near a thousand of them were killed and wounded. Its fellow brigade went in one thousand five hundred strong; it came out with forty-nine officers and five hundred and forty-nine men killed and wounded, and six officers and five hundred and eighty-four men missing and their fate unknown. Who shall say that they did not go down into the very valley of the Shadow of Death on that terrible afternoon?

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Whoever would carry in his mind a simple map of our positions in the great battles of Thursday and Friday, the 2d and 3d of July, at Gettysburg, has but to conceive a broad capital A, bisected by another line drawn down from the top and equi-distant from each side. These three straight lines meeting at the top of the letter are the three roads along which our army advanced, and between and on which lay the battle-field. The junction of the lines is Gettysburg. The middle line, running nearly north and south, is the road to Taneytown. The right-hand line, running south-east, is the Baltimore pike. That on the left is the Emmetsburg road.

Almost at the junction of the lines, and resting on the left-hand side of the Baltimore pike, is the key to the whole position—Cemetery Hill. This constitutes our extreme front, lies just south of Gettysburg, overlooks and completely commands the town, the entire valley to right and left, the whole space over which the rebels advanced to attack our centre, and a portion of the woods from which the rebel lines on their centre debouched.

Standing on this hill and facing north (toward the town) you have, just across the Baltimore pike, another hill, almost as high, and crowned like the Cemetery with batteries that rake the centre front. Farther to the right and rear, the country is broken into a series of short, billowy ridges, every summit of which affords a location for a battery. Through these passes the little valley of Rock Creek, crossing the Baltimore turnpike a couple of miles or so from town, and thus affording a good covered way for a rebel movement to attempt (by passing down the valley from the woods beyond this range of hills) to pierce our right wing, and penetrate to the rear of our centre.

On the left the hills are lower, afford fewer eligible positions for batteries, and are commanded by the heights on the rebel side.

The space between these lines is rolling, and in parts quite hilly; partially under cultivation, the rest lightly timbered; passable nearly everywhere for infantry and cavalry, in most parts for artillery also.

OUR LINE OF BATTLE.

The reader can now in an instant trace for himself our line of battle on the bisected A. Near the apex, the Cemetery, of course; batteries around the crest; infantry in line of battle down the declivity, in the orchard, and sweeping over the Taneytown road and up to that to Emmetsburg. Then along the stone fence which skirts the hither side of the Emmetsburg road for say half a mile. Then, bending in from the road a little, leaving its possession to our skirmishers alone, and so passing back for a mile and a half farther, in a line growing more and more distant from the Emmetsburg road, and nearer that to Taneytown. These are the lines of centre and left. Beginning at the Cemetery again, our right stretches across the Baltimore pike and along the range of hills already described, in a direction that grows nearly parallel with the pike, (at a distance from it of a quarter to half a mile,) and down it a couple of miles. Measuring all its sinuosities, the line must be about five miles long.

THE REBEL LINES AND ORDER OF BATTLE.

All the country fronting this remarkable horse-shoe line is virtually in the hands of the rebels. It will be seen that their lines must be longer than ours, and that in moving from one point to another of the field they are compelled to make long *detours*, while our troops can be thrown from left to right, or from either to centre, with the utmost ease, and by the shortest routes.

Take the crescent of the new moon, elongate the horns a little, turn the hollow side toward our positions, and you have the general direction the rebels were compelled to give their line of battle. As was seen in Wednesday's fight, Jackson's old corps, under Ewell, formed their left—opposite our right; while A. P. Hill held their centre, and Longstreet, who arrived early Thursday morning, their right.

OUR ORDER OF BATTLE.

On our front the line of battle was arranged by Gen. Meade, at an early hour on Thursday morning, as follows: On the centre, holding Cemetery Hill and the declivity in its front, Maj.-Gen. Howard, with his Eleventh

corps. Across the pike, on the adjacent hill to the right, what was left of the First corps. Next to it, and stretching to our extreme right, Maj.-Gen. Slocum, with his Twelfth corps. Beginning again at the Cemetery Hill, and going toward the left, we have first, next to Howard, the Second corps, Maj.-Gen. Hancock; next to it, the Third, Maj.-Gen. Sickles; and partly to the rear of the Third, and subsequently brought up on the extreme left, the Fifth corps, Maj.-Gen. Sykes. The Sixth corps, Maj.-Gen. Sedgwick, was kept near the Taneytown pike, in the rear, and constituted the only reserve of the army.

Our troops were not concentrated so early as those of the rebels, and but for their caution in so long feeling about our lines before making an attack, we might have suffered in consequence. Sedgwick's corps did not all get up till nearly dark Thursday evening, having been sent away beyond Westminster with a view to the intended movement on York. The Twelfth corps had arrived about sunset, Wednesday evening, a couple of hours or more after our repulse beyond Gettysburg; the Second and Third during that night, and the Fifth about ten Thursday morning. For Thursday's fight the Fifth constituted the only reserve.

THURSDAY TILL FOUR O'CLOCK.

All Thursday forenoon there was lively firing between our skirmishers and those of the enemy. Standing on Cemetery Hill I could see the long line of our skirmishers stretching around centre and left, well advanced, lying flat on the ground in the meadows or corn-fields and firing at will as they lay. With a glass the rebel line could be even more distinctly seen. Occasionally the gray-coated fellows rose from cover, and with a yell rushed on our men, firing as they came. Once or twice in the half-hour that I watched them, they did this with such impetuosity as to force our skirmishers back, and call out a shell or two from our nearest batteries—probably the very object their officers had in view.

Toward noon I rode over to general headquarters, which had been established in a little, square, one-story, white-washed frame house, to the left and rear of the Cemetery, and just under the low hill where our left joined the centre. No part of the line was visible from the spot, and it had been chosen, I suppose, because while within a three minutes' gallop of the Cemetery, or the hither portion of the left, it seemed comparatively protected by its situation. The choice was a bad one. Next to the Cemetery, it proved the hottest point on the field.

Gen. Meade had finished his arrangement of the lines. Reports of the skirmishing were coming in; the facts developed by certain reconnoissances were being presented. Gen. Williams and Maj. Barstow, the Adjutant-

Generals, were hard at work sending out the orders; aids and orderlies were galloping off and back; Gen. Warren, acting Chief of Staff, was with the General Commanding, poring over the maps of the field which the engineers had just finished, most of the staff were stretched beneath an apple tree, resting while they could.

It seemed that a heavy pressure had been brought to bear for an attack on the enemy, by the heads of columns in divisions, pouring the whole army on the enemy's centre, and smashing through it after the old Napoleonic plan; but Meade steadily resisted. The enemy was to fight him where he stood, was to come under the range of this long chain of batteries on the crests. Wisely decided, as the event proved.

The afternoon passed on in calm and cloudless splendor. From headquarters I rode down the left, then back to Slocum's headquarters, on a high hill, half or three-quarters of a mile south from the Cemetery, on the Baltimore pike. Everywhere quiet, the men stretched lazily on the ground in line of battle, horses attached to the caissons, batteries unlimbered and gunners resting on their guns.

The thunderbolts were shut up, like Æolus' winds; it seemed as if the sun might set in peace over all this mighty machinery of destruction, held in calm, magnificent reserve.

THE REBEL ATTACK ON THE LEFT.

But unseen hands were letting loose the elements. Gen. Meade had not failed to see the comparatively exposed position of our left; and between three and four the order was sent out for the extreme left—then formed by Sickles's (Third) corps—to advance. If the enemy was preparing to attack us there, our advance would soon unmask his movements.

It did. The corps moved out, spiritedly, of course—when, even in disastrous days, did it go otherwise to battle?—and by four o'clock had found the rebel advance. Longstreet was bringing up his whole corps—nearly a third of the rebel army—to precipitate upon our extreme left. The fight at once opened, with artillery first, presently with crashing roars of musketry, too. Rebel batteries were already in position, and some of them enfiladed Sickles's line. Our own were hastily set to work, and the most dangerous of the rebel guns were partially silenced. Then came a rebel charge, with the wild yell and rush; it is met by a storm of grape and canister from our guns, depressed to rake them in easy range. The line is shattered and sent whirling back on the instant. Long columns almost immediately afterward begin to debouch from the woods to the rear of the rebel batteries—another and a grander charge is preparing. Gen. Warren who, as Chief of Staff, is overlooking the fight for the Commanding General, sends back for more

troops. Alas! Sedgwick's corps is not yet available. We have only the Fifth for the reserves. Howard and Hancock are already at work on the centre and left centre. But Hancock advances, and the fire grows intenser still along the whole line of the left.

Meantime, Cemetery Hill is raked at once from front and left, and the shells from rebel batteries on the left carry over even into the positions held by our right. The battle rages on but one side, but death moves visibly over the whole field, from line to line, and front to rear. Trains are hurried away on the Baltimore pike; the unemployed *débris* of the army takes alarm, a panic in the rear seems impending. Guards thrown hastily across the roads to send the runaways back, do something to repress it.

The rebel lines we have seen debouching between their batteries on Sickles's front slowly advance. The fight grows desperate, aid after aid is sent for reënforcements; our front wavers, the line of flame and smoke sways to and fro, but slowly settles backward. Sickles is being—not driven—but pushed back. At last the reserve comes in; the advance of the brigades of the Fifth wind down among the rocks and enter the smoke, the lines braces up, advances, halts soon, but comes no more back. The left is not overpowered yet. We have had two hours of exceedingly severe artillery and musketry fighting. The enemy still holds a little of the ground we had, but the chances seem almost even.

ONE PHASE—A TYPE OF MANY.

I cannot trace the movements further in detail; let me give one phase of the fight, fit type of many more. Some Massachusetts batteries—Capt. Bigelow's, Capt. Phillips's, two or three more under Capt. McGilvry, of Maine—were planted on the extreme left, advanced now well down to the Emmetsburg road, with infantry in their front—the first division, I think, of Sickles's corps. A little after five, a fierce rebel charge drove back the infantry and menace the batteries. Orders are sent to Bigelow on the extreme left, to hold his position at every hazard short of sheer annihilation, till a couple more batteries can be brought to his support. Reserving his fire a little, then with depressed guns opening with double charges of grape and canister, he smites and shatters, but cannot break the advancing line. His grape and canister are exhausted, and still, closing grandly up over their slain, on they come. He falls back on spherical case, and pours this in at the shortest range. On, still onward comes the artillery-defying line, and still he holds his position. They are within six paces of the guns—he fires again. Once more, and he blows devoted soldiers from his very muzzles. And still mindful of that solemn order, he holds his place. They spring upon his carriages and shoot down his horses! And then, his Yankee ar-

tillerists still about him, he seizes the guns by hand, and from the very front of that line drags two of them off. The caissons are further back—five out of the six are saved.

That single company, in that half-hour's fight, lost thirty-three of its men, including every sergeant it had. The captain himself was wounded. Yet it was the first time it was ever under fire! I give it simply as a type. So they fought along that fiery line!

The rebels now poured on Phillip's battery, and it too, was forced to drag off the pieces by hand when the horses were shot down. From a new position it opened again; and at last the two reënforcing batteries came up on the gallop. An enfilading fire swept the rebel line; Sickles's gallant infantry charged, the rebel line swept back on a reflux tide—we regained the lost ground, and every gun just lost in this splendid fight.

Once more I repeat, this is but a type.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS CALLED IN FROM THE RIGHT.

Slocum, too, came into the fight. The reserves were all used up; the right seemed safe. It was believed from the terrific attack that the whole rebel army, Ewell's corps included, was massed on our centre and left; and so a single brigade was left to hold the rifle-pits constructed through the day along the whole line of the Twelfth, on the right; and the rest of the corps came across the little neck of land to strengthen our weakening line. Needful, perhaps, but perilous in the extreme.

THE CLOSE.

At six the cannonade grew fiercer than ever, and the storm of death swept over the field from then till darkness ended the conflict. In the main our strengthened columns held the line. At points they were forced back a little; a few prisoners were lost. On the whole the rebels were unsuccessful, but we had not quite held our own.

Some caissons had been blown up on either side; a barn on the Em-metsburg road was fired by the rebel shells, and its light gave their sharpshooters a little longer time at that point to work. Both sides lay on their arms exhausted, but insatiate, to wait for the dawning.

RESULTS AND DOUBTFUL ISSUE.

The Third and Second corps were badly shattered. The Eleventh had not been quite so much engaged—its artillery had kept the rebels at a greater distance—but it had behaved well. Sickles was wounded—a leg shot off; Gen. Zook was killed; our own old townsman, Col. Cross, was

killed; the farm-houses and barns for miles were filled with the wounded. The rebels had left us Barksdale, dying; what other losses they had met we could only conjecture from the piles of dead the last rays of the sun had shown along their front.

And so, with doubtful prospects, darkness came like a wall between us, and compelled nature's truce.

From the right there came sudden sharp volleys of cheers; Ewell had *not* gone; a hasty rush had carried some of Slocum's rifle-pits, protected only by the long-drawn-out line of a single brigade. It was a gloomy close. That was our strongest point, where Jackson's men had gained this fortified foot-hold.

Now, indeed, if ever, may the nation well wrestle with God in prayer. We have fought but three hours and a half; have lost on both flanks; have called every reserve we had on the field into action, and with daybreak must hold these shattered columns to the work again.

THE OPENING, FRIDAY MORNING.

At daybreak crashing volleys woke the few sleepers there were. A fusilade ran along the line—each had felt the other, then came cautious skirmishing again.

But on the right there was no cessation. Ewell's men were in possession of part of our rifle-pits, and sought to gain the remainder; Slocum must defend the one part and regain the other at every hazard. They were fighting Stonewall Jackson's men—it might well be desperate work.

I had gone down the Baltimore pike at night to find a resting-place—coming up between four and five, I heard clearly on the right the old charging cheer. Once, twice, three times I counted it, as my horse pushed his way for less than a mile through the curious or coward throng that ebbed and flowed along the pike. Each time a charge was made, each time the musketry fire leaped out from our line more terrific than before, and still the ground was held. To the left and centre, firing gradually ceased. All interest was concentrated on this fierce contest on the right; the rest of the line on either side was bracing itself for still more desperate work.

From four to five there was heavy cannonading also, from our batteries nearest the contested points, but the artillery fire diminished and presently ceased. The rebels made no reply; we were firing at random, and it was a useless waste of ammunition. A cloud of smoke curled up from the dark woods on the right; the musketry crash continued with unparalleled tenacity and vehemence, wounded men came back over the fields, a few stragglers were hurried out to the front, ammunition was kept conveniently near the line.

In the fields to the left of the Baltimore pike stood the reserve artillery,

with horses harnessed to the pieces and ready to move on the instant. Cavalry, too, was drawn up in detachments here and there. Moved over already within supporting distance of Slocum's line stood a part of Sedgwick's corps, (the reserve of to-day,) ready for the emergency that seemed likely soon to demand it. Occasional bullets from the rebel front spattered against the trees and fences. Now and then a Minie went over with its buzzing hiss, but the pike was too nearly out of range to be cleared of the watching throng.

GENERAL SICKLES.

Through this throng, with slow tread, there came a file of soldiers, armed, but marching to the rear. It was a guard of honor for one who well deserved it. On a stretcher, borne by a couple of stout privates, lay General Sickles—but yesterday leading his corps with all the enthusiasm and dash for which he has been distinguished—to-day with his right leg amputated, and lying there, grim and stoical, with his cap pulled over his eyes, his hands calmly folded across his breast, and *a cigar in his mouth!* For a man who had just lost a leg, and whose life was yet in imminent jeopardy, it was cool indeed. He was being taken to the nearest railroad line, to be carried to some city where he could get most careful attendance; and the guard that accompanied him showed that already there were some apprehensions for the rear.

There was reason for it. Less than an hour later orders were issued from Pleasanton's headquarters, a mile or so further back on the Baltimore pike, for Gregg to take his cavalry force and guard against a dash down the valley of Rock Creek into the rear and centre. The rebels met the preparation and drew back to try it soon again further out the line.

THE BATTLE ON THE RIGHT.

I rode up the high hill where General Slocum's headquarters were established; but though it afforded an excellent view of most of our positions, the fight going on was concealed by a mask of woods on the distant hills. The Rodman guns on the hill were all manned, and the gunners were eager to try their range, but it still seemed useless. Firing in the woods, they were as likely to hit friend as foe. Signal officers here were in communication with general headquarters, with Howard on Cemetery Hill, Hancock next to him on the right, and one or two of the headquarters on the left. There was no fear of lack of certain communication between the different portions of the field, let the fortunes of the day go what way they would.

As I rode down the slope and up through the wheat-fields to Cemetery

Hill, the batteries began to open again on points along our outer line. They were evidently playing on what had been Slocum's line of yesterday. The rebels, then, were there still, in our rifle-pits. Presently the battery on Slocum's hill gained the long-sought permission, and opened, too, aiming apparently in the same direction. Other batteries along the inner line, just to the left of the Baltimore pike, followed the signal, and as one after another opened up, till every little crest between Slocum's headquarters and Cemetery Hill began belching its thunder, I had to change my course through the wheat-fields to avoid our own shells.

Still no artillery response from the rebels. Could they be short of ammunition? Could they have failed to bring up all their guns? Were they, perhaps, massing artillery elsewhere, and only keeping up this furious crash of musketry on the right as a blind?

By eight o'clock I had reached Cemetery Hill. Yesterday's conflict was more plainly inscribed on the tombstones than the virtues of the buried dead they commemorated. Shells had ploughed up lately sodded graves; round shot had shattered marble columns; dead horses lay about among the monuments, and the gore of dead men soaked the soil and moistened the roots of flowers on the old graves.

This morning it was comparatively quiet again. Sharpshooters from the houses in the town were picking off officers who exposed themselves along the crest. They knew that we did not want to shell the place, and presumed upon the forbearance of our artillery. The annoyance had at last become too serious, and one of our guns had been directed to dislodge a nest of the most audacious and the surest aimed by battering down the house from which they were firing. It was the only house in Gettysburg we harmed throughout the battles.

To the front skirmishers were still at work, but in a desultory way. All eyes were turned to the right; where now that our artillery had taken its share in the contest, its intensity seemed but redoubled by Ewell's men. Distinctly, even amid all this roar, there came up the sound of another of those ominous cheers; and the hurricane of crashing sound that followed seemed tearing the forest trees and solid hillside asunder. It was another rebel charge. Standing by the gate-keeper's lodge, with a glass I could distinctly see our shattered line swinging irregularly and convulsively back from those death-bearing woods. The rebel yells redoubled, but so did our artillery fire, now that the gunners saw exactly where to throw. The retreat lasted for but a moment, the line straightened, rallied, plunged into the woods again.

A TRIED GENERAL.

All this while—the fire gradually getting a little hotter on the hill, and an occasional shell from the rebel guns, now beginning to open, coming over—Gen. Howard was calmly reclining against a hillock by a grave-stone, with his staff about him. One or two he kept constantly watching the right, and occasionally sweeping the whole rebel line with their glasses; the rest were around him, ready for instant service. I have seen many men in action but never one so imperturbably cool as this general of the Eleventh corps. I watched him closely as a Minie whizzed overhead. I dodged, of course; I never expect to get over that habit; but I am confident he did not move a muscle by the fraction of a hair's breadth.

PROGRESS ON THE RIGHT.

About a quarter after nine the conflict in the woods to the right seemed to be culminating. Clouds of smoke obscured the view, but beyond that smoke we knew that our noble line—the Twelfth and a part of the First, with some reserves, were now engaged—was holding its ground; the direction of the sound even seemed to indicate that it was gaining, but of course that was a very uncertain test. "Ride over to Gen. Meade," said Howard to one of his aids, "and tell him the fighting on the right seems more terrific than ever, and appears swinging somewhat towards the centre, but that we know little or nothing of how the battle goes, and ask him if he has any orders." In a few minutes the aid galloped back. "The troops are to stand to arms, sir, and watch the front."

Meantime there was a little diversion away down towards the extreme right. A brigade had been thrown east of Rock Creek to watch the possible attempt at repeating the effort to get down the valley into our rear. Finding a good opportunity, it began to pour in its volleys upon Ewell's flank. The audacity of a single brigade attempting such a thing was beyond rebel suspicion; they naturally thought a heavy force was turning their flank, and were less inclined to push on Slocum's sorely pressed men in front.

Nothing seemed to come of Howard's "watching the front;" the fire of skirmishers revived occasionally, and then died away again; and finally, about a quarter before ten, I started over to general headquarters. In descending the Cemetery Hill, and crossing the intervening fields, I noticed that some bullets were beginning to come over from our left, but supposed them of course to be merely stray shots from the rebel skirmishers.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT HEADQUARTERS.

Headquarters presented a busy scene. Meade was receiving reports in the little house, coming occasionally to the door to address a hasty inquiry to some one in the group of staff-officers under the tree. Quick and nervous in his movements, but calm, and as it seemed to me, lit up with the glow of the occasion, he looked more the general, and less the student I had thought him. Polished, fashionable looking Pleasanton, riding-whip resting in the leg of one of his jack-boots, and neatly-fitting kids drawn over his hands, occasionally put in some earnest remark. Warren, calm, absorbed, earnest as ever, was constantly in consultation with the commander.

In all matters of detail, Williams or Maj. Barstow was referred to as to an encyclopedia. Orderlies and aids were momentarily dashing up with reports and off with orders; the signal-officers were bringing in the reports telegraphed by the signal-flags from the different crests that overlooked the fight. The rest of the staff stood ready for any duty, and outside the little garden-fence a great group of horses stood hitched.

HEADQUARTERS UNDER FIRE.

Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, of the N. Y. Times, my companion from Baltimore, was up at last, and very sad. His son, a gallant young lieutenant of regular artillery, had had his leg shot off in Wednesday's disastrous fight, and whether living now or dead he could not tell; he was a prisoner (or a corpse) in Gettysburg. My friend W. has so vividly described the fire at headquarters that I must be allowed to reproduce it.

"In the shadow cast by the tiny farm-house, sixteen by twenty, which Gen. Meade had made his headquarters, lay wearied staff-officers and tired correspondents. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene the singing of a bird, which had a nest in a peach tree within the tiny yard of the white-washed cottage. In the midst of its warbling, a shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery, shrieked, whirled, moaned, and whistled and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard—burst next to the fence on both sides, garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aids and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another—sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of

being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvellous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step at the headquarters cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door—another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made. During this fire the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. Not an orderly—not an ambulance—not a straggler was to be seen upon the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death, thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their purposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defences behind which our infantry were waiting? Forty minutes—fifty minutes—counted watches that ran, oh! so languidly! Shells through the two lower rooms. A shell into the chimney, that daringly did not explode. Shells in the yard. The air thicker and fuller and more deafening with the howling and whizzing of these infernal missiles. The Chief of Staff struck—Seth Williams—loved and respected through the army, separated from instant death by two inches of space vertically measured. An aid bored with a fragment of iron through the bone of the arm. And the time measured on the sluggish watches was one hour and forty minutes.”

RISE AND EBB OF THE TIDE OF BATTLE.

It had been a sudden concentration of terrific artillery fire, on our left, with a view to silence our batteries, and sweep resistance from the slopes before they charged. But they did not find us unprepared. The tornado of death that swept over the fields leveled much before it, but not all.

THE LAST DESPERATE ATTACK.

Then there was a lull, and we knew that the rebel infantry was charging. And splendidly they did this work—the highest and severest test of the stuff that soldiers are made of. Hill's division, in line of battle, came first on the double-quick. Their muskets at the “right shoulder-shift.” Longstreet's came as the support, at the usual distance, with war cries and

a savage insolence as yet untutored by defeat. They rushed in perfect order across the open field up to the very muzzles of the guns, which tore lanes through them as they came. But they met men who were their equals in spirit and their superiors in tenacity. There never was better fighting since Thermopylæ than was done by our infantry and artillery. The rebels were over our defences. They had cleared cannoneers and horses from one of the guns, and were whirling it around to use upon us. The bayonet drove them back. But so hard pressed was this brave infantry that at one time, from the exhaustion of their ammunition, every battery upon the principal crest of attack was silent except Crowen's. His service of grape and canister was awful. It enabled our line, outnumbered two to one, first to beat back Longstreet and then to charge upon him, and take a great number of his men prisoners. Strange sight! So terrible was our musketry and artillery fire, that when Armistead's brigade was checked in its charge, and stood reeling, all of its men dropped their muskets and crawled on their hands and knees underneath the stream of shot close to our troops, when they made signs of surrendering. They passed our ranks scarcely noticed, and slowly went down the slope to the road in the rear. Before they got there the grand charge of Ewell, solemnly severe and carefully prepared, had failed. The rebels had retreated to their lines and opened another storm of shell and shot from their 120 guns. Those who remained at the riddled headquarters will remember the crouching and dodging and running of the butternut-colored captives when they got under this, their friends' fire. It was appalling to as good soldiers as they were.

The great, desperate, final charge came at four. The rebels seemed to have gathered up all their strength and desperation for one fierce, convulsive effort, that should sweep over and wash out our obstinate resistance. They swept up as before, the flower of their army to the front, victory staked upon the issue. In some places they literally lifted up and pushed back our lines, but, that terrible "position" of ours!—wherever they entered it, enflaming fires from half a score of crests swept away their columns like merest chaff. Broken and hurled back, they easily fell into our hands, and on the centre and left the last half-hour brought more prisoners than all the rest.

So it was along the whole line; but it was on the Second corps that the flower of the rebel army was concentrated; it was there that the heaviest shock beat upon and shook and even sometimes crumbled our line.

We had some shallow rifle-pits, with barricades of rails from the fences. The rebel line, stretching away miles to the left, in magnificent array, but strongest here—Pickett's splendid division of Longstreet's corps in front, the best of A. P. Hill's veterans in support—came steadily and as it seemed resistlessly sweeping up. Our skirmishers retired slowly from the Emmets-

burg road, holding their ground tenaciously to the last. The rebels reserved their fire till they reached this same Emmetsburg road, then opened with a terrific crash. From a hundred iron throats, meantime, their artillery had been thundering on our barricades.

Hancock was wounded; Gibbons succeeded to the command—approved soldier, and ready for the crisis. As the tempest of fire approached its height, he walked along the line, and renewed his orders to the men to reserve their fire. The rebels—three lines deep—came steadily up. They were in point-blank range.

At last the order came! From thrice six thousand guns there came a sheet of smoky flame, a crash, a rush of leaden death. The line literally melted away; but there came the second, resistless still. It had been our supreme effort—on the instant we were not equal to another.

Up to the rifle-pits, across them, over the barricades—the momentum of their charge, the mere machine strength of their combined action swept them on. Our thin lines could fight, but it had not weight enough to oppose to this momentum. It was pushed behind the guns. Right on came the rebels. They were upon the guns, were bayoneting the gunners, were waving their flags above our pieces. ●

But they had penetrated to the fatal point. A storm of grape and canister tore its way from man to man and marked its track with corpses straight down their line! They had exposed themselves to the enfilading fire of the guns on the western slope of Cemetery Hill; that exposure sealed their fate.

The line reeled back—disjointed already—in an instant in fragments. Our men were just behind the guns. They leaped forward upon the disordered mass; but there was little need for fighting now. A regiment threw down its arms, and, with colors at its head, rushed over and surrendered. All along the field smaller detachments did the same. Webb's brigade brought in eight hundred taken in as little time as it requires to write the simple sentence that tells it. Gibbons's old division took fifteen stand of colors.

Over the fields the escaped fragments of the charging line fell back—the battle there was over. A single brigade, Harrow's, (of which the Seventh Michigan is part,) came out with fifty-four less officers, seven hundred and ninety-three less men than it took in! So the whole corps fought—so too they fought further down the line.

FINIS.

It was fruitless sacrifice. They gathered up their broken fragments, formed their lines, and slowly marched away. It was not a rout, it was a

bitter crushing defeat. For once the army of the Potomac had won a clean, honest, acknowledged victory.

Yet we were very near defeat. Our ammunition had grown scant; the reserve ammunition-train had been brought up and drained; but for that we should have been left to cold steel.

Brigade after brigade had been thrown forward to strengthen the line; as the rebel attack drifted back over the fields there stood in the rear just one single brigade that constituted the entire reserve of the army of the Potomac. Forty thousand fresh troops to have hurled forward upon that retreating mass would have ended the campaign with the battle; but, for forty thousand we had that one wasted brigade! The rebels were soon formed again, and ready for defence—the opportunity was lost!

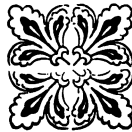
Shells still dropped over the Cemetery, by the headquarters and in the wheat-fields toward the Baltimore pike; but the fight was over.

Headquarters were established anew under the trees in a little wood near Slocum's Hill. Gen. Meade rode up, calm as ever, and called for paper and aids; he had orders already to issue. A band came marching in over the hill-side; on the evening air its notes floated out—significant melody—"Hail to the Chief."

"Ah! Gen. Meade," said W., "you're in very great danger of being President of the United States." "No," said another, more wisely, as it seems. "Finish well this work so well begun, and the position you have is better and prouder than President."—*Cincinnati Gazette*, July 8, 1863.

OFFICIAL LIST OF LOSSES, ETC.

Our loss in killed was 2,834; in wounded, 13,709; in missing, 6,643. Total, 23,286. We captured 3 guns and 41 standards, 13,621 prisoners, and 24,978 small arms were gathered from the battle field.—*Gen. Meade's Report*.



RECORD OF BATTLES AND EVENTS.

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE BATTLES AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

It is thought useful to place in this volume of war literature a complete record of all the important events that have transpired, both on land or sea, and in the civil as well as the military departments of our government.

This record has been compiled at great pains and from various and authentic sources, and is believed to be reliable.

1861.

A P R I L.

12.—Actual commencement of the war by the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The first shot was fired at 4.30 A. M., and was kept up all day and at intervals through the night. The rebels using 17 mortars and 30 long guns—mostly columbiads.—Sumter was silent.

13.—Fort Sumter opened fire at 7 A. M. Eight o'clock the officer's quarters took fire from a shell. At 10 o'clock a chance shot struck down the flag. At noon most of the woodwork of the fort was on fire, and many barrels of powder were rolled out to prevent explosion. At 1 P. M. the flagstaff was shot away, when the flag was nailed to the piece and displayed from the ramparts. Senator Wigfall now came with a flag of truce. During the afternoon arrangements were made for surrendering the fort. At 12.55 P. M. the shot riven flag was hauled down.

14.—Major Anderson and his gallant band of 90 men left Fort Sumter and sailed for New York. No man was hurt in the fort during the action, and the rebels claim that none were killed on their side.

15.—The President's proclamation issued, calling for 75,000 Volunteers and commanding the rebels to return to peace within 20 days.—Extra Session of Congress called.—N. Y. Legislature voted 30,000 men and

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\$3,000,000 for putting down the rebellion.—Several Southern vessels at New York were seized and fined for irregular clearances.

16.—Gov. Magoffin refused to furnish troops from Kentucky under the President's proclamation.—Governors Letcher, Harris and Jackson made similar responses soon after.

16, 17, ect.—General uprising in the North. Proclamations, military orders, voting men and money, the order of the day. Legislatures called together; banks offered loans to the Government; great public meetings were held.

17.—Virginia Secession ordinance passed in secret session, 60 to 53—to be submitted to the people.—Gov. Letcher recognizes the Southern Confederacy by proclamation.—Mass. Sixth Reg. started for Washington.

18.—The Penn. Volunteers reached Washington.—The Virginians obstruct the channel at Norfolk.—Major Anderson reached New York.—Sixth Mass. pass New York.—Fourth Mass. arrive.—Lieut. Jones burned Harper's Ferry Arsenal to keep it from the rebels. Rebels shot two of his men.

19.—Rebels, under Col. Van Dorn, seized the steamship *Star of the West*, off Indianola.—Attack on the Sixth Mass. in Baltimore—two killed and seven wounded—11 rioters killed and many wounded.—The Mayor and Gov. informed the President that no more troops could pass through Baltimore without fighting their way.—New York Seventh left for Washington. [From this date for many days troops were rapidly pouring in for Washington, Annapolis, and Fortress Monroe.]

20.—Great mass meeting in New York; all parties for the Union; John A. Dix presided; Major Anderson was present.—Branch Mint at Charleston, N. C., seized.—Several bridges on the Northern Penn. Railroad (in Maryland) burned.—Arsenal at Liberty, Mo., seized.—John C. Breckinridge spoke against the Government at Louisville, Ky.—Gosport Navy Yard destroyed. The *Pennsylvania*, *Delaware*, *Columbus*, *Merrimac*, *Raritan*, *Columbia*, *Germantown*, *Plymouth*, *Dolphin*, and *United States*, vessels of war, scuttled and set on fire. The *Cumberland* was towed out.

21.—Government took possession of the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad.—Over 4,000 men left New York for the seat of war.—War sermons preached in most of the Northern churches.—Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tenn., (Union) mobbed at Lynchburg, Va.

22.—Arsenals at Fayetteville, N. C., and Napoleon, Ark., seized by the rebels.—N. Y. city appropriates \$1,000,000 to equip volunteers, and \$500,000 for their families.—Western Virginia begins to take sides for the Union.—Union meeting at Lexington, Ky. Senator Crittenden spoke.—N. Y. Seventh arrived at Annapolis.—Vermont Legislature met in extra session.

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23.—John Bell came out for the rebels.—First South Carolina regiment started for the Potomac.

24.—Rebels under Solon Borland seized Fort Smith, Ark.—Governor Magoffin called an extra session of the Kentucky Legislature.

25.—Major Sibley surrendered 450 U. S. troops to the rebel Colonel Van Dorn at Saluria, Texas.—Legislature of Vermont voted \$1,000,000 to equip volunteers.—600 U. S. troops arrived at New York from Texas.—Gen. Harney arrested by Virginia authority at Harper's Ferry.—New York Seventh reached Washington.—Gov. Letcher proclaims Virginia a member of the Southern Confederacy.—Senator Douglas spoke for the Union before the Ill. Legislature.

26.—Gov. Brown, of Georgia, prohibited the payment of debts due to Northern men.—Gov. of North Carolina called an extra session of the Legislature.—More bridges burned near Baltimore on the Philadelphia road.—Gov. Burton, of Del., called for Union volunteers.

27.—Numerous resignations of Southerners at Washington who refused to take the oath.—A steamer loaded with powder for the rebels seized at Cairo.—The blockade extended to N. C. and Va. ports.

28.—Frigate Constitution arrived at New York, having barely escaped the rebels.

29.—Indiana Legislature voted \$500,000 to arm the State.—Bonds and money in the collector's office at Nashville, Tenn., seized by Gov. Harris.—Steamships Tennessee, Texas and Hermes seized at New Orleans.—Maryland Houses of Delegates voted against Secession, 53 to 13; the Senate unanimately repudiated Secession.

30.—General Harney released.—New Jersey Legislature met—Governor recommended \$2,000,000 for war purposes.

M A Y.

1.—State Convention bill passed N. C. Legislature.—R. I. Legislature met.

2.—New York 69th and Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves arrived at Washington. Missouri Legislature met.

3.—Conn. Legislature voted \$2,000,000 for public defense.—Gov. Letcher called out the militia to defend Virginia from the Northerners.—President Lincoln called for 42,000 three years' volunteers.

4.—Union delegates to a Border State Convention elected in Louisville, Ky., by 7,000 majority.—Committee of Maryland Legislature visited President Lincoln.—Funeral at Lawrence, Mass., of Corporal Needham, of the Mass. Sixth, killed at Baltimore.

5.—Gen. Butler, with a Union force, took possession of the Relay House, near Baltimore.

1861.

6.—Virginia admitted to the Confederacy.—Arkansas Convention voted, 69 to 1 to secede.—The Rebel Congress made public the War and Privateering Act.—Baltimore city militia disbanded.—Kentucky Legislature met.

7.—Michigan Legislature met.—Major Anderson accepted command of the Kentucky Volunteers.—Riot at Knoxville, on hoisting a Union flag.—Gov. Harris announced a military league between Tenn. and the Confederacy.

9.—Rebel Congress authorize their President to accept all the volunteers that offer.—First landing of troops by steamers at Baltimore.

10.—Mob attack upon Volunteer Home Guards in St. Louis—A brigade of secession militia near St. Louis, under Gen. Frost, surrendered to Capt. Lyon.—Maj. Gen. Robert E. Lee put in command of the rebel forces in Virginia.

11.—Great Union demonstration in San Francisco.—Blockade of Charleston established.

12.—Gen. Harney issued a proclamation to the people of Missouri.

13.—Union troops under Gen. Butler took possession of Federal Hill, Baltimore.—Travel through Baltimore reestablished.—Separation Convention met at Wheeling, 35 counties represented.—Queen Victoria issued a proclamation of neutrality.

14.—A schooner loaded with arms for the rebels seized in Baltimore.—Gunboat Quaker City captured ship Argo with \$150,000 worth of tobacco.—St. Louis and Memphis mail contract annulled and mails stopped.

15.—Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, called for volunteers under the President's proclamation.—Mass. Legislature offered to loan the Government \$7,000,000.

16.—Bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad destroyed.—General Scott ordered the fortification of Arlington Heights.

17.—Secession spies arrested at Washington.—Express packages go no further South than the Capital.—Collectors appointed for the Southern ports.—Yacht Wanderer captured by the Crusader off Key West.—Confederate Congress authorize the issue of Treasury notes.

18.—Arkansas admitted into the Confederacy.

19.—U. S. steamers attacked the rebel battery at Sewall's Point, 2 wounded on our side.—Two schooners with rebel troops taken in the Potomac.—Rebels at Harper's Ferry reinforced.

20.—Seizure of telegraphic dispatches throughout the North by orders from Washington.—North Carolina Secession ordinance adopted.—Gov. Magoffin proclaims the neutrality of Kentucky.

21.—Confederate Congress adjourned.

22.—Ship Island fortifications destroyed to keep them from the rebels.—Flag raising at the post office in Washington; speeches by the President and Cabinet.

24.—General movement of troops into Virginia; the rebels evacuated

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Alexandria; Col. Ellsworth shot by the rebel Jackson, landlord of the Marshall House, Alexandria; Jackson instantly killed by private Brownell.—Arlington Heights occupied by our troops.—Virginia cavalry company captured.—The Southern mails stopped.

25.—Our troops destroyed bridges on the Alexandria and Leesburg railroad.—Ellsworth's funeral in Washington.

26.—Alexandria put under martial law.—Western Virginia voted strongly for the Union.

27.—Chief Justice Taney's habeas corpus in the Merryman case disregarded by General Cadwallader.—Blockade of the Mississippi commenced.—Brig. Gen. McDowell took command at Washington.—Mobile blockaded.

28.—Gen. Butler advanced his forces to Newport News.—Savannah blockaded.

29.—Jeff. Davis reached Richmond.—Our troops advanced towards Harper's Ferry.

30.—Rebels fled from Grafton, Va. Col. Kelly took possession.

31.—Gen. Lyon superseded General Harney.—Maj. Gen. Banks and Fremont commissioned.—N. Y. Seventh left Washington.

J U N E.

1.—Lieut. Tompkins, U. S. regular cavalry, with 47 men, charged through Fairfax Court House, killed Capt. Marr and others. Union loss, 2 killed.

3.—Rebels routed at Philippi, Va., by Col. Kelly, with a loss of 16 killed and 10 prisoners; Union loss, 2 killed, and Col. Kelly wounded.—Senator Douglas died.—Border State Convention met.

6.—The Harriet Lane engaged the Pig Point batteries.—Captain Ball's rebel cavalry captured at Alexandria, sworn and let go.

8.—Gen. Patterson's advance moved toward Harper's Ferry.

9.—Alex. H. Stephens made his cotton loan speech at Milledgeville.

10.—Battle at Big Bethel; Union force under Gen. Pierce repulsed, 14 killed, 45 wounded; Lieut. Greble and Maj. Winthrop killed.

11.—Colonel Wallace surprised and routed 500 rebels at Romney, Va., killing 2, losing none.—Wheeling Convention met.

13.—Fast-day in the rebel States.

15.—Rebels evacuated and burned Harper's Ferry, destroying the railroad bridge, and took the armory machinery to Richmond.

15.—Privateer Savannah arrived at N. Y. as a prize to U. S. brig Perry.—Gen. Lyon occupied Jefferson City, Mo. Price retreated to Bonneville.

16.—Skirmish at Seneca Mills; a secession captain and 2 men killed.

17.—Western Virginia Convention unanimously voted its independence of the rebel section.—Street fight in St. Louis, 6 rebels killed.—The surprise

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at Vienna, Va.; rebels fired upon a railroad train, killing 8 Union soldiers; 6 rebels killed.—Battle of Booneville, Mo.; Gen. Lyon routed the rebels under Gens. Price and Jackson; about 50 rebels killed. Lyon lost only 2.—Gen. Patterson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport.

19.—Rebels occupy Piedmont, Va.—35 rebels captured at Liberty, Mo.

20.—Major-General McClellan took command in Western Virginia.—Wheeling Convention elected Frank H. Pierpont Governor of Virginia.

21.—East Tennessee Union Convention held.

23.—Balloon reconnaissances commenced.

24.—Governor Harris proclaimed Tennessee out of the Union, the vote of the people being for separation 104,019 against 47,238.—Large fire in Richmond, Va.

23.—Virginia Secession vote announced at 128,134 for to 32,134 against.—Iowa voted a war loan of \$600,000.

26.—The President acknowledged the Wheeling government as the government of Virginia.—Skirmish at Patterson Creek, Va., 17 rebels, 1 Union killed.

27.—Marshal Kane arrested in Baltimore. J. C. Fremont arrived from Europe.—Engagement between gunboat Freeborn and rebel batteries at Matthias Point; Captain Ward, of the navy, killed.

29.—General council of war at Washington.—Steamer St. Nicholas captured in the Potomac by the rebels, aided by Thomas, the "French Lady."

J U L Y .

1.—Privateer Sumter escaped from the Mississippi.—Privateer Petrel escaped from Charleston.—Fight at Buckhannon, Va., rebels routed, 23 killed, 200 prisoners.—Skirmish at Falling Waters, Va.

2.—Engagement near Martinsburg, Va., rebels routed. Union, 3 killed.—Steamer Catiline burned.—Virginia Legislature at Wheeling organized.

3.—Arkansas called out 10,000 men to repel invasion.—Rebel company of 94 men, taken at Neosho, Mo.

4.—Congress met in extra session.—New Hampshire voted a \$1,000,000 loan for the war.—Rebels seized Louisville and Nashville railroad.—Great Union meeting in San Francisco.

5.—President's Message read; Opposition only 6 senators and 5 representatives.—Battle at Carthage, Mo., rebels lost about 350 killed and wounded; Union loss 13 killed, 31 wounded.—Colonel Sigel commanded.

6.—Gallant fight of 45 of 3d Ohio regiment at Middle York bridge, near Buckhannon, cutting through an ambuscade of 200 or 300 rebels.

7.—Infernal machine found in the Potomac.—Battle at Bridge Fork.

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8.—Col. Taylor brought to the President a message from Jeff. Davis, concerning captured privateers.—Thomas, the "French Lady," taken in Baltimore.

9.—Maj. Gen. Fremont put in command of the Western Department.

10.—Battle of Laurel Hill, Va., a Georgia regiment routed, loss unknown; Union loss 1 killed.—Sharp skirmish at Monroe Station, Mo., rebels driven off.

11.—Battle at Rich Mountain, Va., Gen. Rosescrans defeated Col. Pegram, captured his camp, killed 60 and took many prisoners; Union loss 11 killed, 35 wounded.

19.—Colonel Pegram surrendered to General McClellan his whole force of 600 men.—Union troops occupied Beverly.

13.—Battle of Carrickford, Va.; General Garnett, of Virginia, killed; Union loss light—rebel heavy; rebel power in Western Virginia broken.—Fairfax Court House occupied.

15.—Skirmish at Bunker Hill, Va.; rebels routed.—Peace meeting at Nyack, N. Y.

16.—Battle at Barboursville, Va., rebels defeated.—Tighman, a negro, killed three of rebel prize crew on schooner S. J. Waring, and brought the vessel into New York.

17.—Skirmish at Fulton, Mo., rebels driven back with loss.

18.—First battle of Bull Run, at Blackburn's Ford, between Union troops under Gen. Daniel Tyler, and the rebels under Gen. Beauregard; after three hours' hard fighting, Gen. Tyler fell back to Centreville. Union loss 19 killed, 38 wounded, 26 missing; rebel loss (Beauregard's report), 15 killed, 53 wounded.

19.—Gen. Banks supersedes Gen. Patterson in command on the Potomac.

20.—Rebel Congress met at Richmond.

21.—Battle of Bull Run; 32,500 Union men, under General McDowell, attacked the rebel army (27,000 in action by Beauregard's report), under Generals Johnston, Lee and Beauregard, and in a desperate conflict of ten hours almost won the hotly contested ground, when an unaccountable panic seized upon the Union army, and nearly the whole retreated in disorder toward Washington. Union loss, 479 killed, 1,011 wounded, 1,500 prisoners; rebel loss (Beauregard's report) 393 killed, 120 wounded.

22.—General McClellan placed in command of the Potomac army.

23-30.—General disorganization of McDowell's army.—Three months' men return home. Disappointment and gloom overtakes the people. It is now for the first time fully appreciated that war and its horrors are upon us.

AUGUST.

1.—General McClellan begins the reorganization of the army.—Privateer Petrel sunk by the St. Lawrence—crew taken.

1861.

2.—War tax and tariff bill passed Congress—500,000 men to be raised.—Battle of Dug Spring, Mo., Gen. Lyon defeated Ben McCulloch's force—Rebel loss 40 killed, 44 wounded; Union loss 8 killed, 30 wounded.—Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, traitorously surrendered by Maj. Lynde, with 750 men.

5.—Galveston bombarded—foreign consuls protest—not much damage done.—Battle of Athens, Missouri, rebels defeated, losing 40 killed.

7.—Village of Hampton, Va., burned by the rebels under General Magruder.—Privateer York burned by gunboat Union.

9.—Rebels repulsed at Potosi, Mo.

10.—Battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo. General Lyon, with 5,500 men, attacked over 20,000 rebels under McCulloch, Rains, Price and Jackson, and repulsed them, but afterward retreated to Rolla—rebel loss 421 killed, 1,300 wounded; Union loss 363 killed, 721 wounded; General Lyon was killed while heading a charge.

12.—Ex-minister Faulkner arrested.—Mob destroy Bangor Democrat.

13.—Battle near Grafton, Va., 21 rebels killed—no Union loss.

14.—Mutiny in the 79th N. Y. regt. at Washington. Their colors ordered to be taken from them.—Fremont declared martial law in Missouri.

15.—Davis ordered all northern men to leave the South in forty days.

16.—The President proclaims non-intercourse with the rebel States.—Various newspapers in New York presented by the grand jury for hostility to the Government.—Gen. Wool took command at Fortress Monroe.

19.—Editor of Essex County Democrat, Mass., tarred and feathered for rebel sentiments.

20.—Mayor Berrett, of Washington, arrested for declining to take the oath.—Colonel McCunn dismissed for misconduct, by order of McClellan

21.—Bird's Point fight—40 rebels killed and 17 taken; Union loss 1 killed, 6 wounded.

26.—Seventh Ohio regiment surprised at Somerville, Va., while at breakfast, but fought their way out, losing 3 captains and 2 other officers. Floyd commanded the rebels.—Hatteras expedition sailed.

28–29.—Bombardment and taking of Forts Hatteras and Clark—rebel loss in prisoners 765, Commodore Barron among the number.

30.—Fort Morgan, at Ocracoke Inlet, abandoned by the rebels.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—Fight at Boone Court House, Va.—rebel loss 30—village burned.

2.—Kentucky Legislature met—Senate, 27 Union, 11 Secession. House, 76 Union, 24 Secession.—Floating dock at Pensacola burned.

1861.

3.—Massacre on Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, rebels having burned the Platte bridge—17 lives lost.

10.—Colors of the N. Y. 79th restored.—Battle at Carnifex Ferry, Va., General Rosecrans defeated the rebels under Floyd—Union loss 15 killed, 80 wounded; rebel loss heavy.

11.—Skirmish at Lewinsville, Va., considerable rebel loss—Union 6 killed, 8 wounded.—The President modified General Fremont's proclamation.

12.—Fight at Cheat Mountain, Va., Col. John A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon, killed—rebel loss about 40; Union 10.—Mayor Berrett took the oath, and was released.

14.—Privateer Judith destroyed at Pensacola by a boat expedition from the ship Colorado.

17.—Bridge broke on the Ohio and Miss. Railroad, and nearly 100 of the Ill. 19th killed and wounded.

18.—Colonel Frank Blair arrested by General Fremont.—Maryland Legislature closed by the Provost Marshal—all the Secession members arrested and sent to Fort McHenry.

19.—Ex-Gov. Morehead and others in Louisville, arrested for treason.

20.—Surrender of Colonel Mulligan, at Lexington, Mo., after four days struggle with 2,500 men against 26,000 rebels under General Price.

21.—John C. Breckinridge fled South from Frankfort, Ky., and openly joined the rebels.

24.—Count de Paris and Duc de Chartres entered service as aids to General McClellan.—Grand review of troops at Washington.

25.—Frank Blair released from arrest. He demands a trial.—General Prentiss took command at St. Joseph.

27.—General Fremont takes the field against the rebels.

28.—Munson's Hill occupied by Union troops.

29.—Gen. Baker's California regiment and Baxter's Philadelphia Volunteers mistook each other for rebels at Falls Church, and fired, killing 15 and wounding 30.

OCTOBER.

1.—Propeller Fanny taken by the rebels at Chicamacomico, N. C., several prisoners taken.—Rebel camp broken up at Charleston, Mo.

2.—Fight at Chapmansville, Va., 60 rebels killed and 70 prisoners taken; attacked again on their retreat and lose 40.

3.—Battle at Greenbrier, Va., rebels defeated with considerable loss—Union loss slight.—Ex-Street Commissioner Smith, of N. Y., appointed a brigadier general in the rebel army.—The rebels evacuated Lexington, Mo.

4.—Rebels under Colonel Bartow, attack the 20th Indiana near Hatteras—narrow escape of our regiment. Union gunboat drove rebels back.

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5.—Steamer Monticello shelled the rebel troops under Bartow, and drove them to their boats.—Gen. Robert Anderson took command in Ky.

6.—Skirmish at Flemington, Ky. Home Guard defeated the rebels.

9.—Surprise of Wilson's Zouaves at Santa Rosa Island, by 1,500 rebels. The Zouaves, with help from Fort Pickens, defeat the rebels, killing and wounding quite a number. Union loss 15 killed and 21 wounded.—General advance of the Army of the Potomac. A rebel picket guard surprised.

10.—Further advance of the Union outposts near Washington.

11.—Rebel steamer Nashville escaped from Charleston.—Missouri State Convention met.—Marshal Kane sent to Fort Lafayette.

12.—Rebels advanced in force toward Prospect Hill, Va., but retired on finding General McCall ready for battle.—Attempt to burn the blockading fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi: the rebel "ram" disabled.

13.—Skirmishes at Beckwith and Tavern Creek, Mo.—many rebels taken.

14.—Secretary Seward's circular to Governors of States issued, advising sea-coast and lake defenses.

15.—Gen. Jeff. Thomson captured 50 Union troops at Potosi, Mo.—Three steamers sent from New York in pursuit of the Nashville.—Battle of Linn Creek, Mo.; the rebels defeated.

16.—Lexington, Mo., reoccupied by a small Union force under Maj. White.—Col. Geary routed the rebels at Bolivar, near Harper's Ferry.—Sharp skirmish at Ironton, Mo.; the rebels defeated, losing 36; Union loss, 11.

21.—Battle of Edward's Ferry. Gen. Stone's division of 1,500 men crossed the Potomac and were attacked by overwhelming numbers, on a reconnoissance. After a fierce contest, the Union men were driven back, and recrossed in confusion, a great number being drowned. Senator Baker was killed while leading the California brigade. Union loss heavy, reaching several hundred. The rebels also lost heavily.—Battle of Wild Cat, Ky.; the rebels, under Zollicoffer, defeated by Gen. Shoenpf—an important victory.—Battle of Fredericktown, Mo.; rebels under Gen. Jeff. Thompson and Gen. Lowe defeated, and Lowe killed. Rebel loss 200 to 300; Union loss 30.

22.—Rebel camp at Buffalo Mills, Mo., broken up; 17 killed and 90 prisoners taken.

25.—Rebels routed at Romney, Va., and many prisoners taken by General Kelly. The rebels retreat to Winchester.

26.—Gallant charge of Maj. Zagonyi, with a portion of Fremont's body guard, through a rebel force of 2,000 at Springfield, Mo. The rebels signally defeated, and many of them killed. Union loss about 15 killed.

28.—Gen. Lane captured a rebel transportation train, near Butler, Mo.

29.—The great naval expedition sailed from Fortress Monroe, Com. Du-

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pont in command ; land forces under Gen. Sherman. About 80 vessels and 15,000 men, destined for Port Royal.

30.—The State prisoners sent from Fort Lafayette, N. Y., to Fort Warren, Boston.

31.—N. Y. Jury in the trial of the sailors of the privateer Savannah, failed to agree.

N O V E M B E R.

1.—Lieut. Gen. Scott resigned the command-in-chief of the Union armies. Gen. McClellan appointed in his place.—The rebels, under Floyd, attempt to capture Rosecrans's army at Gauley Bridge, Va., but fail, and Floyd only saved himself by a precipitate flight.

2.—Maj. Gen. Fremont removed from his command. He returns to St. Louis, where he is enthusiastically received.—Rebel steamer Bermuda runs the Savannah blockade.

3.—Rising of Union men in East Tennessee, who destroy several important railroad bridges.

7.—The Union fleet under Com. Dupont capture Forts Walker and Beauregard at Port Royal entrance, take the town of Beaufort and command Hilton Island and the harbor. Union loss only 8 killed and 6 badly wounded ; rebel loss unknown, but not large.

8.—Battle of Belmont, Mo., where, after a sharp contest of 6 hours, the Union troops retired to their boats before large reinforcements of the other side from Columbus, Ky. Loss large and about equal on both sides.—Skirmish at Pikeville, Ky. ; rebels defeated.

10.—Rebel foray upon Guyandotte, with the intention of slaughtering the Union men, but the rebels were driven off and the village burned.

11.—Maj. Gen. Halleck succeeds Fremont in command of the Western Department.—A skirmish near Kansas City.

12.—Reconnaissance in force from Alexandria to Occoquan river ; no rebels discovered.—Gen. Fremont's staff dismissed.

15.—Frigate San Jacinto arrived at Fortress Monroe, bringing Mason and Slidell, rebel commissioners to Europe, as prisoners, Com. Wilkes having taken them from the English mail steamer Trent in the Bahama channel.

18.—Rebels in Accomac and Northampton Counties, Va., disband, and Union troops take possession of the Peninsula.—Rebel Congress met.

19.—The Missouri Rebel State Legislature pass an ordinance of Secession.

20.—Grand review of 60,000 men by Gen. McClellan near Munson's Hill.—Rebels burn the town of Warsaw.

23.—Fort Pickens and the fleet bombard the rebels near Pensacola, and burn the Navy Yard and much of the village of Warrenton.

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- 24.—Mason and Slidell placed in Fort Warren.
26.—Reinforcement left New York for Port Royal.—Sharp skirmish near Hunter's Hill, with loss to Union side.
28.—Union forces occupy Tybee Island.
29.—News of the full occupation of Ship Island by Union troops.

D E C E M B E R .

- 2.—Meeting of Congress.—Meeting of loyal Legislature of Virginia at Wheeling.—Maryland Legislature met.—Naval skirmish near Newport News.
4.—John C. Breckinridge expelled from the Senate by a unanimous vote. Western Missouri overrun by rebel marauding parties.—Gen. Phelps lands on Ship Island with a strong Union force.
5.—Maj. Gen. Halleck orders the arrest and imprisonment of every man found in arms against the Union in Missouri; those found guilty of aiding the rebels, to be shot.
7.—Skirmish near Dam No. 5, on the Potomac; rebels driven off, losing 12 men.—Gen. Butler's expedition arrived at Port Royal.—Company of rebels captured near Glasgow, Mo.
9.—Congress takes measures to effect an exchange of prisoners.—Mr. Gurley's confiscation bill introduced.—Garret Davis elected Senator from Kentucky in place of the traitor Breckinridge.—Shelling from Freestone Point by the Union gunboats.—Rebel Congress pass a bill admitting Kentucky to the Confederacy.
11.—Part of the Stone Fleet sailed from Boston.—Great fire at Charleston; half the business part of the city reported destroyed.
13.—First military execution in the Union army; a deserter named Johnson, shot.—Battle at Camp Alleghany, Va.; five Union regiments, under Gen. Milroy, had a sharp fight with the rebels under Col. Johnson; Union loss, 21 killed, 107 wounded; rebel loss quite large.
15.—News from England of the feeling concerning the seizure of Mason and Slidell; apprehensions of a war with Great Britain.
17.—Battle at Mumfordsville, on Green River, Ky.; rebels defeated, 33 killed, 50 wounded; Union loss, 10 killed, 17 wounded.—Gen. Pope captured 300 rebels near Osceola, Mo.
18.—Gen. Pope surprised a rebel camp near Martinsburg, and took 1,300 prisoners, including 3 colonels and 17 captains, and all their camp-stores and equipage; Union loss 2 killed; rebel loss not known.
20.—Battle at Dranesville, Va., in which the Union troops, under Gen. McCall signally defeat the rebels; 57 dead and 22 wounded rebels left on the field; Union loss, 7 killed, about 40 wounded.

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- 24.—Skirmish near Newport News, several rebels killed.
- 26.—Gen. Scott arrived from Paris.
- 27.—Mason and Slidell surrendered to the British Minister.

JANUARY.

- 1.—Mason and Slidell left Fort Warren for England on board of an English man of war.—Cannon fight at Fort Pickens.
- 2.—Skirmish near Port Royal.
- 7.—Ex-Gov. Morehead, of Kentucky, released from Fort Warren.—Rebels routed at Bull's Gap, Va.
- 8.—Rebels routed in Randolph County, Mo.
- 10.—Waldo P. Johnson and Trusten Polk, of Missouri, expelled from the U. S. Senate.—Humphrey Marshall defeated near Prestonburg, Ky.
- 11.—Gunboat action near Columbus, Ky.—Rebels burn the bridges on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.
- 12.—Burnside's advance sailed from Fortress Monroe.
- 13.—Secretary Cameron resigned. Edwin M. Stanton appointed.
- 17.—Burnside arrived at Hatteras.
- 18.—Gunboat reconnoissance up the Tennessee River.
- 19.—Battle of Mill Springs, Ky.; rebel Gen. Zollicoffer killed by Col. Fry
- 23.—Stone fleet sunk in the channels of Charleston harbor.
- 28.—Fight with rebel gunboats near Savannah.

FEBRUARY.

- 1.—Skirmish near Bowling Green, Ky.
- 3.—Rebel steamer Nashville ordered to leave Southampton, Eng.: the U. S. steamer Tuscarora follows, but is stopped by an English frigate.
- 3.—Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, expelled from the United States Senate.
- 6.—Fort Henry captured by the Union forces.
- 7.—Gen. Lander's Union forces occupy Romney, Va.
- 7-8.—Battle and capture of Roanoke Island. Many rebels taken prisoners.
- 9.—Gen. C. P. Stone arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette.
- 10.—Elizabeth City Va., surrendered to Burnside's forces.
- 13.—Springfield, Mo., taken by the Union forces.
- 15.—Bowling Green evacuated by the rebels.
- 16.—Capture of Fort Donelson; rebel Gens. Buckner and Tighlman with near 12,000 prisoners taken.
- 17.—Battle at Sugar Creek, Ark.
- 18.—Skirmish at Independence, Mo.

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- 19.—Clarkesville, Tenn., taken by Com. Foote.—Rebel Congress meets at Richmond.
- 20.—Winton, N. C., burned by Union forces.
- 21.—Union troops defeated at Rio Grande, New Mexico.
- 22.—Jeff. Davis inaugurated at Richmond.
- 23.—Rebels evacuate Nashville, Tenn.—Gen. Curtis captures Fayetteville, Ark.—Gen. Buell occupies Gallatin, Tenn.
- 27.—Rebels evacuate Columbus, Ky.
- 28.—Charlestown, Va., occupied by Union troops.

MARCH.

- 2.—Gen. Fred. W. Lander died.—Gunboat fight at Pittsburgh, Tenn.
- 3.—Union troops occupy Columbus, Ky.—Gen. Banks occupies Martinsburg, Va.—Engagement at New Madrid, Mo.
- 5.—Beauregard takes command of the Mississippi army.
- 6-8.—Battle at Pea Ridge, Ark. Rebels defeated, with heavy loss on both sides. Gen. McCulloch killed.
- 8-9.—Attack on our fleet by the iron clad rebel steamer Merrimac; frigate Cumberland sunk, and frigate Congress surrendered and burnt. The iron clad monster finally driven off by the gallant Monitor—under Capt. Welden—in a crippled condition. This marks, in all history, the first conflict of iron clad ships.
- 9.—Point Pleasant, Mo., taken by Unionists.
- 11.—Gen. McClellan relieved of chief command; Gen. Halleck assigned to the Mississippi Department; Gen. Fremont assigned to the Mountain Department.
- 12.—Jacksonville, Fla., occupied by Union troops.—Winchester, Va., occupied by Gen. Banks.
- 14.—Battle of Newbern, N.C.—New Madrid, Mo., evacuated by the rebels.
- 16.—Rebels defeated at Cumberland Mountain.
- 18.—Rebel steamer Nashville escaped from Beaufort.—Rebels evacuate Acquia Creek.
- 21.—Gen. Butler arrives at Ship Island.—Gen. Burnside takes possession of Washington, N. C.
- 22.—Reconnoissance in force to Cumberland Gap.
- 23.—Battle at Winchester, Va.—Fort Macon invested.
- 27.—Skirmish near Strasburg, Va.
- 28.—Battle near Santa Fe, N. M.—Shipping Point, Va., occupied by Union troops.

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A P R I L .

- 2.—Unionists occupy Thoroughfare Gap.
- 3.—Apalachicola possessed by Union forces.
- 6.—Battle at Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh; rebel Gen. A.S. Johnston killed
- 7.—Surrender of Island No. 10 to the Union forces.
- 10.—Bombardment and surrender of Fort Pulaski.
- 11.—Huntsville, Ala., occupied by Gen. Mitchel.
- 12.—Engagement at Monterey, Va.
- 14.—Bombardment of Fort Pillow.
- 16.—Union troops left Ship Island for New Orleans.—Engagement at Lee's Mills, near Yorktown.
- 17.—Gen. Banks occupies New Market and Mount Jackson, Va.—Gen. Reno's expedition left Newbern.
- 18.—Rebels repulsed in a night attack upon Union troops at Yorktown. Bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, below New Orleans.
- 19.—Battle at Camden, N. C.
- 24.—Dismal Swamp Canal destroyed.—Union fleets run past Forts Jackson and St. Philip; the Union gunboat Varuna sunk.—Great destruction of property at New Orleans by the rebels.
- 25.—New Orleans evacuated by the rebels.—Fort Macon surrendered.
- 27.—The Union flag raised at New Orleans.
- 28.—Forts Jackson and St. Philip surrendered.
- 29.—Rebels routed at Bridgeport, Ala.

M A Y .

- 1.—Gen. Mitchel possessed Huntsville, Ala., and adjoining country.
- 2.—Union troops at Pulaski, Tenn., captured by John Morgan.
- 4.—Battle of Williamsburg, Va.—Gloucester, Va., taken.
- 6.—Union troops occupy Williamsburg. President Lincoln visits Fortress Monroe.—Rebels burn their small gunboats on York River.
- 7.—Battle of West Point, Va.
- 8.—Attack on Sewall's Point by the Monitor and other Union gunboats.
- 9.—Battle at Farmington, Miss.—Gen. Hunter issues his emancipation proclamation.—Pensacola evacuated by the rebels.—Bombardment at Fort Darling, James River.
- 10.—Surrender of Norfolk.—Gosport Navy Yard burned by the rebels, and Craney Island abandoned.—Gunboat battle at Fort Pillow, on the Miss.
- 11.—The rebels destroy their iron-clad Merrimac.
- 13.—Gen. McClellan's advance at White House, Va.—Skirmish near Cumberland, Va.

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- 16.—U. S. transport *Oriental* wrecked.
- 17.—Rebels driven across the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge.
- 19.—The President revoked Gen. Hunter's emancipation proclamation.
- 23.—Part of Gen. McClellan's army crosses the Chickahominy.—Fierce fight at Front Royal, Va.—Rebels defeated at Lewisburg, Va.—Rebels driven from Mechanicsville, Va.
- 24.—Gen. Banks retreats to Winchester, and next day to the Potomac.
- 26.—Gen. McClellan takes possession of Hanover Court House.
- 28.—Rebels retreat from Corinth, Miss.
- 30.—Front Royal occupied by Union troops.
- 31.—Battle of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks.—Gen. Pope occupies Corinth.

JUNE.

- 1.—Continued fighting at Seven Pines.—Gen. Fremont drives the rebels from Strasburg, Va.
- 3.—Union troops land on James Island, near Charleston.
- 4.—Rebels burn their works at Fort Pillow and leave.
- 6.—Unionists occupy Memphis—Fierce gunboat fight there.—Fremont attacks the rebels at Harrisonburg.
- 7.—Rebel batteries silenced at Chattanooga, Tenn.—A rebel executed for tearing down the American flag at New Orleans.
- 8.—Battle of Cross Keys, Va.
- 9.—Battle of Port Republic, Va.
- 10.—Battle of James Island, S. C.
- 13.—Rebels cut railroad and telegraph at White House, in McClellan's rear.
- 17.—Battle at St. Charles, Ark.; explosion of the Union gunboat *Mound City*.
- 18.—Union troops occupy Cumberland Gap.—Skirmishing before Richmond.
- 20.—Union force occupy Holly Springs, Miss.
- 25.—Commencement of the seven days' battle before Richmond.
- 26.—The rebels destroy their gunboats on the Mississippi.—Gen. Pope assigned to the command of the army of Virginia.—Battle of Mechanicsville.
- 27.—Bombardment of Vicksburg.—Gen. Fremont relieved of his command.—Battles of Gaines' Hill and Golding's Farm.
- 28.—Battle of the Chickahominy.
- 29.—Battle of Savage's Station.
- 30.—Battle of White Oak Swamp.—Union troops occupy Luray, Va.

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JULY.

- 1.—President decides to call for 300,000 volunteers.—Battle of Malvern Hills, and close of the seven days' struggle.—Cavalry engagement near Boonesville, Miss.
- 4.—Rebel gunboat captured on James River.
- 7.—Rebels repulsed at Bayou Cache, Ark.
- 11.—Gen. Halleck appointed commander-in-chief.
- 13.—Rebels capture Murfreesboro', Tenn.
- 14.—Battle of Fayetteville, Ark.—Gen. Pope takes command of the army of Virginia.
- 15.—Rebel gunboat Arkansas runs through the Union fleet and reaches Vicksburg; has a fight with the gunboat Carondelet.
- 17.—Rebels take Cynthiana, Ky.
- 18.—The traitor Gen. Twiggs died.—Battle at Memphis, Mo.
- 22.—Rebel raid into Florence, Ala.
- 24.—Gen. Halleck goes to confer with Gen. McClellan.
- 25.—President's proclamation warning the rebels of the Confiscation Act.
- 28.—Rebels defeated at Moore's Mills, Mo.
- 29.—Guerrillas defeated at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

AUGUST.

- 1.—Fight at Newark, Mo.—Rebel Government declare Gen. Pope and his officers not entitled to mercy.
- 2.—Skirmish at Ozark, Mo.
- 4.—Secretary of War orders a draft for 300,000 men.—Gen. Butler assesses New Orleans rebels to support the poor.
- 5.—McClellan's troops occupy Malvern Hill.—Gen. McCook murdered by the rebels while wounded and defenceless.—Battle of Baton Rouge.
- 6.—Gen. Hooker abandons Malvern Hill.—Rebel ram Arkansas blown up.
- 7.—Guerrilla fight at Kirkville, Mo.—Skirmish near Wolfstown, Va.— Rebel advance crosses the Rapidan.
- 8.—Writ of Habeas Corpus suspended, and orders given to arrest those who discourage enlistments. No more passports to be issued.—Skirmish near Orange C. H.
- 9.—Battle of Cedar Mountain.—Guerrillas defeated at Stockton, Mo.
- 11.—Independence, Mo., taken by the rebels.—A skirmish at Cedar Mountain.—Guerrilla fight near Williamsport, Tenn.
- 13.—Steamboat collision on the Potomac—80 soldiers lost.—Drafting ordered to begin 1st of September.

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16.—Rebels attempt to cross the Rapidan, but are driven back.—Evacuation of Harrison's Landing by the army of the Potomac.—Cols. Corcoran, Wilcox, etc., reach Fortress Monroe from Richmond prison.

17.—McClellan's advance reaches Hampton; the rear-guard cross the Chicahominy.—Gen. Pope's retreat begun.

21.—Rebels attempt to cross the Rappahannock.

22.—Grand reception of Gen. Corcoran in New York.—Rebel attack on Catlett's Station.

23-24.—General battle between Gen. Pope's forces and the rebels. Pope defeated.

25.—Skirmish at Waterloo Bridge, Va.—Rebel attack on Fort Donelson.

26.—Rebels get possession of Manassas Junction.—Fight at Haymarket, Va.—Union gunboats demolish rebel works at City Point.

29.—Battle at Groveton, Va.

30.—Second battle of Bull Run; our troops defeated, and retreat at night.—Battle near Richmond, Ky.—A fight at Bolivar, Tenn.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—Severe battle at Chantilly, Va.; Gens. Kearney and Stevens killed.—Union troops evacuate Lexington, Ky.; rebel attack on Louisville expected; great excitement in Cincinnati.—Fight at Britton's Lane, Tenn.

2.—Gen. McClellan assigned to command the forces for the defense of Washington.—Fight near Fairfax C. H.—Engagement at Plymouth, N. C.

3.—Gen. White arrives at Harper's Ferry.

4.—Rebel steamer Oreto ran blockade into Mobile.—Skirmish at Cumberland Gap.

5.—Rebels cross at Point of Rocks, and begin the invasion of Maryland.

6.—Rebels occupy Frederick City, Md.—First capture of the pirate Alabama (the whaler Ocmulgee). [Up to Dec. 12 there had been 8 ships, 6 barks, 1 brig, and 6 schooners destroyed by the Alabama, and three other vessels robbed and released.]

7.—Union advance occupied Bowling Green, Ky.—Gen. Pope relieved of command of the army of Virginia; Gen. McClellan's command absorbs this army.

8.—McClellan's army at Rockville, Md.—Rebel Gen. Lee issues a proclamation to Maryland.—Fight at Pooleville, Md.—Restrictions on travel rescinded.

10.—Levy en masse in Pennsylvania to repel threatened invasion.—Fight at Gauley, Va.

11.—Union troops occupy Newmarket, Va.—Hagertown, Md., occupied

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by rebels.—Sugar Loaf Mountain occupied by Union forces.—Bloomfield, Mo., captured by rebels; also Maysville, Ky.

12.—Gen. Hooker occupied Frederick City, Md.—Skirmish at Maryland Heights.

13.—Rebels demand the surrender of Mumfordsville, Ky.; a fight there next day.—A charge on the rebels at Middletown, Md.

14.—Battle of South Mountain.—Rebel attack on Harper's Ferry.

15.—Harper's Ferry surrendered.—Rebels attempt to blockade the Ohio River.

17.—Battle of Antietam.—Union troops evacuate Cumberland Gap.—Mumfordsville surrendered to the rebels.—Fight at St. John's Bluff, Fla.

18.—Rebel army evacuate Sharpsburg and recross the Potomac.

19.—Battle of Iuka.—Rebels leave Harper's Ferry.

22.—President Lincoln's preliminary Emancipation Proclamation issued.—Battle with Indians at Wood Lake, Minn.

24.—Convention of loyal Governors at Altoona, Pa.—Fight at Donalds-ville, La.

27.—Augusta, Ky., destroyed by the rebels.

29.—Gen. Nelson shot at Louisville by Gen. J. C. Davis.

OCTOBER.

1.—President Lincoln visits McClellan's army, and urges an immediate movement across the Potomac.—Gen. Pleasanton's cavalry crosses at Shep-ardstown.—Gen. Buell's army leaves Louisville.

3.—Battle of Corinth.—An expedition up St. John's River, Fla., takes the fort on St. John's Bluff.—Gen. Morgan (Union) concludes his retreat from Cumberland Gap.—Rebels evacuate Frankfort, Ky.

4.—Defeat of the rebels at Corinth.—Gen. Buell reaches Bardstown, Ky.

5.—Union forces occupy Galveston, Tex.—Battle at Hatchie River.—Rebels routed at Fayetteville, Ark.

6.—Gen. McClellan ordered to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy.

8.—Battle of Perryville, Ky. Dreadful slaughter of Union troops.

9.—Rosecrans recalled from the pursuit of Price and Van Dorn.—Bragg's retreat to Harrisburgh, Ky.

10.—Stuart's rebel cavalry raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

11.—Rebels in force threaten Nashville, Tenn.—Skirmish near Lagrange, Ark.

12.—Stuart's cavalry recross the Potomac.

13.—Gen. Bragg evacuates Camp Dick Robinson.

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- 15.—Drafting in Boston and Baltimore.—Fighting near Lexington, Ky.
- 18.—The guerrilla general Morgan occupies Lexington, Ky.
- 19.—Skirmish near Nashville.
- 20.—Morgan (rebel) captures a wagon train near Bardstown, Ky.
- 21.—Attack on the rebels near Nashville.—Rebels leave Western Virginia.
- 22.—Bragg's army at Cumberland Gap.—Battle at Pocotaligo, S. C.—Rebel salt works in Florida destroyed.—Gunboat reconnoissance up Broad River, S. C.
- 23.—Rebels defeated at Maysville, Ark.
- 24.—Gen. Buell deprived of the command and Gen. Rosecrans put at the head of the Army of the Cumberland.
- 25.—Skirmish near Manassas.
- 26.—Advance of McClellan's army begun.
- 27.—Battle of Labadieville, La.
- 29.—Great fire at Harper's Ferry.
- 30.—Gen. Mitchell died at Port Royal of yellow fever.
- 31.—Skirmish at Maysville, Ky.

NOVEMBER.

- 1.—Artillery fight at Phillomont, Va.
- 2.—Union troops possess Snicker's Gap.—Gen. Foster's expedition left Newbern.
- 3.—Upperville, Piedmont, and Thoroughfare Gap, Va., in Union possession.
- 4.—Ashby's Gap occupied; engagement at Markham, Va.—Gen. Grant's army occupy Lagrange, Miss.—Salt works in Georgia destroyed.
- 5.—Order issued for the removal of Gen. McClellan.—Engagements at Chester Gap and New Baltimore, Va.
- 6.—McClellan's advance occupy Warrenton, Va.
- 7.—Gen. McClellan removed from command; Gen. Burnside appointed.—Gen. Bayard attacked by rebels at Rappahannock Station.—Negro troops engaged at Port Royal.
- 8.—Skirmish at Little Washington, Va.—Gen. Bayard holds Rappahannock Bridge.—Cavalry skirmish at Gaines' Cross Roads, Va.—Galatin, Tenn., reached by Rosecrans' army.
- 9.—Rebels routed near Moorfield, Va.—Gen. Butler's sequestration order issued.
- 10.—Gen. Bayard's cavalry dash into Fredericksburg.—Gen. Rosecrans arrives at Nashville.—Great Union demonstration at Memphis.
- 12.—Gen. Halleck visits the army of the Potomac.—Gen. McClellan arrives at Trenton.

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- 13.—Skirmish near White Sulphur Springs, Va.—Holly Springs, Miss., occupied by Union forces.
- 14.—Gen. Stabel's forces pass Snicker's Gap.
- 15.—Artillery fight at Fayetteville, Va.—Rebels evacuate Warrenton.
- 16.—Order issued for observance of the Sabbath in the army.
- 17.—Burnside's headquarters at Catlett's Station.—Artillery skirmish near Fredericksburg.
- 18.—Burnside's left wing advance reaches Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg.—Skirmish at Rural Hill, Tenn.
- 20.—Skirmish at Charlestown, Va.
- 21.—Surrender of Fredericksburg demanded, and notice given to remove non-combatants.
- 22.—General order for the release of all State prisoners.
- 25.—Raid of rebels into Pooleville, Md.—Rebels attack Newbern.
- 26.—President Lincoln visits Burnside.—Gen. Sherman's forces leave Memphis.
- 28.—Battle of Cone Hill, Ark.
- 28.—Rebel cavalry cross the Rappahannock and capture two companies of Union cavalry, not far from Fredericksburg.
- 29.—Union expedition a few days before invaded Mob Jack Bay, Va., and destroyed rebel salt works.—Rebels defeated at Frankfort, West Virginia; 108 captured.

D E C E M B E R .

- 1.—A rebel battery captured near Suffolk, Va.
- 1-3.—Rebels in Tenn. and Miss. retreating before Gen. Grant's army.
- 3.—Gen. Geary takes possession of Winchester, Va.
- 7.—Battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas.
- 11.—Bombardment of Fredericksburg commenced; our troops cross the river in the course of the afternoon.
- 13.—Battle of Fredericksburg, resulting in a total defeat to the Union forces under Burnside.
- 15.—Gen. Burnside's army retreated to the north side of the Rappahannock, during the night.
- 20.—Gen. Foster returns to Newbern, after defeating the rebels in four battles, taking Kingston and Goldsboro, and destroying several bridges and miles of the track of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

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JANUARY.

1.—The Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, declaring slaves in the insurrectionary States and Districts forever and henceforward free, issued.—The Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., commenced Dec. 31, 1862, continued. The engagement opened at dawn by Gen. Rosecrans. The battle was hotly contested, and the losses great on both sides. The rebel guerrilla Morgan defeated in Kentucky.—The rebel Gen. Forrest defeated at Hunt's Cross Roads, Tenn., by Gen. Sullivan.—Galveston, Texas, recaptured by the rebels, who also took the steamer Harriet Lane. The steamer Westfield blown up to prevent its capture.

2.—Battle of Stone River or Murfreesboro, Tenn., continued; the rebels were repulsed in an attack on our left wing.—Gen. Sherman's force, operating against Vicksburg, Va., withdrawn from the Yazoo River.—Dumfries, Va., entered by Stuart's cavalry.

3.—The rebels retreated from the battle-field of Murfreesboro.—Arrival in N. Y. of a cavalry company from Cal.—Our forces at Moorefield, West Va., attacked.—Part of the Monitor's crew picked up on Hatteras Shoals.—Department of the East, (New York and New England States) created, and Gen. John E. Wool assigned to its command.

5.—Murfreesboro, Tenn., occupied by a national force.—J. P. Usher, of Indiana, nominated as Secretary of the Interior.—Gen. Milroy, in W. Va., issued an order concerning the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

6.—Gen. Carter's Union force reached Manchester, Ky., on its return from a raid into East Tennessee; bridges were destroyed and prisoners taken.

7.—Successful reconnoissance of Union troops in the neighborhood of West Point, Va.

8.—Springfield, Mo., attacked by the rebels.—Rebel camp at Huntton's Mills, near Fort Pillow, surprised.—Steamer Mussulman burned by guerrillas near Memphis, Tenn.

9.—Order issued by Gen. Halleck, thanking Gen. Rosecrans and his army for the victory of Murfreesboro.—The rebels repulsed at Providence Church, on the Blackwater, Va.

10.—Cavalry skirmish at Catlett's Station, Va.—Battle at Arkansas Post commenced.—English steamer Rising Dawn captured.—Brig J. P. Ellicott captured by the privateer Retribution.

11.—Fort Hindman and Arkansas, on the Arkansas River, surrendered by the rebels.—Union gunboat Hatteras sunk by the Alabama, off Texas.—Gen. Weitzel crossed Berwick Bay and attacked the rebel gunboat Cotton in the Bayou Teche.

12.—Gen. John E. Wool assumed command of the Department of the

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East, Headquarters at N. Y. city.—Jeff. Davis' message sent to the rebel congress.—Gen. John A. McClelland congratulated his army on the capture of Arkansas Post.

13.—Peace resolutions introduced into the New Jersey Legislature.

14.—Col. James W. Wall elected United States Senator from New Jersey.—Engagement at the Bayou Teche, La.—Lieut. Commander (Union) Thos. McKeon Buchanan killed.

15.—Union gunboat Columbia destroyed by rebels near Wilmington, N. C.

16.—Rebel privateer Oreto ran the blockade out of Mobile.

17.—Steamer Vanderbilt arrived at Fortress Monroe after an unsuccessful cruise after the Alabama.—Rebel privateer Oreto destroyed the brig Estelle.

18.—Gen. Hunter arrived at Hilton Head.—A large fleet sailed from Napoleon and Memphis for Young's Point and Milliken's Bend, near Vicksburg, on this and the following days.

20.—Gen. Burnside announced to the army of the Potomac that it was about to meet the enemy again.—Gen. Hunter assumed command of the Department of the South.—The rebel privateer Alabama arrived at Jamaica.

21.—The expedition under Gen. Grant, from Napoleon, arrived at Young's Point, nine miles from Vicksburg.—Engagement near Sabine Pass, Galveston, Texas; gunboat Morning Light and the bark Velocity, captured by the rebels off Sabine Pass, Texas.

24.—Gen. Burnside relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the command assigned to Gen. Hooker.

25.—Cars on the railroad, between Nashville and Franklin, Tenn., destroyed by rebels.—The iron-clad Montauk arrived off Fort McAllister, Ga.

26.—Gen. Burnside took leave of the command of the Army of the Potomac.—Gen. Hooker, in general orders, assumed command.—Gens. W. B. Franklin and Sumner relieved of their commands in the army of the Potomac.—Bark Golden Rule burned, and ship Washington captured by the Alabama.

27.—Gen. Hooker visited Washington.—Cavalry skirmish at Middleburg, Va.—A. D. Boileau, of the Phila. Journal, arrested by order of the Government.—Bombardment of Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechee River, Ga., by the Montauk.—Brig Chastelaine burned by the Alabama.

29.—Excitement in Phila. over the arrest of the editor of the Evening Journal.—Charge of Judge Ludlow to the Grand Jury on the subject.—English steamer Princess Royal captured off Charleston, S. C.

30.—Victory of Gen. Corcoran over Gen. Roger A. Pryor's force near the Blackwater, the engagement being called the Battle of the Deserted House.—Union gunboat Isaac Smith, captured in the Stono River, S. C.

31.—The fleet blockading Charleston, S. C., attacked by the rebel iron-

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clads Chicora and Palmetto State; Union gunboat *Mércedita* surrendered.—Gen. Beauregard and Flag-Officer D. N. Ingraham (rebel), formally declared by proclamation that the blockade of Charleston, S. C., was raised.—J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederate States, gave official notice that the blockade was broken.—Schooner *Hanover* destroyed by the privateer *Retribution*.

FEBRUARY.

1.—Franklin, Tenn., occupied by Federal forces.—A. J. Boileau, editor of the *Phila. Evening Journal*, released from Fort McHenry.—Fort McAllister, Ga., again attacked.—Gunboat *New Era* attacked Island No. 10.

2.—A bill providing for the employment of negro soldiers passed the United States House of Representatives.—Rebel camp at Middletown, Tenn., surprised.—Department of Washington constituted under command of Gen. Heintzelman.—The Union ram *Queen of the West* ran past the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and attacked the rebel steamer *City of Vicksburg*.

3.—The rebels repulsed in an attack on our forces at Dover, Tenn., by Union gunboats.—Fort Donelson, Tenn., invested by the rebels.

4.—Engagement at Fort McAllister, Ga.

5.—Our forces repulsed a rebel attack on Fort Donelson, Tenn.—Union ram *Queen of the West* returned from her expedition past the batteries of Vicksburg, having destroyed three rebel transports and an immense quantity of rebel stores.

6.—Raid of Union cavalry to Middleburg and Aldie, Va.

7.—Reconnoissance from the right wing of the army of the Potomac.—Engagement near Williamsburg, Va.

8.—Our forces entered Lebanon, Tenn., capturing a number of rebels.

9.—Collision between the transport *North Star* and the steamer *Ella Warley*, near Sandy Hook.

10.—Gen. Rosecrans issued an order declaring that all rebel soldiers found in national uniforms should not be treated as prisoners of war, or receive quarter in battle.—Official denial that the blockade at Charleston, S. C., had been raised.

11.—Secretary Seward transmitted to the Senate a communication relative to the visit of the French Minister to Richmond.

12.—Passage of the National Currency bill by the Senate.—Slight skirmish near Smithfield, Va.—Great fire at Norfolk, Va.—Ship *Jacob Bell*, from China, captured and burned by the Florida.—Rebel fort on Pelican Island, near Galveston, Texas, shelled by the Brooklyn.

13.—A Court of Inquiry, relative to cotton and other traffic on the *Mis-*

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Mississippi River, instituted.—Skirmish near Bolivar, Tenn.—Gunboat Indianola ran the blockade at Vicksburg.

15.—Slight skirmish near Nolinsville, Ky.

16.—The Conscription bill passed by the United States Senate.—Brig. Gen. Thos. G. Stevenson placed in arrest by Gen. Hunter, at Port Royal, for objecting to fight in company with negroes.

18.—Gen. Beauregard issued a proclamation announcing that an attack on Charleston and Savannah would probably soon be made.—Bombardment of Vicksburg, Miss.

19.—Brig Emily Fisher captured and bonded by the privateer Retribution.

20.—The National Currency Bill passed the House of Representatives.—United States steamer Alabama left St. Thomas in search of the Florida.—The Vanderbilt left St. Thomas on a cruise for privateers.

21.—The pirate Alabama burned the bark Olive Jane.

22.—Richmond, Ky., occupied by rebel cavalry.—Tuscumbia, Ala., reached by a Union cavalry force.—Ship Golden Eagle destroyed by the Alabama.

23.—Bill authorizing the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus passed by the United States Senate.

24.—The iron-clad gunboat Indianola captured by the rebels near Vicksburg.—Some shells thrown into Galveston, Texas, by the Brooklyn.

25.—Cavalry fight near Strasburg, Va. Our forces defeated.—Privateer Retribution arrived at Nassau.—Capture of the Anglo-rebel steamer Peterhoff by the Vanderbilt, near St. Thomas.—An expedition through Yazoo Pass, near Vicksburg, left Moon Lake.

27.—Col. Wyndham's cavalry left Centreville, Va., on a reconnoissance. Brig. Gen. John Cochrane, having resigned his commission, took leave of his command.—Jeff. Davis issued a proclamation appointing March 27 as Fast Day in the C. S.—Gen. Stevenson released from arrest by Gen. Hunter.—Three Anglo-rebel steamers, the Georgiana, the Britannia and the Gertrude, arrived at Nassau.—A sham Monitor sent by Admiral Porter past the rebel batteries at Vicksburg.—Schooner Palmetto captured by the Alabama.

28.—President Lincoln called an extra session of the Senate.—Col. Wyndham's cavalry arrived at Falmouth, Va.—The rebel steamer Nashville destroyed by the Montauk in Ogeechee River, Ga.—The Yazoo Pass expedition reached the Coldwater River, twelve miles from Moon Lake, through Yazoo Pass.

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MARCH.

- 1.—Rebels defeated at Bradyville, Tenn.
- 2.—Ship John A. Park captured and burned by the Alabama.
- 3.—An expedition left Belle Blain, Va., for Northumberland Co., Va.—Gunboat Indianola destroyed by the rebels.
- 4.—Congress adjourned.—Skirmish near Franklin, Tenn.
- 5.—Severe engagement near Springville, Tenn.—Brig. Gen. H. M. Naglee relieved of his command by Gen. Hunter.—Gen. Halleck addressed a letter to Gen. Rosecrans, relative to the treatment of disloyal persons.—Col. Colburn's force (Union) captured at Thompson's Station, Tenn.
- 7.—The Union expedition into Northumberland County, Va., returned.—Cavalry engagement at Unionville, Tenn., near Murfreesboro.—The Yazoo Pass expedition arrived in the Tallahatchie River.
- 8.—Schooner Enterprise captured off the coast of Florida.
- 9.—The rebels entered Fairfax Court House, Va., and captured Brig. Gen. E. H. Stoughton and his guard.—Anglo-rebel steamer Douro captured by the Quaker City.
- 10.—President Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering soldiers absent from their regiments to return immediately.—Skirmishing at Rutherford's Creek, near Columbia, Tenn.—Gen. Van Dorn's force retreated toward Shelbyville, Tenn.—Rebel steamer Parallel burned on the Tallahatchie.
- 12.—Successful rebel raid to Hilton Head Island, S. C., in the night.—Gunboat Chillicothe attacked at the town of Greenwood and Vicksburg.
- 13.—The rebels attacked Newbern, N. C.—Fight between the Union gunboat Chillicothe and rebel Fort Pemberton, near Vicksburg, at the mouth of the Tallahatchie River.—Affair at Deep Gully, N. C., between Union and rebel forces.—Van Dorn's forces escape from before Gen. Rosecrans at Duck River, Tenn.
- 14.—Admiral Farragut, with 7 of his fleet, passed Port Hudson, after a fierce engagement, in which the Mississippi was disabled, and burned by orders of the Admiral.—Engagement at Deep Gully, N. C., continued.—Ship Punjaub captured by the Alabama.
- 15.—Schooner Chapman taken possession of at San Francisco as privateer.—The Jefferson newspaper office destroyed at Richmond, Ind.
- 16.—Great Union meeting in Brooklyn.—Gen. Rosecrans reported the exploits of his cavalry.—Water let into the canal at Lake Providence, near Vicksburg.
- 17.—Col. James B. Fry appointed Provost-Marshal-General.—Spirited fighting on the Blackwater; unsuccessful attempt to carry the rebel breast

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works.—Brilliant cavalry fight at Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock.—Steamer Calypso arrived at Charleston, S. C., having run the blockade.

19.—The rebel cavalry crossed Duck River, advancing toward Franklin, Tenn., but were driven back by Union cavalry.—Rebel guerrillas attacked a railroad train near Richland, Ky.—Anglo-rebel steamer Georgiana ran ashore near Charleston.

20.—Engagement at Milton, Tenn.—Two of Commodore Farragut's vessels arrived at the mouth of the canal opposite Vicksburg.—Fight at Auburn, Tenn.

21.—Steamer Nicholas I. captured off Wilmington, N. C.—Steamer Aries captured off Charleston.—Death of Gen. E. V. Sumner.

22.—Gen. Wool, commanding the Department of the East, issued an order relative to deserters.—Capture of Mount Sterling, Ky., by the rebels, who burned the town.—Steamer Granite City captured off the Bahamas.—Steamer Bio Bio burned at New Orleans.

23.—Our pickets at Chantilly attacked.—A portion of Pensacola, Fla., destroyed by Union troops.

24.—Capture of a guerrilla party near Stafford Court House, Va.—Our fleet commenced entering the Yazoo Pass near Vicksburg.

25.—Capture of Union troops at Brentwood, Tenn.—Union rams Lancaster and Switzerland attempted to run past the batteries at Vicksburg, the former being sunk and the latter captured.—Jeff. Davis signed a bill for the impressment of property.

26.—Skirmish near Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.—Orange Grove, Fla., occupied by a Union regiment of colored soldiers.

27.—Fast day in the Confederate States.—Deserter shot at Indianapolis, Ind.—Arrest of the rebel Col. Talcott in New York.—Pilatka, Fla., occupied by a Union regiment of colored troops.—Admiral Farragut engaged the rebel batteries at Warrenton, three miles below Vicksburg.—Barks Lapwing and M. J. Colcord taken by the pirate Florida.—U. S. troops landed at Cole's Island, S. C.—Bombardment of Fort Pemberton, at Vicksburg, commenced.

28.—Danville, Ky., recaptured by Union troops.—A Union train captured between Memphis, Tenn., and Grand Junction.—Steamer Aries captured running the blockade at Charleston.—Union gunboat Diana captured by rebels in Louisiana.—Our pickets at Washington, N. C., driven in.—Our fleet reached the Coldwater River, near Vicksburg, by the Yazoo Pass.

29.—Williamsburg, Va., attacked by the rebels.

30.—Point Pleasant, Va., captured by rebels, but subsequently recaptured.—Commencement of the investment of Washington, N. C.—Richmond, near Vicksburg, taken possession of by our forces.

31.—Great Union meeting in Washington.—Sharp battle near Somerset,

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Ky.; the rebels defeated.—Jacksonville, Fla., evacuated by Union troops, part of the town having been burned by them.—Union gunboat St. Clair attacked by the rebels on the Cumberland.—The rebels opened fire on the fort back of Washington, N. C., the place being closely invested by them.—The rebel batteries at Grand Gulf on the Mississippi attacked.—Schooner Antelope captured off Charleston, S. C.

A P R I L .

- 1.—Sharp cavalry fight at Broad Run, near Drainesville, Va.
- 2.—Grand reception of Gen. Butler at the N. Y. Academy of Music.—Rebel attack on our iron clads at Tuscumbia, Ala.—Serious bread riot in Richmond, Va. A large number of women attacked the storehouses.
- 3.—The rebel Gen. Morgan defeated at Liberty, Tenn.
- 4.—Gen. McClellan's report of his campaign, dated Oct. 15, 1862, made public.—Town of Palmyra, on the Cumberland, destroyed by our forces, in retaliation for the attack on the gunboat St. Clair.—The rebels repulsed at Woodbury, Tenn.—The Yazoo Pass expedition operating against Vicksburg, returning, left Fort Greenwood.
- 5.—A force left Newbern, N. C., to rescue Gen. Foster's army besieged at Washington, N. C.—Iron clad fleet arrived at Charleston bar.
- 6.—Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War made public.—Gen. Mitchell dashed into a rebel camp at Green Hill, Tenn.—Visit of the President and his family to the army of the Potomac.—The expedition against Charleston, S. C., started for that city.
- 7.—Attack on Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, by our monitors under Dupont, and our forces repulsed.—An additional force left Newbern, N. C., to aid Gen. Foster at Washington, N. C.
- 8.—The army of the Potomac reviewed by the President.—The Keokuk (iron-clad), sank in Charleston harbor from the shots received in the attack on Fort Sumter.—Arrival of the Yazoo Pass expedition, operating against Vicksburg, at Helena, Ark.—Ship Morning Star captured by the Alabama.
- 9.—Fight at Blount's Bridge, N. C., and at Kuff's Mills, N. C.
- 10.—Gen. Granger attacked by the rebel Van Dorn's army at Franklin, Tenn.—A passenger train near Lavergne, Tenn., attacked by a rebel force.—Address of Jeff. Davis to the rebel States issued.
- 11.—Great meeting in New York in commemoration of the attack on Fort Sumter in 1861.—Col. Streight's raiding force leave Nashville for Georgia.
- 12.—Col. E. A. Kimball killed by Gen. Corcoran.—Battle between Gen. Banks' army and the rebels in the Teche country, La.—Steamer Stone-

1863.

wall Jackson destroyed off Charleston. Our iron-clads leave Charleston harbor.

13.—Riot between black and white laborers in South street, N. Y.—The rebels evacuated their works at Centreville, La., in the night.—The fighting in the Teche country, Louisiana, continued.—Transport Escort run the batteries, conveying aid to Gen. Foster.

14.—Fight near Suffolk, Va.—Gen. Foster escaped on steamer Escort from Washington, N. C.—Repulse of the rebels in the Nansemond River, Va.—The ram Queen of the West recaptured from the rebels in Grand Lake, La.—The final action between Gen. Banks' army and the rebels in the Teche country. Union loss about 350. The rebels defeated.—Fight at Kelly's Ford, near Fredericksburg.

15.—Gen. Foster arrived at Newbern, N. C., from Washington, N. C., where his army was besieged.—Siege raised by the rebels.

16.—Federal gunboats Benton, Tuscumbia, Lafayette, Pittsburg, Carondelet, Gen. Price and three transports ran past the rebel batteries at Vicksburg in the night, losing only one transport and no men.

17.—Engagement at Vermillion Bayou, La., resulting in success for our troops.—Col. Grierson started on his great cavalry expedition for Baton Rouge, La., from Lagrange, Tenn.—Gen. Donelson (rebel) died.

18.—Fayetteville, Ark., attacked by the rebels, who were repulsed.—Fighting near Memphis, Tenn.—Steamer St. Johns captured off Charleston, S. C.—Capt. McDermott, of gunboat Cayuga, killed near Sabine Pass.

19.—Rebel battery at the West Branch, Nansemond River, near Suffolk, Va., captured.—Our forces landed at Eastport, Miss.—Sloop Neptune captured off Charleston, S. C.—Steamer Norseman destroyed off Charleston.

20.—Opelousas and Washington, La., occupied by Gen. Banks.—Rebel fort at Butte a la Rose, La., captured.

21.—Visit of Gen. Halleck to Suffolk, Va.

22.—McMinnville, Tenn., taken by our troops, and the rebel stores there destroyed.—A large force with gunboats ran past the rebel batteries at Vicksburg.—Union raid on Middleton, Tenn.

23.—Gen. Hunter addressed a letter to Jeff. Davis, threatening retaliation for the execution of negro soldiers and their officers.

24.—Skirmish near Suffolk.

25.—Tuscumbia, Ala., occupied by our cavalry.—Ship Dictator destroyed by the pirate Georgia.—Rebel batteries at Duck River Shoals, Tenn., were silenced, and 25 rebels killed and wounded.

26.—The rebels under Marmaduke at Cape Girardeau, Mo., routed.—Schooner Clarinda, blockade runner, captured.—Rebel cotton gin and mills and large quantities of corn destroyed at Deer Creek, Miss., by Union forces.

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27.—Scouting expedition under Gen. Stahl left Fairfax Court House, Va.—Fighting near Kingston, N. C.—Stoneman's cavalry expedition left Warrenton Junction, Va.—U. S. sloop of war Preble destroyed by fire.

28.—Skirmish near Kingston, N. C., continued.—Stoneman's cavalry crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford.

29.—The Rappahannock crossed by Gen. Hooker at Kelly's Ford in the advance upon Fredericksburg.—Attack on the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, Miss., by Porter's fleet, which was considerably damaged, and many wounded and 20 killed.—Haines's Bluff, near Vicksburg, bombarded.—Orange Springs reached by Gen. Stoneman's cavalry.—Louisa Court House, Va., reached by Stoneman's cavalry in the night.—Ship Oneida destroyed by the Florida. The bark Henrietta also destroyed.

30.—Fast day in the United States.—Chancellorville, Va., occupied by Gen. Hooker's army.—Withdrawal of the rebel Gen. Longstreet's army from the south side of the James River commenced.—Cavalry fight at Dayton's Gap, Ala.—Gen. Grant's army landed at Bruinsburg, Miss., near Port Gibson.

M A Y.

1.—Battle of Chancellorsville commenced.—Cavalry engagement at Blountsville, Ala.—Battle of Thompson's Hills, Miss., or Port Gibson. 11,000 rebels defeated and many prisoners taken.—Port Gibson occupied.

2.—Battle of Chancellorsville continued. Union forces under Hooker repulsed with heavy loss on both sides.—Stonewall Jackson mortally wounded.—Big Black River, Miss., reached by our forces.—Col. Grierson's cavalry force reached Baton Rouge, La., from Tenn.

3.—Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., continued. The Chancellor mansion shelled and burned by the rebels.—Gen. Berry killed.—Attack upon Fredericksburg by Gen. Sedgwick. Storming of Mary's Hill.—Fight near Suffolk, Va.—Fighting near Warrenton Junction, Va.—Capture of Grand Gulf, Miss., by Admiral Porter's fleet.—Louisa Court House, Columbia, Goochland, Beaver Dam, Ashland and Hanover Court-House, Va., reached by our cavalry.—Capture of Col. Streight's Union cavalry, near Rome, Ga.

4.—Panic in Richmond, Va., on the approach of Stoneman's cavalry; they went within two miles of that city. He reached Chickahominy Bridge.—Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy, destroyed by Col. Kilpatrick.—Schooner Juniper, blockade-runner captured.

5.—C. L. Vallandigham arrested at Dayton, for treason.—Riot and attempt to rescue him at Dayton.—Retreat of the army of the Potomac from

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Chancellorsville, across the Rappahannock.—The Gov. of Miss. called on the people of the State to arouse for its defence.

6.—Trial of Vollandigham at Cincinnati commenced.—Gen. Hooker issued an address to his army, in respect to the battles at Chancellorsville.—Severe battle at Clinton, Miss.—Steamer Eugenie captured off Mobile Bay, by a Union gunboat.—Battle of Fourteen-Mile Creek, near Vicksburg.

7.—President Lincoln and Gen. Halleck visited the army of the Potomac at Falmouth, Va.—Arrival of Col. Kilpatrick at Gloucester Point, Va., from a ride around Lee's army.—Death of Gen. Whipple.—Trial of Vollandigham concluded.—West Point, Va., occupied by our forces.—Bridges, etc., near White House, Va., destroyed by our troops.—Gen. Lee issued a congratulatory address to his army.—Steamer Cherokee captured off Charleston, S. C.

8.—Proclamation of President Lincoln in relation to the draft, defining the duties of persons of foreign birth.—Gen. T. F. Meagher resigned his commission.—Gen. Banks reached Alexandria, La., having captured in his expedition 2,000 prisoners, 20 pieces of artillery, 2 transports, and a large amount of property.

9.—Rebel guerrillas attacked at Horseshoe Bend, on the Cumberland River, Tenn.—Schooner Sea Lion captured off Mobile Bay.

10.—Death of Stonewall Jackson.

12.—Union victory at Raymond, Miss.

13.—The rebels defeated at Mississippi Spring, Miss.—Gen. Joe Johnston arrived at Jackson, Miss.—A large amount of rebel property destroyed at Yazoo City.—Schooner A. I. Hodge captured.—Ship Crown Point burned by the privateer Florida.

14.—Jackson, Miss., taken by General Grant.—Resignation of Gen. Thos. F. Meagher accepted.—Schooner Sea Bird captured.—Clinton, Miss., occupied by our troops.

15.—Capture of a company of U. S. cavalry at Charlestown, Md.—Destruction of rebel stores at York River, Va.—Fight at Carrsville, Va.—Jackson, Miss.; evacuation of by Union troops commenced.—British brigantine and blockade-runner Cornet captured.—Ship Byzantium burned by the privateer Tacony.

16.—Capture of the cavalry taken by the rebels at Charlestown, Md.—Rebels under Gen. Pemberton defeated at Edward's Station, Miss.—Great battle at Baker's Creek, near Vicksburg, called the battle of Champion's Hill.—Engagement at Berry's Ferry, Va.

17.—Blockade-runner steamer Cuba pursued and destroyed, and schooner Hunter captured.—Battle of Big Black River Bridge, Miss.

18.—Vollandigham sentenced to confinement in Fort Warren.—Union

1863.

victory on the Big Black River, Miss.—Capture of Haines' Bluff, near Vicksburg, by Admiral Porter.—Schooner Isabel destroyed off Mobile Bay.—Schooner Ripple captured off Mobile Bay.

19.—Gen. Meagher took leave of his troops.—Richmond, Mo., sacked by guerrillas.—Vicksburg fortifications assaulted.—Blockade-runner steamer Union captured.

20.—Vicksburg invested.—Steamer Stono, late United States gunboat Isaac Smith, destroyed off Charleston.—Bark Goodspeed destroyed by the Tacony.

21.—Assault on the rebel works at Vicksburg, Miss. Our forces repulsed with severe loss.

22.—The sentence of Vallandigham changed to banishment to the Confederacy.—Blockade-runner Eagle captured.—Assault on Vicksburg continued.—Battle at Gum Swamp, N. C.—Engagement at Port Hudson Plains.

23.—Battle at Gum Swamp, N. C., continued.—Junction of Gen. Banks' forces with those of Gen. Augur at Bayou Sara.

24.—Capture of schooners Gen. Prim and Rapid and sloops Jane, Adeline and Bright.

27.—Presentation of Kearney medals to the Third army corps.—Rebels defeated at Florence, Ala.—Attack on Port Hudson commenced.—Union gunboat Cincinnati sunk by rebel batteries at Vicksburg.

28.—Attack on Port Hudson continued.—Our forces repulsed.—Blockade-runner Victoria captured.

29.—Skirmish near Thoroughfare Gap, Va.—Gen. Kilpatrick left Yorktown on a raid up the Peninsula.

30.—Attack on a train of cars near Catlett's Station, Va., by Moseby's rebel cavalry.—Moseby's force defeated near Greenwich, Va.—Train of cars destroyed near Kettle Run, Va.

31.—Skirmishing near Monticello, Ky.—Schooner Echo captured.

JUNE.

1.—James Island evacuated by the Union troops.

2.—Gen. Burnside suppressed the circulation of the *New York World* and *Chicago Times* in his department.

3.—Great peace meeting in New York.—Gen. Lee broke up camp at Fredericksburg, Va.

4.—Our force at Franklin, Tenn., attacked.—Gen. Burnside revoked his order suppressing the *New York World* and *Chicago Times*, by order of the President.—Brisk fight at Sataria, on the Yazoo.

6.—Bark Whistling Wind destroyed by a privateer.—Rebels attacked

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Milliken's Bend and Young's Point, near Vicksburg, but were repulsed.—Shawneetown, Kan., destroyed by guerrillas.

7.—Battle of Milliken's Bend concluded.

9.—Severe cavalry engagement at Brandy Station, Va., on the Rappahannock.—The rebels driven from Monticello, Ky.—Departments of the Monongahela and Susquehanna created.—Execution of two spies by Gen. Rosecrans.

10.—The draft in Indiana resisted.—Engagement near Monticello, Ky.—Lake Providence attacked by rebels and successfully defended by negro troops.—The Havelock sunk off Charleston bar.

11.—C. L. Vallandigham nominated for Governor of Ohio.—Darlen, Ga., destroyed by our forces.—The *Herald* destroyed by Union gunboats, off Charleston harbor.—Steamer Calypso captured.—Gen. Halleck directed the garrison at Martinsburg and Winchester, Va., to retire to Harper's Ferry.—Triune, Ten., attacked by the rebels.

12.—Gov. Curtin, of Penn., issued a proclamation calling for volunteers to repel the anticipated invasion of that State by the rebels.—Gen. Couch assumed command of the Department of the Susquehanna.—President Lincoln addressed a letter to Erastus Corning and others, in relation to the arrest of Vallandigham, &c.—Gen. Hunter left the Department of the South.—Gen. Q. A. Gilmore assumed command.—Brisk engagement between Union batteries on Folly Island and the rebel batteries on Morris Island, Charleston harbor.

13.—Town of Eunice, near Vicksburg, destroyed by our gunboats.—Union forces under Gen. Milroy at Winchester, Va., attacked by rebel Gen. Ewell's corps, and its armament and a large part of its garrison captured.—The army of the Potomac fell back towards Washington.

14.—Perryville and Martinsburg, Va., occupied by the rebels.—The army of the Potomac march for Maryland in pursuit of Lee.—Port Hudson assaulted; our forces repulsed with heavy loss.—Gen. Rosecrans commenced a forward movement.

15.—The President called for 100,000 volunteers to repel the invasion of Pennsylvania.—Gov. Curtin, of Penn., called on the people of the State to enroll for its defence.—Chambersburg, Penn., occupied by the rebels.—Gen. Milroy's shattered command is pursued and engaged in a severe battle.

16.—Harper's Ferry reached by the remaining forces of Milroy's army.—Gov. Curtin appealed to the people, of Philadelphia to arm.—Gov. Parker, of N. J., called for volunteers to repel the invasion of Pennsylvania.—Harper's Ferry invested and attacked. Our forces retired to Maryland Heights and shelled the rebels out.—Brig Umpire captured by the Tacony.—Gen. Meagher tendered the hospitalities of New York city.

1863.

17.—Great excitement in the North over the invasion of Penn.—Spirited cavalry engagement at Aldie, Va.—Draft in Ohio resisted.—Capture of the rebel iron-clad steamer *Atlanta*, late the *Fingal*, near Savannah.

19.—Skirmish at Orleans, Ind.

20.—Ship *Isaac Webb* captured and bonded by the *Tacony*.—Frederick, Md., occupied by the rebels.

21.—Great cavalry engagement near Middleburg and Upperville, Va.—The rebels driven from Frederick, Md.

22.—Millerstown, eight miles from Gettysburg, Penn., occupied by the rebels.—Greencastle reoccupied by the rebels. The portion of Ewell's corps which had not yet arrived in Penn. crossed the Potomac and moved up the valley.—The rebels driven from Cumberland, Md.—Brashear City, La., captured by the rebels.

23.—Chambersburg, Penn., reoccupied by the rebels.—Skirmishing between portions of the Union and rebel forces in Maryland.

24.—Shippensburg and Hagerstown reached by a portion of the rebel army. Severe and successful skirmish of Gen. Rosecrans' army at Hoover's Gap, Tenn.—The rebels driven from Liberty Gap, near Murfreesboro'.—Heavy skirmishing near Murfreesboro', Tenn.—The main body of Lee's army entered Maryland, crossing the Potomac at Shepperdstown and Williamsport.

25.—Fairfax Court House, Va., occupied by the rebels.—Skirmish at Marysville, Penn., near Harrisburg.—Another engagement at Liberty Gap, Tenn.—An expedition left West Point, Va., for the interior.—Destruction of one of the rebel forts at Vicksburg by the explosion of one of our mines.—Ship *Constitution* captured by the privateer *Georgia*.—The Union army crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry.—Gen. Rosecrans resumed his march.

26.—Gettysburg, Penn., occupied by the rebels.—Gov. Curtin issued another proclamation to the people of Penn.—Rebel privateer *Archer* (with the crew of the *Tacony*) entered Portland harbor, and captured the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing*.—White House, Va., occupied by our troops.—Death of Com. Foote.—Gen. W. F. Lee captured.

27.—The advance of Gen. Rosecrans' army arrived at Manchester, Tenn.—Kingston, Penn., occupied by the rebels.—York, Penn., also occupied.—Chambersburg, Penn., occupied by the division of the rebel army under Gens. Longstreet and Hill.—The whole rebel army consisting of 90,000 infantry, upward of 10,000 cavalry and 4,000 or 5,000 artillery are in Md. and Penn.

28.—Gen. Hooker relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac and Gen. Meade appointed in his place.—Bridge over the Susquehanna at Columbia, Penn., burned.—Mechanicsburg surrendered to the rebels.—

1863.

Brookville, Md., occupied by the rebels.—Attempt of the rebels to take our fort at Donaldsonville, La.

29.—Wrightsville, Penn., evacuated by the rebels.—Fight at McConnellsburg, Penn.—Gen. Meade's army put in motion and at night was put in position, its left at Emmettsburg and its right at New Windsor.—Rebels driven from Dercherd, Tenn.

30.—York, Penn., evacuated by the rebels.—Martial law proclaimed in Baltimore.—Skirmish at Sporting Hill, Penn., near Oyster Point.—Cavalry battle at Hanover Junction, Penn.—Skirmish near Mechanicsburg, Penn.—Gen. Buford passed through Gettysburg on a reconnoissance in force.—At nightfall the greater part of the rebel force was concentrated in the immediate vicinity of two corps of the Union army.—Rebel outworks breached at Vicksburg.

JULY.

1.—First day of the battle of Gettysburg.—The First and Eleventh army corps engaged and repulsed.—Maj. Gen. Reynolds killed.—Large losses on both sides.—Brilliant fight at Carlisle between the rebel cavalry and artillery and our forces, under Gen. W. F. Smith.—Tullahoma occupied by Rosecrans' forces.

2.—Second day of the battle of Gettysburg. Rebels repulsed. Gens. Weed and Zook killed, and Gen. Sickles wounded. The rebel Gen. Barksdale, of Mississippi, killed. Chambersburg and Shippensburg, Penn., evacuated by the rebels.—Skirmish near Bottom's Bridge, Va.

3.—The battle of Gettysburg concluded. Heavy losses on both sides. A great victory gained by the Union army, and the rebels compelled to retreat.—Rebel pontoon bridge over the Potomac near Williamsport, Md., destroyed.—Departure of a cavalry expedition from Newbern, N. C., into the interior.—Conference of Union and rebel commanders at Vicksburg, Miss., relative to the surrender of the city to our forces.

4.—Surrender of Vicksburg, Miss., with 31,000 troops, 220 guns and 70,000 small arms, to Gen. U. S. Grant.—Union victory at Helena, Ark.—The retreat of the rebels from the battle-field of Gettysburg, Penn., commenced.—Proclamation of President Lincoln announcing a victory at Gettysburg.—Gen. Meade issued a congratulatory address to his army on the victory.—Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, applied for permission to visit Washington as bearer of a letter from Jeff. Davis to President Lincoln. He was refused.

5.—The day occupied by Gen. Meade in succoring the wounded and burying the dead left on the field of Gettysburg.—Vallandigham arrives at Halifax, N. S.

1863.

6.—Defeat of the rebel Gen. Johnson on the Big Black. His rear-guard captured at Bolton.—The rebel army from Gettysburg arrived at Hagerstown, Md.—Defeat of Stuart by Buford at Hanover.

7.—Fight at Williamsport, Md.—The rebel Gen. Morgan's force at Bardstown, Ky.—Morgan's forces capture 2 steamers at Brandenburg, Ky.—Retreat of Bragg's army across the Tennessee River; Gen. Meade started in pursuit of Lee, by a flank movement on Middletown.

8.—Surrender of Port Hudson, with 7,000 prisoners, and a large number of cannon and small arms, to Gen. Banks.—The rebel Gen. Morgan crossed into Indiana, and captured the town of Corydon.—Gen. Gilmore issued orders for an attack on Morris Island, Charleston harbor.

9.—Port Hudson taken possession of by our army.—Victory of our cavalry under Buford and Kilpatrick at Boonsboro.

10.—Gen. Gilmore commenced operations against the rebel batteries on Morris Island, Charleston harbor.—Gen. Strong took possession of several of the rebel works—Martial law declared in Louisville, Ky.—Engagement at Jackson, Miss.—Engagement at Sharpsburg, Md.—Morgan burns depot at Salem, Ind.

11.—Brilliant engagement on Morris Island. All the batteries evacuated by the rebels, who defended themselves in Fort Wagner.—Commencement of the draft in New York city.

12.—Our forces entered Hagerstown, Md., the rebels having evacuated the town in the night.—Our forces having passed through South Mountain, came up with the rebel army of Gen. Lee, securely posted on the heights of Marsh's Run.—Morgan's raid reaches Ohio.

13.—Commencement of the great draft riot in New York city.—The drafting office in Third avenue destroyed; a negro hung, and public and private property destroyed.—Gen. Lee's army escaped across the Potomac River in the night.—Gen. Meade reconnoitered the rebel position, and made preparations for an attack.—Engagement at Jackson, Tenn.—Capture of Yazoo City by our troops.

14.—The draft riot in New York City continued; business suspended; negroes hung; Col. O'Brien killed; conflict between the mob and soldiers; proclamation of Gov. Seymour; he also delivers a speech to the rioters at the City Hall; Postmaster Wakeman's house destroyed.—Riot in Boston.—Advance of Gen. Meade.—Our cavalry occupied Falling Waters, on the Potomac, and captured numbers of rebels.—Williamsport, Md., occupied by our forces.—Admiral Lee captured Fort Powhatan, on the James River.

15.—The draft riot in New York continued; the military routed; more negroes hung; terrible excitement in New York and neighborhood; proclamation of Mayor Opdyke.—Gen. Dix ordered to New York, and Gen.

1863.

J. G. Foster to Fort Monroe.—Proclamation of the President issued appointing August 6 for a National Thanksgiving for our great victories.—A mob in Troy destroyed the Times office and other property.—Arrival of Vallandigham at Niagara Falls, Canada.—Jackson, Miss., shelled by our forces.—Jeff. Davis issued a proclamation immediately conscripting every able-bodied man between the ages of 18 and 45.—Gen. Blunt crossed the Arkansas River.

16.—The draft riot in New York continued; Archbishop Hughes invited the mob to visit him at his residence on the following day.—Arrival of Seventh regiment in New York.—Gen. Joe Johnston evacuated Jackson, Miss., in the night.—The rebels routed in the Indian country.—Brisk engagement on James Island, S. C.—Victory of Gen. Blunt at Elk Creek over 5,000 rebels.—Jackson, Miss., taken by our army.

17.—Quiet restored in New York; the draft riot suppressed; Gen. Brown succeeded by Gen. Canby in command of the troops in New York; speech of Archbishop Hughes to the mob.—Battle with the rebel Gen. Morgan at Berlin, Ohio.—Two expeditions, one up the Red River, and one to Natchez; made large captures of arms, ammunition and cattle.

18.—Storming of Fort Wagner, Charleston harbor.—Arrival of Gen. Foster at Fort Monroe.—Gen. Lee's rear-guard left Martinsburg, Va.—Morgan's force dispersed and a large number of his men captured.—Fight with Morgan's men at Buffington Island, Ohio.—Maj. McCook mortally wounded.—Admiral Porter reported the complete success of the Red River expedition.—Bombardment of Fort Wagner, Charleston harbor; the fort stormed and our troops repulsed.

19.—The rebel Morgan made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Ohio River; more of his men captured.—Two companies of rebels and an ammunition train captured at Jackson, Tenn.

20.—Gov. Seymour ordered the return of the State arms used against the rioters in New York City.—Cavalry reconnoissance to Front Royal, Va. Sharp fight with the rebel guerrilla Morgan, and capture of Col. Basil Duke, with a large portion of his force at George's Creek.—Destruction of railroad and other property at Rocky Mount, N. C., by an expedition of Union troops.

22.—Railroad bridge, 350 feet long, over Tar River, at Rocky Mount, N. C., destroyed by a cavalry expedition from Newbern. Recapture of Brashear City, La., by our troops and gunboats.

23.—Sharp fight near Front Royal, Va.

24.—Col. Toland attacked the enemy at Wytheville, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, capturing two pieces of artillery, 700 muskets and 125 prisoners.—Skirmish with Morgan's men at Washington, Ohio.

25.—Steamer Merrimac captured, running the blockade at Wilmington.

1863.

26.—Death of Hon. John J. Crittenden.—Gen. Morgan and the remainder of his band captured near New Lisbon, Ohio.

27.—The rebel pirate Alabama arrived off the coast of Africa near Cape of Good Hope.

28.—Death of the traitor William L. Yancey, of Alabama.—The rebels defeated at Lexington, Tenn.

29.—Repulse of the rebels at Paris, Ky.

30.—Proclamation of President Lincoln in regard to rebel treatment of colored troops, issued.—Rebels defeated at Winchester, Ky.

31.—Heavy bombardment of our works on Morris Island, Charleston harbor from Fort Wagner.—Successful attack on the rebels at Lancaster, Ky.—Reconnoissance to Sperryville, Va.

AUGUST.

1.—Battle between the cavalry of the two armies near Culpepper, Va.—Jeff. Davis appealed to the deserters from the rebel army to return, offering them pardon and amnesty.

2.—Several hundred rebels captured at Folly Island.

3.—Gov. Seymour indited a letter to the President, remonstrating against the enforcement of the draft in New York City.

4.—Engagement near Brandy Station, Va.—Steamer Ruth, with \$2,500,000 in Government funds, burned on the Mississippi River.

6.—Ship Francis B. Cutting captured and bonded by the Florida.—National Thanksgiving Day.

7.—Reply of President Lincoln to Gov. Seymour's letter of remonstrance against the draft.

8.—Gov. Seymour replied to President Lincoln's letter relative to the draft.

10.—Admiral Farragut arrived at New York.

11.—President Lincoln ended the correspondence with Gov. Seymour relative to the draft.

12.—Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, battered by our shot.—The rebels return the fire from their batteries.

13.—An expedition left Lagrange, Tenn., for Central Mississippi.

14.—Death of Com. Morris.—Gen. Gilmore tries his guns on Charleston.

15.—The authorities of the City of New York appropriate \$3,000,000 to pay for substitutes.

16.—Steamer Alice Vivian captured running out of Mobile.—Gen. Rosecrans commenced his advance across the Cumberland Mountains.—Steamer City of Madison exploded at Vicksburg, killing 150 men.

1863.

17.—Great destruction of rebel property at Grenada by our troops from Tennessee.—Grand attack on Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, begun.—Address of Gen. Dix to the citizens of New York, relative to the draft.—Steamer Nita captured running out of Mobile.

18.—Bombardment of Fort Sumter continued.

19.—Draft in New York City recommenced.—Bombardment of Fort Sumter continued.

20.—Bombardment of Fort Sumter continued.—The Tennessee River reached by Gen. Rosecrans.

21.—Lawrence, Kan., pillaged and burned by guerrillas.—Gen. Gilmore demanded the surrender of Morris Island and Fort Sumter, and threatened to shell Charleston in case of non-compliance.—Our batteries opened on Charleston, S. C., in the night.—The advance of the army of the Cumberland appeared before Chattanooga, Tenn., and opened fire on the city.

22.—Gen. Beauregard protested against the shelling of the City of Charleston.

23.—Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, N. C., bombarded by the frigate Minnesota.—Capture of Gen. Jeff. Thompson and staff near Pocahontas, Ark.

24.—Charleston, S. C., again shelled by Gen. Gilmore.

25.—125 bodies buried at Lawrence, Kan., victims of the guerrilla Quantrell.

26.—Expedition left Williamsburg, Va., for Bottom's Bridge, Va.—Attack on the rebel rifle-pits near Fort Wagner.

27.—Death of the rebel John B. Floyd.—Union army train captured near Phillippi, Va.

28.—The rebels driven across Bayou Metairie Bridge, Ark., with considerable loss.

30.—The army of the Cumberland crossed the Tennessee River.

31.—Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, attacked.—Fort Smith, Ark., taken by Gen. Blunt (Union).

SEPTEMBER.

1.—Fierce artillery fight at Port Royal, Va.—Knoxville, Tenn., captured by Gen. Foster, of Burnside's army.—Fort Smith, Ark., occupied by our forces.

2.—Kingston, Tenn., captured by Gen. Burnside.—Gunboats Satellite and Reliance lately taken by rebels, recaptured and burned by Union forces.

3.—Battle with the Indians at Whitestone Hall.

4.—Bread Riot in Mobile, Ala.—An expedition left New Orleans, La., for Texas, under Gen. Franklin.

1863.

5.—Furious bombardment of Forts Wagner and Gregg, Charleston harbor.

6.—The rebels evacuated Forts Wagner and Gregg, on Morris Island, at night.

7.—Gen. Gilmore took possession of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg in the morning, having captured 36 pieces of artillery and a large amount of ammunition.

8.—Skirmish at Bath, Va.—Unsuccessful naval assault on Fort Sumter.—Bombardment of Fort Moultrie. One of its magazines exploded.—Unsuccessful attack on the rebel fortifications of Sabine Pass, Texas.

9.—Gen. Crittenden took possession of Chattanooga, Tenn.—Cumberland Gap taken by our army.—Bombardment of Fort Moultrie continued.—Skirmish at Telford, East Tennessee.

10.—Little Rock, Ark., occupied by our forces.

11.—Arrival at New York of the first vessel of the Russian fleet.—Imboden attacked a small force of our troops at Moorefield, wounding 15 and capturing about 150.

13.—Brilliant cavalry fight at Culpepper, Va.—Gen. Rosecrans' army attacked at Bird's Gap.

15.—Proclamation of the President, suspending the writ of habeas corpus in certain cases.—Order of Gen. Gilmore congratulating his troops on their success in Charleston harbor.

16.—Skirmish at Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan.

19.—Commencement of the great Battle of Chickamauga.—Our army attacked in large force by the rebels under Gen. Bragg, who had been reinforced by Gen. Longstreet's corps from Virginia.—Defeat of the rebels in the Indian country.

20.—The great battle at Chickamauga, Ga., continued.—Union attack on Zollicoffer, Tenn.

21.—Gen. Thomas repelled the assault of the rebels on his corps at Ross-ville. The result of the conflict was our forces were repulsed and compelled to fall back to Chattanooga, badly broken up. Our losses heavy. The rebels' also heavy in officers and men.—Gen. Thomas' corps displayed great gallantry, and by its bravery saved the army from great disaster.

22.—Gallant cavalry action near Madison Court House, Va.—Skirmish near Rockville, Md.

24.—Alexandria, Va., opened to trade, by proclamation of the President.

28.—The army of the Potomac reviewed by Gen. Cortez.

29.—Engagement near Morganzia, La.

1863.

OCTOBER.

1.—Reception of the officers of the Russian fleet by the military and civil authorities of New York.

2.—Successful cavalry engagement at Anderson's Cross-roads, Ky.

3.—Proclamation of the President issued, appointing November 26 as Thanksgiving Day.—McMinnville, Tenn., attacked by rebels.

5.—Railroad bridge south of Murfreesboro, Tenn., destroyed by the rebels.—The rebel batteries opened on Rosecrans at Chattanooga.—Frigate Ironsides attacked by a rebel vessel and torpedo in Charleston harbor in the night.—Engagement at Blue Springs, Tenn.

8.—The rebel rams in the Mersey placed under the supervision of English officials.

10.—Sharp fight with the rebel Stuart's cavalry at Robertson's River.—Skirmish between the rebels and Gen. Burnside's forces at Blue Springs, Tenn.—Engagement at James City, Va.—Commencement of the strategical movements of the army of the Potomac and that of Gen. Lee.—Jeff. Davis reviewed the rebel army before Chattanooga.

11.—The army of the Potomac withdrew to the north side of the Rappahannock.—Attack on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, near Germantown, Tenn.

12.—The rebels driven to Brandy Station, Va.

13.—Defeat of Vallandigham, candidate for governor of Ohio.—Re-election of Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

14.—Battle of Broad River, or Bristoe Station, Va.

16.—Gen. Grant ordered to the command of the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee.—Rebel raid into Brownsville, Mo.

17.—Spirited engagement at Manassas Junction.—The President called for 300,000 volunteers to be raised before the 5th of January, when, if not raised, a draft would be ordered.

18.—Gen. Grant assumed command of the Departments of the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee.—Charlestown, Va., attacked by the rebels.—Arrival of Secretary Stanton in Louisville, Ky.

19.—Gen. Rosecrans relinquishes the command of the army of the Cumberland.

20.—Gen. George H. Thomas assumed command of the army of the Cumberland.—Gov. Seymour issued a proclamation in response to that of the President calling for troops.

21.—Battle near Tusculumbia, Ala.—Fight near Philadelphia, Tenn.—Cavalry skirmish near Sulphur Springs, Va.

22.—Cavalry skirmish near Fayetteville, Va

1863.

23.—Execution of Dr. Wright at Norfolk, Va.

26.—Skirmishing along the lines of the Army of the Potomac.—Bombardment of Fort Sumter renewed.—Gen. Hooker moved from Bridgeport, Tenn.

27.—Shells thrown into Charleston, S. C., by Gen. Gilmore.

29.—Gen. Hooker's division of the army at Chattanooga repulsed an attack of the enemy.—Battle near Lookout Mountain, important in having re-established our communications with the army at Chattanooga.—The rebels repulsed at Pine Bluff, Ark.—Our troops occupied Arkadelphia, Ark.

29.—Furious bombardment of Fort Sumpter.

30.—Union meeting at Little Rock, Ark.

NOVEMBER.

1.—Discovery of a plot to liberate the rebel prisoners in Ohio.

2.—Occupation of Brazos Island, Texas, and capture of Boca Chica by Gen. Banks' army.

3.—Election in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri and Wisconsin.—Success of the Union ticket in all the States but one.—Reconnoissance to Falmouth, Va.—Repulse of the rebels at Colliersville, Tenn.—Battle of Bayou Coteau in the Teche country, La.

4.—Capture of Brownsville, Texas, by Gen. Banks' army.

5.—Ball in New York in honor of the Russians.—Skirmish at Metley's Ford, Tenn.—Capture of the steamer Margaret and Jessie by the Fulton.—Gen. Averill defeated the enemy near Lewisburg, Va., capturing three pieces of artillery, 100 prisoners, and a large number of small arms, wagons, and a large quantity of camp equipage. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded estimated at 350.

6.—Engagement in West Virginia.—Reconnoissance of the Chowan River N. C., to near the mouth of the Blackwater.

7.—Battle on the banks of the Rappahannock, near Rappahannock Station, our army very successful.—Continuation of the reconnoissance of the Chowan River, N. C.

8.—Cavalry fight at Hazel Run, Va.—Gen. Meade reported that the rebels had evacuated their position on the Rappahannock. Our army moved in pursuit to Brandy Station. Our captures in the fight at Rappahannock were four guns, eight battle-flags, and over 1,900 prisoners.—Capture of the rebel steamer Cornubia at Wilmington, N. C.

9.—Reconnoissance to Culpepper, Va.—Gen. Meade issued a congratulatory order to his troops on their successful passage of the Rappahannock.

11.—Formal presentation to Gen. Meade of the battle-flags captured in

1863.

The battle on the evening of the 7th.—Lord Lyons officially informed the Government at Washington that he had received information from the Governor-General of Canada of a plot to invade the United States from Canada, destroy the City of Buffalo and liberate the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.—Gen. Butler assigned to the command of the North Carolina Department, headquarters at Fortress Monroe.—Gen. Foster took leave of his command at Fort Monroe.

12.—Strikes of the laborers, car-drivers, and conductors in New York city; stoppage of the cars on some of the city railroads.—Gen. Kilpatrick's camp, near Stevensburg, Va., shelled by the rebels.—A body of rebel cavalry crossed the Tenn. River and destroyed two railroad bridges near Lynnville.

14.—Gen. Longstreet crossed the Tennessee River in his march against Knoxville, Tenn.

15.—Reconnoissance of our forces along the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford.—Advance in force of Gen. Longstreet on Burnside's force.—Our forces under Burnside retreat toward Knoxville.—Capture of Corpus Christi, Texas, by Gen. Banks.

16.—The rebel battery on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, was quite vigorously worked, and Hooker's camp, Moccassin Point, and the Chattanooga camps shelled.—Our outposts near Knoxville attacked by the rebel advanced guard.

17.—One of our camps near Chattanooga shelled by a rebel battery.—Commencement of the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., by Longstreet's army.—Shell thrown into Charleston from Fort Gregg.—Schooner Jas. L. Gerety, from Matamoras, seized by rebel passengers.—Cavalry fight near Strassburg, Va.—Capture of Aranzas, Texas, by Gen. Banks' troops.

19.—The Gettysburg battle-field consecrated as a National Cemetery for the Union soldiers who fell in the July battles at that place. Addresses by President Lincoln and Edward Everett.—Attack on a rebel camp at New Iberia, La.

23.—The battle of Chattanooga commenced.—Our forces advanced directly in front of the fortifications, drove in the enemy's pickets, and carried his first line of rifle-pits. Gen. Hooker carried the northern slope of Lookout Mountain.

24.—Gen. Sherman crossed the Tennessee River before daylight, at the mouth of the South Chickamauga, and carried the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge.—Battle of Lookout Mountain.

25.—Brisk engagement near Chattanooga. The rebels driven entirely off Lookout Mountain. Missionary Ridge taken from the rebels.—Battle of Tunnel Hill. Gen. Grant announces a complete victory over Bragg.—The rebels repulsed at Kingston, Tenn.

1863.

26.—Thanksgiving Day.—Advance of the army of the Potomac. Crossing of the Rapidan.—Severe cavalry battle near the Rapidan, in which the rebels were driven back.—Our forces left their camp near Missionary Ridge, and marched toward Chickamauga, which they reached at 10 A. M., the rebels had left the place, after destroying a large quantity of stores, &c. Hooker's column engaged in skirmishing.

27.—Gen. Grant reported that the route of the rebels was most complete, and that Bragg's loss would fully reach 60 pieces of artillery.—Gen. Hooker's, Palmer's and Sherman's commands reported ten miles beyond Chickamauga Creek, in pursuit of the rebels.—Fight near Germania Ford, on the south side of the Rapidan.—The rebels fell back to a stronger position.—Hooker's corps engaged near Ringgold, Ga.—Battle of Ringgold. Gen. Hooker severely repulsed.—Escape of the rebel Gen. John Morgan and six of his officers, from the Ohio Penitentiary, in the night.

28.—The rebels feign an attack in force upon a large portion of our line, at Knoxville.

29.—The rebels in front of Knoxville repulsed with heavy loss.

30.—The rebels blew up the magazines of Fort Esperanza, Matagorda Bay, Texas.

D E C E M B E R .

1.—The army of the Potomac commenced falling back, and at night crossed the Rapidan in safety.

2.—The rebel cavalry repulsed at Clinch River, Tenn.

4.—Rebel cavalry attack on our forage wagons near Harrison, twelve miles from Chattanooga.

5.—Destruction of the steamer Isaac Newton.—The rebels threatened our forces near the Rapidan.—Gen. Butler issued an important order relative to colored troops.

6.—Gen. Sherman's army of relief arrived at Knoxville.—Steamer Chesapeake taken possession of, in the night, by sixteen rebel passengers, near Cape Cod.—The monitor Weehawken foundered at her anchors inside Charleston (S. C.) harbor.—Rebel attack on Union troops garrisoning Natchez, Miss.

7.—Meeting of Congress. Election of Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives. President Lincoln issues a proclamation, recommending the people to assemble and give thanks.—Gen. Foster reported Longstreet in full retreat.—A division of troops moved from Beverly, Va., to co-operate with Gen. Averett.

8.—The House of Representatives passed a resolution of thanks to Gen. U. S. Grant and his coadjutors.

1863.

Proclamation of amnesty issued by the President. Gen. Averill's expedition moved to cut the Virginia and Tenn. Railroad.

9.—The President's Message transmitted to Congress.—The captain and crew of the Chesapeake landed at St. John.

10.—Shells thrown into Charleston, S. C., in the night.

11.—Fort Sumter on fire.

12.—Gen. Butler gave notice that the rebel authorities had refused to receive more supplies for the Union prisoners in Richmond.—The rebel Gen. John Morgan escaped across the Tennessee River at Gillespie's Landing, 60 miles from Chattanooga.

14.—A portion of Gen. Longstreet's army made a descent on our forces near Bean's Station, Tenn.

16.—The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad cut at Salem by Gen. Averill's cavalry expedition. Three depots were destroyed, containing 2,000 barrels of flour, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000 bushels of shelled corn, 50,000 bushels of oats, 2,000 barrels of meat, and many other articles.

17.—The steamer Chesapeake, captured by rebel passengers on Dec. 6, retaken by the Ella and Annie in Sambro harbor, near Halifax, N. S.—Raid of Stuart's rebel cavalry on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

18.—Explanations made between Lord Lyons and Secretary Seward relative to the capture of the Chesapeake.

19.—The Chesapeake delivered over to British authorities at Halifax. The prisoners, on landing, were rescued by the citizens.

22.—Death of Gen. Michael Corcoran.

24.—Vigorous bombardment of the city of Charleston, S. C., in the night.

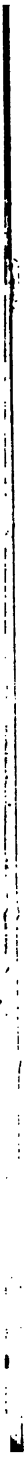
25.—The shelling of Charleston, S. C., continued; ten or twelve buildings destroyed by fire.

27.—Obsequies of Gen. Corcoran.

29.—Return to Harper's Ferry of an expedition sent to cooperate with that of Gen. Averill.











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